HENRY

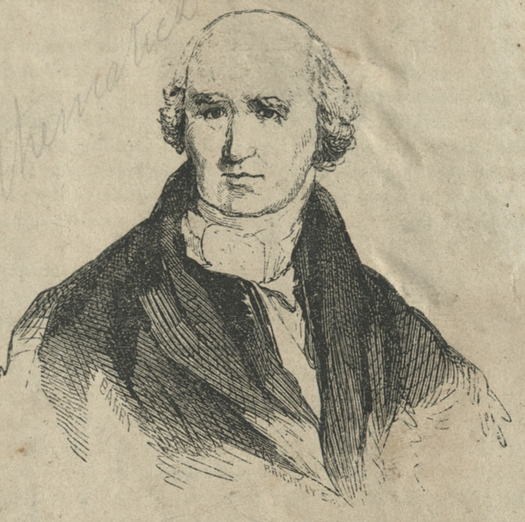
Made by
Captain Charles E. [illegible]
Bark Islander,
Nantucket,
Around Cape Horn
1856-1861

UNDAY TIMES
AND NOAH'S

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The approbation with which our former series of portraits of American artists, published in No. 18 of the present volume, was received, has induced us to add a few more heads of distinguished painters, drawn for us by Mr. Charies Barry, from authentic originals. The first is Benjamin West, who rose to high rank in England, and became President of the Royal Academy. West was born in 1738, at Springfield, Pennsylvania His artistic talent was manifested at an early age. His first instructions in the use of colors were received from a party of roaming Indians, and when he first saw the Apollo, his exclamation was, "How like a young Mohawk warrior!" His family were of the sect of Quakers, who deny the utility of the fine arts, but the manifest genius of West overcame their prejudices, and he was authorized to pursue his inclinations. In fact, at a solemn meeting of the Friends, he was dedicated to art. He commenced portrait painting professionally, at the age of eighteen, in Philadelphia. From Philadelphia he sailed for Italy, where he was patronized by Lord Grantham Governor Hamilton, and other gentlemen in America also generously aided him. In 1763 he went to London, where he had

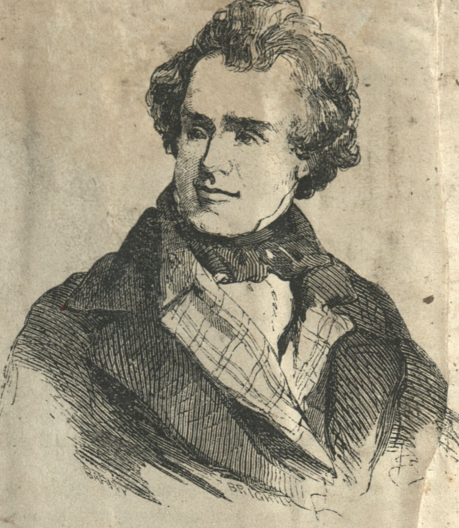
Mathematics



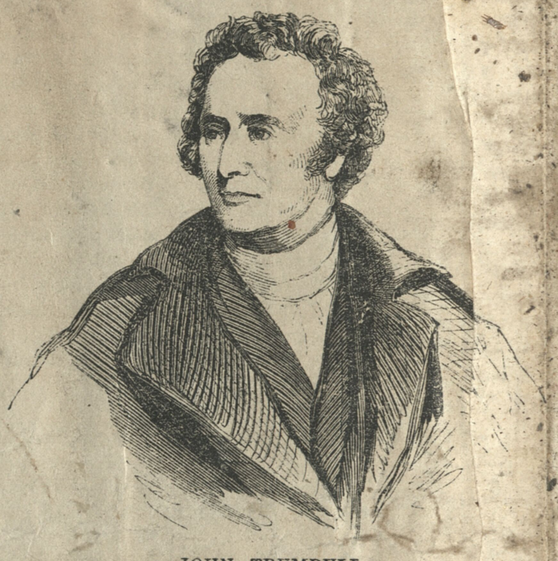
BENJAMIN WEST.

the good fortune to obtain the favor of George III. He succeeded Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy. Arriving in London opportunely, when historical painting was neglected for other branches, he made a great sensation by his productions in the highest line of art. He painted a great many pictures, among which his "Christ Healing the Sick," painted for the Philadelphia Hospital, and his "Death on the Pale Horse," were the most celebrated. The "Battle of La Hogue" has been styled the best historical painting of the British school. He was injured by early and easy success, and rashly imagined himself capable of anything. Still he was an artist of very great merit. He died March 11, 1820, and was buried with distinguished honors, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Henry Inman,—the subject of our second engraving,—an artist of great versatility and eminent talent, was born at Utica, New York, in 1801. In 1812 he commenced business for himself, as a portrait and miniature painter, and met with good success both in New York and in Philadelphia. In 1844 he visited Europe for the benefit of his health, and while there painted the portraits of many distinguished persons. After remaining abroad eight months, he returned to this country, and died at New York, January 17, 1846, universally lamented. Sully says of him:—"I remember going round the exhibition of the Natial Academy at Clinton Hall, New York, and seeing a fine landape, I asked, who painted this? The answer was, Inman. Th I came to a beautiful group of figures. Ah! this is very fine! Who painted this?—Inman. Then some Indians caught my ey—Inman. A little further on, and I exclaimed: this is the finest miniature I have seen for many a day! who is this miniature painter?—Inman. His large portraits I was acquainted with, but this variety of style took me altogether by surprise."



HENRY INMAN.

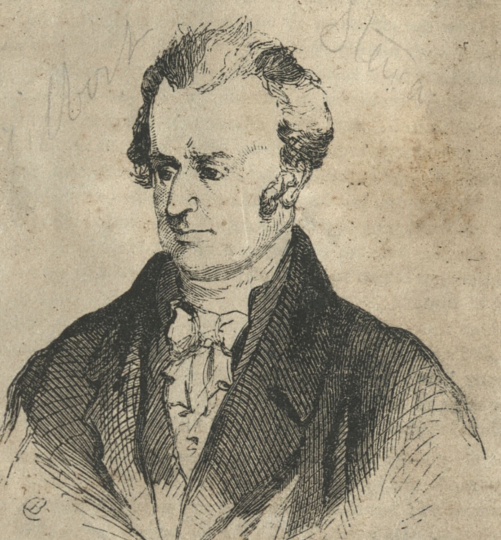


JOHN TRUMBULL.

Col. John Trumbull, whose head is the third in our series,

was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, and was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the first governor of that State. He received a collegiate education, and in the course of his studies paid some attention to painting. Soon after graduating he produced several pictures. In the revolutionary war he served two years as adjutant general, with the rank of colonel, but resigned his commission in 1777. He visited England before peace was concluded, and was imprisoned as a spy. He was released by the intercession of West, but ordered to return to America. In 1784 he re-visited England, and pursued his studies under West. He returned to America in 1789. Here he painted many portraits, and his historical pieces. His "Declaration of Independence," and "Battle of Bunker Hill," are among his most celebrated and most popular works. His "Sortie of Gibraltar," a fine specimen of his best manner, is now, we believe, in the possession of the Boston Athenæum.

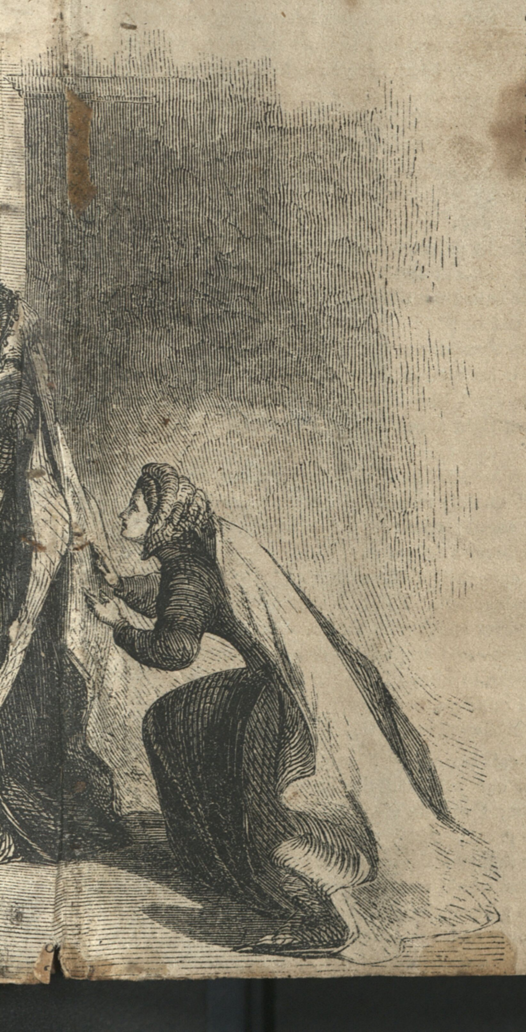
With Gilbert Stuart, the finest portrait painter America has yet produced, our present series closes. He was born at Narragansett, in Rhode Island, in 1756, and died in 1828. In 1778 he was a pupil of West, in England. In 1782 he commenced painting as a professional artist. In 1794 he painted the head of Washington, now in the Athenæum. He always succeeded in expressing the character of his sitter, while his color was fine, and his handling free and bold. "The narrations and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and of the world had stored his memory," says Allston, "and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way and with an address, peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely while occupied with his sitters, apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth, if possible, some involuntary traits of natural character."



GILBERT STUART.

RACHEL, AS MARIE STUART.

The engraving below is from a sketch made expressly for us from the life, by Mr. Champney, and shows the great French tragedienne as she appears in that famous scene in the third act of Lebrun's tragedy where the Queen of Scots in her interview with Elizabeth, stung to madness by the coldness with which the English queen listens to her prayers and supplications, throws aside all considerations of safety and expediency, and pours forth such a torrent of invective and sarcasm, that the sovereign instinctively shrinks before the passion of her prisoner, and the latter exclaims exultingly: "I've plunged a poignard in my rival's heart." It is needless to remind our readers that no such interview actually took place between the rival sovereigns;—but the poet may be pardoned this violation of history, for the effect he produces by his license. Rachel is the last figure but one on the right. The crouching figure is her confidante, Anna, (M'lle Durey.) In the centre stands Leicester, (M. Randoux.) To the left of him is Elizabeth (Sarah Felix.) The character in the extreme left is Lord Melville, (M. Latouche.) All the personages in this group are portraits. The costumes worn are strictly historical, and this adds infinite effect to the tragedy. In their attention to costume the French are far in advance of the



CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY.

The following historical gleanings are curious and instructive illustrations of the principles and practices of our immediate progenitors. They are fixed facts—finger-boards along the highways of human progression.

The first Legislative Assembly in America was the Governor of Virginia, Council, and a number of Burgesses, who assembled in one Chamber, at Jamestown, 1617.

In 1620-21, one hundred and fifty young women, of "agreeable manners," were sent from England to Virginia, and sold to the planters for wives, 120 to 150 pounds of tobacco, cash. This traffic in wives continued many years, and in 1632 two young women were seduced on their passage out, and were immediately sent back, as "unworthy to propagate the race of Virginians." Indeed so scarce and valuable were "agreeable" women in 1624, that a fine was imposed on any woman who should encourage more than one suitor at a time. This was to obviate the inconvenience resulting from the "ardor and frequency of amorous competition."

"The early chivalric cavaliers of the Old Dominion were hardly up to the spirit of the present age, as appears from the following letter of Sir William Berkeley, descriptive of the Virginia colony, years after the restoration of Charles II.:

"I thank God there are no free schools or printing; and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought heresy and disobedience and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best Government. God keep us from both."

In 1688, a great majority of the people of Virginia belonged to the Established Church and the preaching of Dissenters was prohibited —Quakers were banished, and if they returned were punished with death, by statute. Adultery and fornication were punished by a fine of one thousand dollars for the first offence, and 500 pounds of tobacco for the second. Women convicted of slander were ducked, if the husband did not redeem them by a money-mulct. At this period there was not a bookseller's shop in Virginia—and even at the beginning of the XVIIIth century there was not one in Virginia, Maryland, or Carolina; only one in New-York, while Boston had five printing offices and many book-shops.

The Puritans landed at New-Plymouth, November 9th, 1620, but they intended to settle on the Hudson River. Their Dutch Captain, it is said, was bribed to land them further to the north, so as not to interfere with the Dutch settlement on the Hudson, which had been established some years previous. These Plymouth Rock emigrants were mostly "Brownists" or "Independents," who had been persecuted in England and fled to Holland; and while there purchased the right of the Plymouth Company to colonize a portion of their American possessions.

Robert Brown was an English clergyman, who, being censured by the Established Church in 1586, railed against the Bishops and the ordination of ministers. He was persecuted as a dangerous fanatic and repeatedly imprisoned. He roamed about exultingly proclaiming that he had been incarcerated in thirty-two different prisons. His proselytes naturally increased, and he emigrated with his followers to Zealand. Here his Church was soon dissolved, and he returned to England, rejoined the Established Church, became dissolute, and finally ended his days in indolence and contempt. The followers of this same Robert Brown were at first called Brownists, and then Independents. Those who fled from England to Holland called themselves Brownists. And when they were about leaving Delft Haven to plant in the New World, their good Pastor Robinson, in his farewell sermon, urged them "to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name of Brownists; 'tis a mere nick-name and a brand for making religion and professors of it odious to the Christian world."

In 1637 it was customary in Boston to hold meetings to consider the sermon of the previous Sunday and argue the doctrinal points. Females were not allowed to participate in the discussions, and Anne Hutchinson, a strong-minded married woman, determined that she would no longer be debarred from joining in the debates. As the Scripture enjoins "the elder woman to teach the younger," she established separate female assemblies. She was called the Nonesuch, and her femine gatherings were styled Gossipings—a word before that time of respectable import, but from thence consigned to contempt and ridicule. She was cordially esteemed by John Cotton and Governor Vance, and became the leader of a sect. She was banished from Massachusatts, went to Rhode [illegible] and was finally killed by the Indians.

From 1634 to 1644 the Council and Freeman of Massachusetts assembled together, forming the General Court. Afterward the Governor and Council assembled apart from the Freeman, making two branches of Legislature.

In Massachusetts Jesuits and Romish priests were banished, and importation of "that cursed sect"—Quakers—prohibited. On the Sabbath all persons were forbidden to run or walk, "except reverently to and from church," or to profane the day by sweeping their houses, cooking, or shaving. Mothers were commanded not to kiss their children on "that sacred day," and a fine was imposed on any one "observing any such day as Christmas."

In 1646, any person who kissed a person in the street, even as an honest salute, was flogged, and this punishment was inflicted as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. No man was allowed to keep a tavern, unless he was of good character and competent estate. In 1638 there were but two licensed Inns in Boston. When a stranger entered an Inn, an officer followed; and if he called for more grog than the officer thought he could bear, it was forbidden, and a less quantity administered. All persons were required to dress according to their fortune, or be fined by the Grand Jury. Women were fined for cutting their hair like a man, or having it hung loosely over the face. Idleness, lying, swearing and drunkenness, were punished by whipping, etc. Young women were required to *spin* as much as the Selectmen prescribed, or be fined. Any person "courting a maid without her parents' counsel," was find and imprisoned. A very few persons had the title of Mr. and fewer that of *Esquire*. The usual appellations were Goodman and Goodwife. Associations were formed and sanctioned by law, to suppress drinking healths, wearing long hair and periwigs. It is now recorded by way of illustration, I suppose, that brewing was prohibited on Saturday, because the beer would work on Sunday.

The first three children baptized in Boston, were Joy, Recompense, and Pity, and the following baptismal names were very common: Faith, Hope, Charity, Deliverance, Dependence, Preserved, Content, Prudence, Patience, Thankful, Hateevil, Holdfast, and the like.

In 1642, some Puritan preachers visited Virginia and were ordered to leave forthwith, by a proclamation of Gov. Berkeley.

In 1642, the colonies of New-Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New-Haven, entered into a league of "perpetual confidence, offensive and defensive," under the title of "The United Colonies of New-England."

In 1654, a mint was created for coining silver money, in Boston, by Provincial authority. Maryland is the only other Colony that ever coined money.

In 1651, the Baptists first made their appearance in Massachusetts, led by Obadiah Holmes. They were charged with gross immoralities, adjudged a nuisance, and banished the province. The President of Harvard College embraced the new tenets, and was dismissed.—*Commercial Register.*

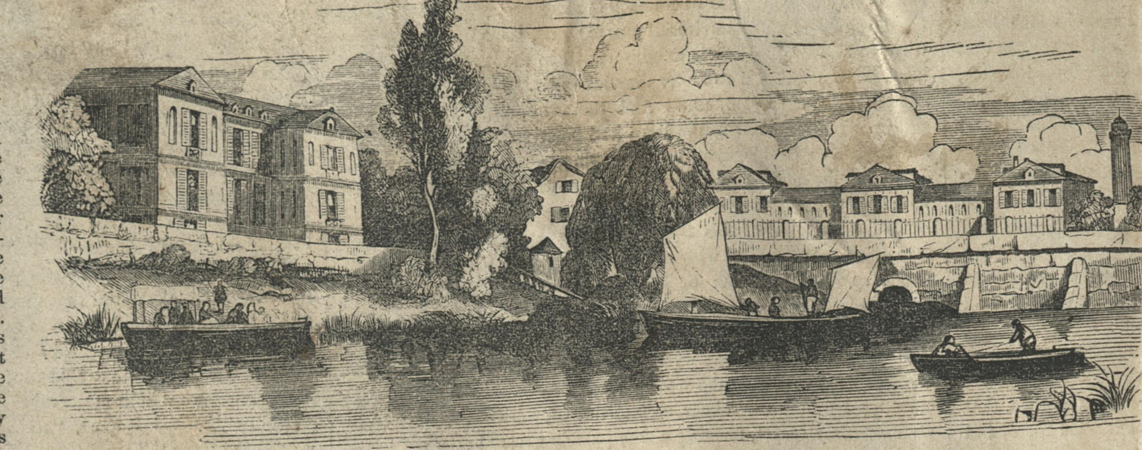
THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

There seems to be a growing sentiment pervading many departments of our Christian society, adverse to the dignity and respectability of *remunerative labor.*

Upon *woman*, does this anti-republican and anti-christian sentiment press with most severity. If she be indebted to parents, and fortunate circumstances, for the means of education, immunity from hardship and labor—if there is any one to work *for her*, and she can show hands unsoiled by plebeian labor, then is her position secured, she is a "*a lady.*" But if she wrests from the discouragements and disadvantages of poverty the means of education, or a livelihood—no matter if her graces and virtues of mind and character ally her to the noblest natures, she will need a dower of patience and fortitude, of love and *true independence*, to meet the little slights and rebuffs of even professedly Christian society. The sensitive spirit *will* be wounded—the burthened heart *will* be chilled—the *woman* will feel many a slight, —and the *true lady* will often be overlooked in the *seamstress* or the *school-teacher.*

How deeply to be regretted is it, that *republican* society—much more *Christian* hearts, should cherish such sentiments. And yet how many does it influence who would hesitate, perhaps, to acknowledge it.

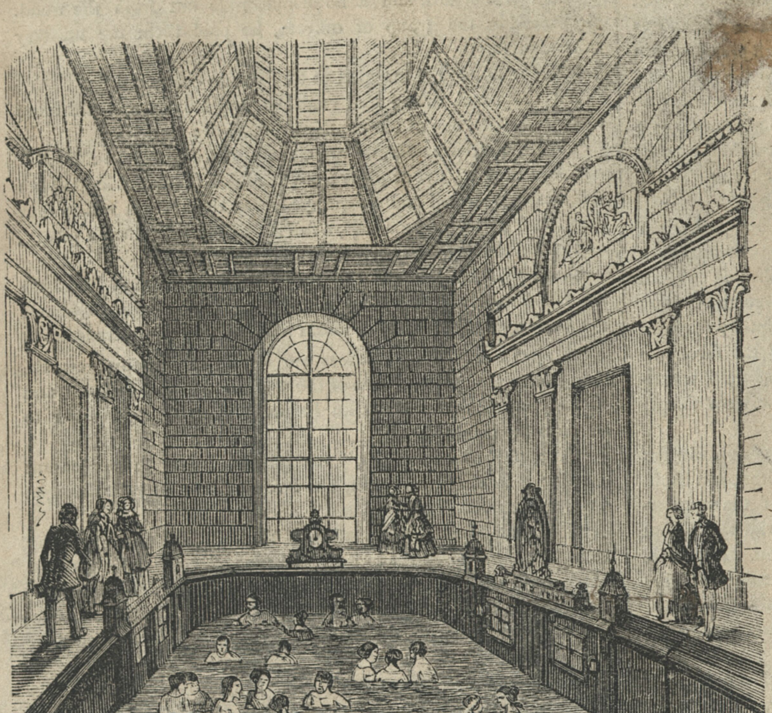
Labor, and the laborer—these words can often dissolve, like magic, the charms of culture, lore, or a life fraught with high purposes, and generous and holy deeds. They can bring those to whom they are applied down to the most common level of vulgar, every-day, plebeian life—in the estimation of, alas, too many who ought to cherish more enlarged and just views of life and its pursuits.



BATHING PLACE ON LAKE LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

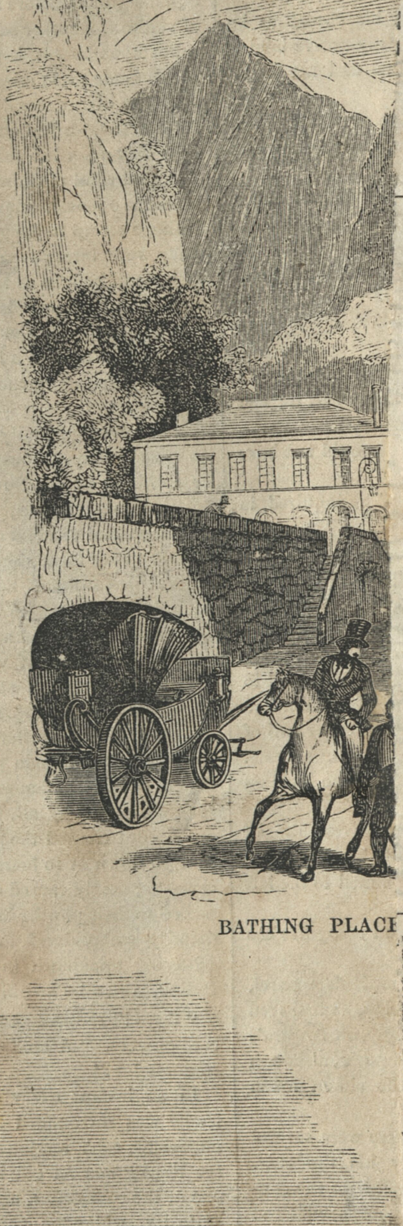
WATERING-PLACES.

Our sketches represent two views of watering-places in Switzerland, in the vicinity of the lake of Lucerne, and also an interior view of one of the bathing-rooms attached to some warm mineral springs which are found there. These watering-places are celebrated, not so much for the attractions of society which are found at Wiesbaden, and other frequented places, as for the singularly romantic scenery in the neighborhood. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, are such splendid natural panoramas to be found. Two hours spent in the laborious effort of climbing the adjacent eminences, or in a sail upon the placid lake, would give to the eye of the traveller a greater variety of beautiful landscape, than weeks of travel in a less favored land. The round of occupations at these watering-places is monotonous to the active resident of the large cities, and is only acquired by long practice among the fashionable class who visit them. They have a uniform way of killing time in careless and easy enjoyment. At eight, nine and ten o'clock in the morning, according to the habits of the riser, or the occupation of the previous night, the *habitue* of the watering-place is astir. A cup of coffee is brought to the bed-room while the occupant is seated in an easy chair. Sometimes the coffee is accompanied by an omelette, a very favorite dish, and is always accompanied by some rolls of beautiful white bread. After this simple refreshment, which answers to the name of breakfast, the visitors throw on a loose and rough costume, and saunter out for a morning ramble, to acquire an appetite for dinner, Were this exercise taken in a spirited manner, and, like the residents of the region which they visit, were all etiquette thrown aside, and romping, racing, climbing and jumping to become the order of the day, the visitors would indeed secure what they nominally visit these watering-places for—good health. But such is the tone of fashionable languor which pervades the society in these places, that it is voted vulgar to laugh above a simper, uncivilized to go faster than a walk, and perfectly barbarous to think of a jump. There are, however, exceptions—strong, hearty, cheerful, robust exceptions, in the shape of some visitors, who will not be tied down to the foolish rules of fashionable etiquette, and who *will* climb the hills at sunrise, ruddy cheeks, cheerful temper and happy hearts, which are denied to the sallow, careworn votaries tied to fashion's car.



INTERIOR VIEW OF BATHING ROOM.

Between two and four o'clock, the guests assemble to dinner. While seated at dinner, it is not uncommon for a band of music, stationed in the same or an adjoining room to play a variety of airs, for which they afterwards solicit a small gratuity at the dining-table. Between three and five o'clock, the guests generally disperse—the gentlemen for smoking, and the ladies for knitting. A band usually plays somewhere in the village in the afternoon, during the performance of which the visitors sit in the open air, on chairs hired at the spot for that purpose. Usually twice a week there is a ball, which begins and ends at an early hour. Scarcely any other dances than waltzes are performed. Every country has its fashionable watering-places; our own are numerous and abundantly patronized in the summer season. Saratoga, Niagara, Nahant and Newport are names of places familiar to all. Each section of the States can boast its own more or less famous watering-places.



BATHING PLACE

Bars and Plates
d val.
5 — @ 5 12½
oot, Green or
cent. ad val.
— 23 @— 24
— 6½ @— 7
— 37½ @— 42½
— 42 @— 43
— 8¼ @— 8½
— 7⅝ @— 7¾

PACKETS TO ARRIVE.
Days of sailing from their respective ports:
Liverpool.
Ship Harvest Queen...Young.........sld July 7
Ship Orient............Hill...........sld July 7
Ship Fidelia...........Besseling......sld July 12
Ship R. S. Ely.........Livingston.....sld July 19
Ship Calhoun...........Marshall.....sld July 21
Ship Yorkshire.........Fairbanks....sld July 21
Ship Henry Clay.......Caulkins...........July 30
Ship Neptune..........Peabody...........Aug. 1

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H. J. BAKER & BRO
MANUFACTURERS OF
CASTOR OIL AND
PACKETS TO ARRIVE.
Days of sailing from their respective ports:
Liverpool.

A TRUE STORY OF A ROBIN.

We doubt if the records of ornithology furnish a more striking instance of affection and sensibility than is displayed in the following story of a robin, which we can vouch to being authentic :—"The servant of a lady residing at the north part of Brighton, whilst occupied one day in the scullery, was startled by a noise, which, at first, was supposed to be occasioned by a mouse ; but, on examination of the various pots and pans in the place, she at length discovered the true origin of the disturbance. It was a young robin, which had found its way into a bright copper coal-scuttle. She succeeded in capturing it, and took it into the parlor to her mistress, where it soon made itself quite at home, and ate the sopped bread which was placed on its little beak.

In a short time it was quite happy in its comfortable quarters ; but, as some of its habits were not quite consistent with the cleanliness of a lady's sitting-room, and the lady had no wish to confine it to a cage, full opportunity was given to the little stranger to recover its liberty, by the window being thrown open. Of this opportunity, however, the robin only availed itself to a certain extent—that is, it would fly out, but invariably return at a certain hour of the day, and its practice was then to perch upon a certain flounce of the lady's dress, and then, looking into it's mistresss face, it would pour forth its cheerful little song.

This went on for some time, until, one afternoon, when the robin was in its accustomed place, a friend called, who wished the lady to accompany her for a walk, and then came the question, what was to be done with the robin? There it was on its favorite flounce, and the lady was a prisoner until it flew off. It had not yet sung its song, but its mistress, anxious to join her visitor, at last took up a handkerchief, and, waving it, said—"You must go, now, Bobby. Good-by." The bird took the hint immediately, and flew out of the window. On the following day its coming was looked for at the accustomed hour as a matter of course ; and the window was left open as usual. But no robin came. Another and another day passed, and no robin, until at last it was given up for lost, to the infinite regret the lady, and the great indignation of the old vant, who, sympathizing with the bird, said—f course, Missus couldn't expect Bobby to urn after being treated in such a manner." ere was, however, no help for it. Every reption would have been made, and apology ofred, that could heal the wound inflicted upon e bird's feelings ; but, like a slighted lover or jured friend, he kept aloof.

And now comes the most singular part of the stoy. One day the lady who had owned the robin was valking by herself along Rose-hill terrace, when uddenly she was alarmed and almost blinded by omething striking against her face. She thought at first that it was a stone thrown by some careless boy ; but on recovering from the confusion of the moment, to her astonishment, she perceived the true perpetrator of the assault. There, on a paling close by, sat the robin—her own Bobby, singing his old song as loudly as ever ; and, having finished it, he again took flight. And from that moment the lady has never seen the bird. We can vouch for these facts, singular as they may appear, and affording as they do such powerful evidence, not only of the intelligence and affection of the robin, but of the acute sensibility of the bird ; its almost human power of "taking to heart" and resenting what had the appearance of an act of unkindness.—*Brighton Guardian.*

propose.
aryland.—*All* of Scott's novels come under
on of "Waverly Novels." The first of the
l Waverly—hence the name.
.—You can get any number of LEDGERS
ould be better to have not less than fifty-two
, and in one volume.
regret that we cannot oblige you by publish-
utions. They are not up to the mark.
ou had better stop your "lottery-gambling"

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

What is Heaven?—not a steep,
Frowning o'er the sands of time,
Guarded like a castle's keep,
Which the strong can only climb;
'Tis an ever-present bliss
In the soul, by God refined;
'Tis that better world in this,
Which the pure in spirit find.

Where is heaven? Wheresoe'er
Lives a pure and loving heart;
Love is all the atmosphere,
Where the holy dwell apart;
Men and angels mingle there—
Whether earth be passed or not—
Heaven is here, and everywhere
If the evil be forgot.
857.

☞No doubt Providence has willed that man should be at the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart ; that he should be its strength, as she is its solace ; that he should be its wisdom, as she is its grace ; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, and she its sentiment, its charm, and its consolation.

To Railroad Travellers.—Let your wits go a wool-gathering, and forget the station you stop at ; then when the train is under full headway, suddenly spring up, plunge on the platform, jump off ; and if you survive, you will probably have cause to remember your stopping-place the next time.

To good natured Men.—Be very wary of holding a strange woman's baby to oblige her. Terrible results have followed such verdancy. One bachelor was lately "stuck" with a baby in the cars, and another in the street, their unnatural "parients" abandoning their offspring.

Wanted!—One or two first class wood engravers can have constant employment by applying to this office. None but *experienced* hands need apply, finished workmen only being wanted.

SPLINTERS.

.... Sebastopol, like Moscow, will rise from its ashes more powerful than ever, for so wills the czar.

.... It is said that the smoky skies on the Atlantic sea proceed from the burning prairies of the West.

... The Empress of France lately put on a shooting jacket, and, in the park of St. Cloud, killed nine pheasants. Feminine!

.... An American vessel—the Savannah—was the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic ; this is undisputed.

.... The London Times circulates about 60,000 copies daily, and its publication was commenced in the year 1788.

.... Among the advertisements in a London paper, we are informed that "two sisters want washing."

... The 50th anniversary of a wedding-day, celebrated by a happy couple, is called a "golden wedding" in Germany.

Always keep a kitten to amuse the children, says Punch, they can pull its tail, and hide it in their father's boots.

.... The "Star of the North," as performed by Maretzek's troupe, is the most splendid of operatic spectacles.

.... A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue, and ought to be avoided.

.... U. S. storeship Release goes to the South Atlantic to procure sugar cane and seeds for this country.

A lady in a long dress reminds us of the poetical description, "She *swept* gracefully along."

The French Legion of Honor was instituted by Napoleon, then First Consul for life, in 1802.

... There is a cypress tree at Sonoma, in Lombardy, said to have been planted in the time of Julius Cæsar.

... Two Digger Indians in California, wishing to be fashionable, lately fought a duel with bows and arrows.

.... John Brougham is one of the cleverest of the dramatists now writing for the American stage.

.... When the powder mills at Acton, Mass., blew up lately, the explosion was heard for a distance of thirty miles.

.... Godard, the aeronaut, whose portrait we presented in the Pictorial, has lately made some fine ascensions.

... Mademoiselle de Lamotte, of this city, is meeting with immense success as a pianoforte teacher.

.... Mr. Sala, who writes for Dickens's "Household Words," can imitate, to perfection, any living author's style.

.... Hiring jewelry to be exhibited as wedding presents, is a modern and a very censurable practice.

.... A single silver balustrade in the Cathedral of Mexico is supposed to be worth a million of dollars.

☞Dysentery prevails in Edgartown.—Abner Fisher, a well known pilot, who could tell his bearings in the thickest fog by the rips, recently died of it.

A Fearful Accident.—We learn from the Worcester Spy that recently, as Florence Mahoney was ascending a well belonging to Alpheus Prouty, in Fiskdale Village, Sturbridge, which he had been cleaning, the stones gave way and Mr. Mahoney was buried at the bottom, thirty feet from the surface of the ground. The neighbors rallied, and after working from 9 A. M., until about 7 P. M., Mr. Mahoney was taken out alive, but with his head horribly mutilated. When they came within a few feet of him they could converse with him, and learned that the well was filling up with water, and that it was already running into his mouth. They spared no time in applying the pump, and soon lowered the water, and proceeded with their work in removing the earth. During the last few hours he was in intense agony of body and mind, and when relieved from his confinement was insensible for some time. The physicians entertain hopes of his recovery.—[Boston Journal.

GLEASON'S PICTO

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1854. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. { VOL.

CANVASS-BACK DUCK.

The engraving below represents a shooting scene appropriate to the present month, more especially in the Southern States. The canvass-back is a species of bird not found in any part of Europe. Its richly-flavored flesh is admitted by all to be superior to any other of this genus. The canvass-back duck returns from its breeding-place at the north about the first of November, and during the winter extends to the southern portion of the seacoast of the United States. It is not unfrequently shot in the eastern part of the Great South Bay, and occasionally in Long Island Sound. The majority, however, congregate on the Potomac and Delaware Rivers. The Chesapeake Bay, the Susquehanna, and Patapsco Rivers are the general rendezvous of these birds. Here is found in great abundance their favorite food, the *zostera ralisnerice* commonly termed tape or eel grass, which takes its growth in brackish water. Various modes are practised to get within gunshot of them. The most successful way is said to be decoying them to the shore by means of a dog, while the gunner lies closely concealed in a proper situation. The dogs, if properly trained, play backwards and forwards along the margin of the water, and the ducks, observing their manœuvres, enticed perhaps by curiosity, gradually approach the shore, until they are sometimes within twenty or thirty yards of the spot where the gunner lies concealed, from which he rakes them, first on the water and then as they rise. This is called tolling them in. Sometimes by moonlight the sportsman directs his skiff towards a flock, whose position he had previously ascertained, keeping them within the projecting shadow of some wood-bank or headland, and paddles along so silently and imperceptibly as often t
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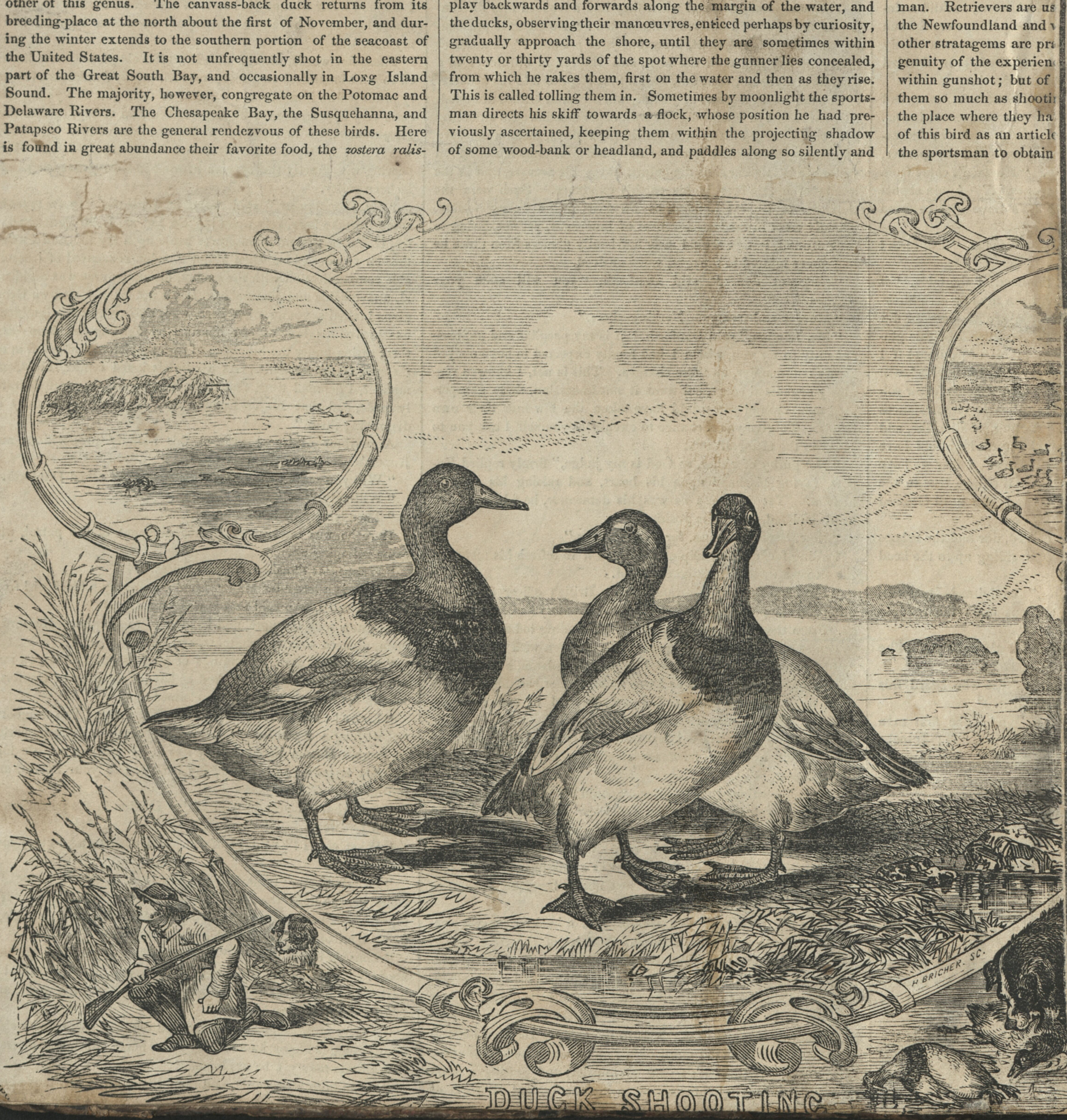
H. BRICHER, SC.

DUCK SHOOTING

OR THE MAIL STEAMER OF JUN

FOR THE MAIL STEAMER OF JUNE

LEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

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red feet. Our illustration rep-
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British residents of the place.
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Its ornamental details are of sim-
pared either with the columns or
ical, or the vaulting and tracery

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF NAPOLEON.

The personal appearance of Napoleon, in the last days of his power, is thus described by Lamartine:—

"The empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delight of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labor and festive pleasure, the habit of riding, which made him corpulent—all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles, and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full, and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which at a distance looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin dark hair which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been encrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick the Great—an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect.

"Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself,—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection, before his troops, who gave him the nickname of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed *pose* of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements revealed his southern and singular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field,—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire. Such was at this period the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon."

Napoleon and the British Ministry.

Notwithstanding all the flippant predictions to the contrary, John Bull *has* "snubbed" the Emperor of the French most effectually, and Louis Napoleon has pocketed the humiliation without a word of reproach. Indeed, he appears to be inclined to retaliate only upon his own foreign minister for the public contumely to which he has been subjected. Our London correspondent, to-day, goes so fully into whatever may be considered interesting in the details of this subject, that we may be excused from further elaboration; but one thing is evident—viz: if no other public benefit arise from the overthrow of the Palmerston ministry, that of returning the infamous Lord Clanricarde to the contemptible position from which the late premier lifted him to the privy seal, is one that will be hailed by all England with acclamations of delight.

A convicted card-sharper was scarcely the kind of person to be selected for a *quasi* confidential relationship towards the British court; but when his *entree* to the palace introduced, also, as Queen's messenger, a most discreditable person, whose only recommendation was his marriage connection with the notorious confederate of the marquis in his scheme to plunder a millionaire at the gaming-table, we can scarcely wonder that the popular feeling was intense. The other Queen's messengers were not likely to associate with an individual who had been justly convicted under the police laws of a fraud, and who had, besides, thrice become an insolvent under exceedingly suspicious circumstances.

One or two equally disgraceful appointments were effected by Clanricarde on attaining a place in the administration. With his downfall topple over the hopes of such parties in securing a hold upon the court patronage for life, and their discomfiture naturally tempts honest men to rejoice. Our correspondent states that Napoleon affects to be gratified at the change in the ministry, because the names of two personal friends appear in the list as formed by the new premier. But he will err, we fancy, if he anticipates that he can delude the world by such dissimulation. He does *not* admire the change, but it would be impolitic to appear dissatisfied it. He is a profound hypocrite at heart, and everybody knows. He is one of that kind of hypocrites at whom, they say, Satan always laughs, because they are the greatest dupes he employs: "they serve him better than any other, and receive no wages;" what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to Pandemonium than the sincerest Christian does to go to Paradise.

Equilibrium.—The Durham University has just had built an eight-oar boat, which is so exactly poised, that the rowers are obliged to part their hair down the middle to keep their balance!

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LETTER FROM
A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

Our respected friend has been in the country taking in a supply of sentiment, which he serves out, in his peculiar way, in the following letter. As usual, he flavors his contribution with the spice of sarcasm. The Harlem Railroad and our filthy streets share the pepper between them:

Saint Nickalas Hottel, June 10, 1857.

Eddyturs of the Sunday Times:

Sense my last letter, I hev ben spendin a few days in the kuntry, tryin to get the taste of the sitty air outer my mouth and the smell of it outer my close. Hevin ben thurraly sweetened by the breezes of Putnam county, I returned yesterday, wunst more to feed my unfortnit lungs on the reekins of the all-filthiest streets that ever sickened the stummicks of a christian community. I injide my trip, and no mistake. As the poick remarks—

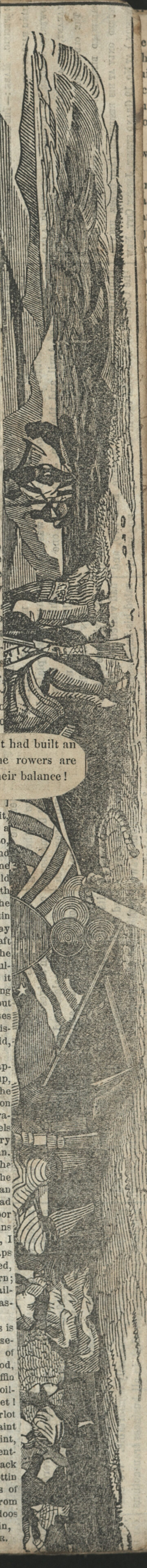
> "To him who in the luv of nater,
> Holds communion with her visibul forms,
> She spekes a varus langwidge."

It's *so*. Thars the bull-frogs, the tree-todes, the Bob O'Lincolns, the crows, the whip-poor-wills, and cetery, and nary wun but hes its own paytent way of addin to the jeneral discord. Still, the langwidge of nater aint by no means so varus in Putnam county as in Texas or Californy. The skreeching of cattymounts, the ockashinal growl of a grizzly, the barken of wulves, and uther vices of the night that betokin a desire for fresh meat on the part of the critters makin 'em, renders the langwidge of nater in the wilderness highly excitin, espeshally ef you happen to meet the "visabul forms" in kwestin, by moonlight alone, in sairch of thar suppers. As thar was no huntin to be hed as near New York as Croton Falls, the pint I was bound to, I didn't take the old shootin iron, but pervided myself with an angel rod and some lines insted, bein asshured that trout was very plenty. Well, I fisht the Croton, and the dribblin streams that run inter it, up and down for two days, and all I ketcht was a cold and a catfish. This was raythег poor sport arter the Sackrymento, whar mennys the time I've snaked out four or five ten pound sammons afore brekfest. Howsever, the exercise dun me good. It was a grate blessin to be sumwhars whar I could hear myself think, without gettin all my idees mixed up with the sound of wheels and all the hellabaloo and dust of the sitty. I made some deskiveries, too, witch will be interestin to your reeders. At wun place a freshit hed carrid away about a duzzen sheep, and thar boddies was flotin in a saft and meller condishin down the stream, for the bennyfit of the teetottlers in New York. Mutton broth, howsever, is a hulsome beveridge, though prehaps sum fokes would prefer it made in a different way. The fact is, that the peepul along the line of the Croton isent no ways particklar what they put in it to soak. Dogs, kittens, ded hogs, and uther delikisses ekwilly gallopshus, is thrown without remorse inter its cristial waters, and gradjally dissolves, givin boddy to the fluid, and no dout improvin its naterally insippid flaver.

The Harlim Railrode, which tuck me to Croton Falls, appeers to be a grate institushin. Ef all the rails was took up, and new wuns laid down, I shouldent be surprised ef the stock would rise as high as twenty. At present all the iron on the track seems to be ravilling out in fringes, and the travellin is raythег more convulsiv to the bones and mussels than a trot over a corderoy turnpike in a waggin with hickory springs. The fare is reggilatid on a butiful and ingenius plan. It costs two dollars to go from New York to Albany, and the charge is about the same for hafe the distance. I blieve the fare is acktilly hyer to sum places on this side of Albany than for the hull trip. It aint remarkabul that the stock of a road conducktid in setch a stile should be down at 11¼, and a poor speckylashin at that. Ef it warnt for packing human beins like pork inter barrels, in the sitty cars of the kumpany, I reckin they would hev ben flaxed out long sense. Prehaps Commodore Vanderbilt, whos ben made one of the bored, may be able to do sumthin for the misabul one-horse consarn; ef not, it mought as well sell out to the Hudson River Railrode at wunst, and turn over its agints to better paymasters.

The kuntry is kwite a parrydice just now. The laylocks is in full blum, fillin the atmisfere with flagrance, and the rosebuds is preparin for a bust. I never seen setch crops of grass. Ef ever live stock hed ockashin for pius gratitood, they hev it now. Oh lordy! what a change it is, arter sniffin the fresh aroamer of the feelds, to take a pull throo one's oilfactories at the effloovier of Water street or Cherry street! Its like takin bitter aloes arter strawberry cream or Charlot de Rush. To be sure, we ken get along well enuff at the Saint Nickalas, Broadway bein only moderately dirty at this pint, and the hottel itself as clean as ef dirt hed never ben invented; but what will becum of the poor retches in the back streets, when the pisinus fumes of thousands of tuns of rottin offal cums to be treted by a July sun up to 100 degrees of Faranheat? It seems to me that pestilence must ensoo from setch horrid stenches taken hot. Hopin ef an eppydemic doos cum the first victims may be the sitty orthorities, I remain,

Yours, allus, A Disbanded Volunteer.

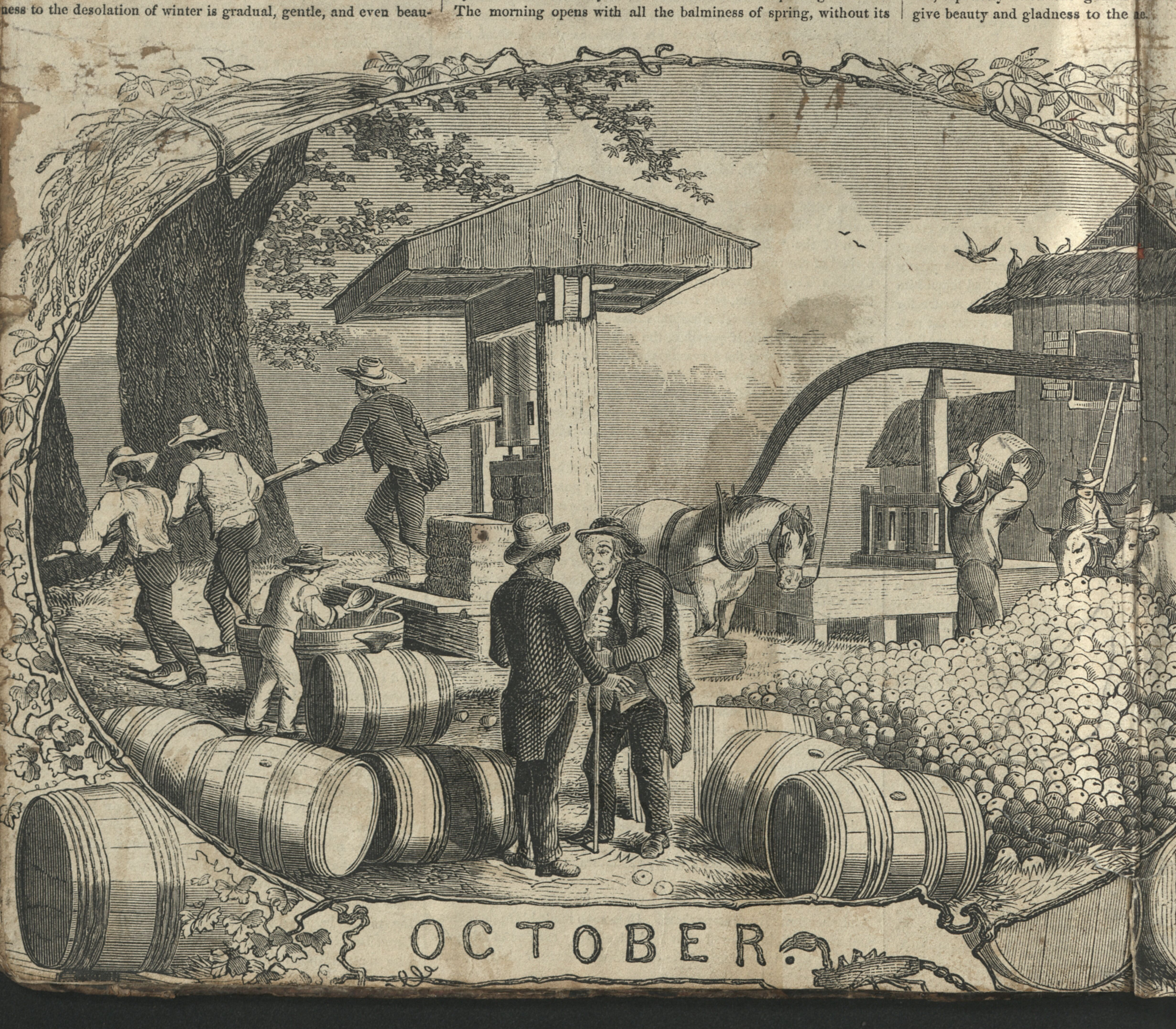


GLEASON'S PICTORI

F. GLEASON, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. VII. N16.—

OCTOBER.

Below we give a representation of a portion of the work which occupies the New England farmer at this season of the year. The scene represents the old-fashioned but still favorite cider-press. The heap of ripe fruit in the foreground is to be ground to pulp, and the pulp is to be expressed, so as to produce the rich and natural liquid so generally used by farmers as a beverage. This month is the harbinger of the declining year. It is usually in October that the bee-hives are despoiled of their honey. As long as flowers are plentiful, the bees continue adding to their store; but when these fail, they are obliged to begin feeding on the honey they have already made. From this time, therefore, the hive grows less and less valuable. The transition from autumnal richness to the desolation of winter is gradual, gentle, and even beautiful. The nature-loving eye can even be pleased with the last signs of vegetation still hanging upon the branches, or silently dropping to the ground. But little singing of birds disturbs the still-life of a day in the close of autumn—all is silent. The birds which still remain with us are almost dumb, and seem to feel and mourn the approaching rigors of the season. A few feeble and plaintive notes alone express their sadness, and but for the rousing echoes of the sportsman's gun by day, and the cawing of the blackening train of crows flying home in the twilight to their roost in the distant woods, scarcely a sound would break the deathlike and all-pervading stillness. October is, undoubtedly, the best month of the year for the pedestrian wanderer, and it is, therefore, by no means unworthy of the attention of the exploring botanist. The morning opens with all the balminess of spring, without its bitter blasts—with all the warmth mer glare; sleeping masses of vapor t in th like silver lakes, and the first ra the risi the fading forest, garnishes it w old, o pear-tree, charms the sight with riches carmine exhibited by its foliage n the l but rarely that any very extensiv ew pre eminence in this uncertain clim for e scures the distant horizon, and i e qua clouds come whirling about the ntain-s drizzling and settled rain overwh s the d nature's beauties. Yet there are n and ber, especially when the genial s of th give beauty and gladness to the e.



II. N16.—Whole No. 172.

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vapor t in the hollows of the hills,
rst ray the rising sun, glancing upon
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t with richest hues of crimson and
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verwh s the disappointed explorer of
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ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The New York Albion informs its readers that an intelligent American friend, just returned from a visit to Great Britain, was "particularly impressed by the almost universal interest which Englishmen of various classes and parties manifested in the affairs of America, by their desire for accurate information in regard to the economical progress and the social condition of the United States, and by their hearty sympathy with all that is good in the greatness of America." This is certainly an encouraging statement. "He found that the ignorance even of the most intelligent Englishmen in regard to America was very great, but that the one-sided and ridiculous descriptions of American life and manners, which were formerly received by Englishmen as authentic, were falling into universal disrepute. The Trollope-literature has had its day, and done all the mischief it could do." There are important collateral proofs of the accuracy of this witness. It is well known, for instance, that Mr. Delane, the conductor of the London Times, feeling the necessity of furnishing his readers with more reliable matter on the United States than they had been in the habit of receiving, has recently made a visit to this country, in order to see and judge for himself, and has engaged two regular American correspondents, one to reside in the city of New York and the other in the heart of this commonwealth. Now if these are fair and impartial men, and not political partizans, we may expect to see our friends over the water pretty well posted up on American affairs. They sadly need such information, for the most candid American journals do not find their way across the Atlantic.

But our English friends have *still* many prejudices to eradicate before they can form an honest opinion of us, and they have certain national idiosyncrasies which stand in the light of reason. That same London Times was, only the other day, grossly humbugged by a blood-and-thunder story of a duel on a Southern railroad, a fabrication on the face of it, which it nevertheless published as true, and made the subject of a severe "leader" on American social vices.

Certainly the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, the giant champions of human freedom, need only to know each other, to entertain a mutual respect and attachment. In commerce, each is necessary to the other, and no spirit, save that of generous rivalry, need animate us both. Our old quarrels should be forgotten, and every attempt to revive the irritation of wounds that have long since cicatrized, should be frowned down indignantly.

But if friendly relations and good feeling are to be maintained, if our English friends are sincere in their desire to cultivate our amity, they must remember that we Americans are a proud and high-spirited people, and will resent all impertinent intermeddling with our domestic concerns. We have grown out of our teens, have prospered beyond all precedent, simply by minding our own business, and feel that we are abundantly able to dispense with all foreign advice and interference. Though in Europe one great nation may aspire to regulate the affairs of the Eastern hemisphere, we recognize no European nation as an arbitrator and a monitor. As we enter no protest against the aggrandizement of any European nation, so we shall listen to no protest against our aggrandizement, from any foreign power. The authority of our own constitution and the will of our own people are our only recognized standards. We are willing to remain at peace with Europe, but we shall submit to no European dictation.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

We think the prospects of the American stage are truly encouraging. The old prejudices against this species of amusement are fast wearing away, as is proved by the fact that papers professedly in the interest of sound morality no longer hesitate to admit advertisements and editorial notices of dramatic performances. What the friends of the drama, who clung to it in its dark days, predicted, has come to pass, viz., that when the respectable part of the community afforded the drama a steady patronage, it would prove itself worthy of that support. Something more is wanting yet—that the stage should be in a measure nationalized. The passage of the dramatic copyright will tend to effect this latter change, and to develop dramatic talent among our writers. Recently an original American comedy—"Self"—has been completely successful in New York, and we learn that many original plays of merit are in the hands of managers.

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GOOD ADVICE.—If you would enjoy a good night's rest, then, in the words of Dr. Holmes: "Spare, O spare the evening meal!" A bowl of clam soup, with two pounds of beefsteak, four or five rolls, a plate of ham sandwiches, and three cups of coffee, are not conducive to "rosy dreams and slumbers light."

◆

THE WINTER SEASON.—No matter if the flowers have vanished from our garden paths, and if the water be congealed in our fountains, sunshine still adorns the scene so long as we keep summer in the heart.

◆

A RESOURCE.—A very youthful specimen of "Young America," who had ruined himself in cigars and juleps, told his father that he should go to the dogs unless he could get "elected to Congress," and asked the "old man's" influence.

◆

LONG EVENINGS.—The long evenings of this season of the year are a boon. No warm moonlight nights tempting to rambles

COMMERCIAL DISHONESTY.

Crimes are epidemic. At one time, murder will rage like a pestilence; at another, incendiarism will redden the land; then suicide will be prevalent, and again fraud be the fashionable guilt. The present time seems to be characterized by gigantic financial swindles; the offspring of intense commercial activity and a universal avidity for gold. These crimes are not confined to one locality and to one country; they break out in different places. If New York has her Schuyler, London has her Strahan. A railway swindle here is answered by a railway swindle in France. If Huntington forges in New York, Robson plunders in England. This last financier was a transfer clerk in the Crystal Palace, at a salary of 150 pounds a year. In this position, he stole the shares of stocks left in possession of the company by certain parties, just as Carpentier stole those of Rothschild from the safe of the Northern Railway of France, sold them, and speculated on the money. But his ill-gotten gains did him no good. He had his splendid establishments at Kilburn Priory and St. John's Wood, his carriages, servants and liveries, his fast horses, his sumptuous plate and costly wines. It is passing strange that, in a commercial country like England, the suddenness of this man's fortune should have awakened no inquiry, and that he should have been allowed to blow his gilded bubbles so long. But at last suspicion was awakened, and the culprit fled. But he was overtaken; for justice, though blind and halt, is more than a match for the swiftest sinner in the long run. From Kilburn Priory to a prison was but a step; and his poor wife, probably innocent of all complicity, sunk in an instant from a palatial residence to beggarly lodgings in Brighton—from wealth to destitution. Such records are fraught with terrible warning to the worshippers of Mammon, and they cannot be too widely circulated by the press.

◆

A SIGNIFICANT DREAM.—It would do no harm if every crowned head had a dream like that of the German prince, who saw in a vision three rats, one fat, the other lean, and the third blind—sent for a celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

◆

MUSQUITOES.—A New Orleans physician undertakes to prove that these insects are a blessing, not a curse—that their bite is healthy and necessary. He is turning his attention to raising them, and hopes to turn some out with stings as large as toothpicks.

◆

ART CRITICISM.—A tavern-keeper, who had been dipping into the "Lives of Eminent Painters," thought it a pity that so many of them should "die and leave no *sign*."

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

The first distinguished Roman who "saw the elephant" was Fabius. Pyrrhus, in invading Italy, carried a large number with him, to carry destruction and terror into the Roman ranks. While Fabius, who was on a diplomatic mission to the invader, and who had the day previous refused a heavy bribe to turn traitor to his country, was suddenly, by the raising of a curtain, treated to a sight of one of the largest of the Asiatic monsters. He took it very coolly, however, and remarked, "The sight of your elephant to-day terrifies me no more than did that of your gold seduce me yesterday." But it was really a trial; for when Alexander the Great first saw a line of elephants drawn up in front of Porus's army, stretching forth their snake-like trunks, and uttering their wild trumpet-notes of defiance, he declared that he had never before encountered an enemy so worthy of his courage. These were gratuitous exhibitions, however; now-a-days one can't "see the elephant" without paying handsomely for it.

◆

FRANCE.—Late letters from France inform us that there is no danger of the overthrow of the government of Louis Napoleon, though an outbreak may be attempted by some of the secret revolutionary societies. The soldiers are true to a man, and would shoot revolutionists like dogs—business men dread the disturbance of commercial affairs, and men of property, large and small, see that a change of government could only be effected by wholesale slaughter, followed by pillage and the guillotine.

◆

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply any one or all of the back numbers of our Pictorial from the commencement of the work. Single numbers six cents each. The ten volumes complete, elegantly bound, for *twenty dollars*, a splendid illustrated library in themselves, and of immense value in any family circle.

◆

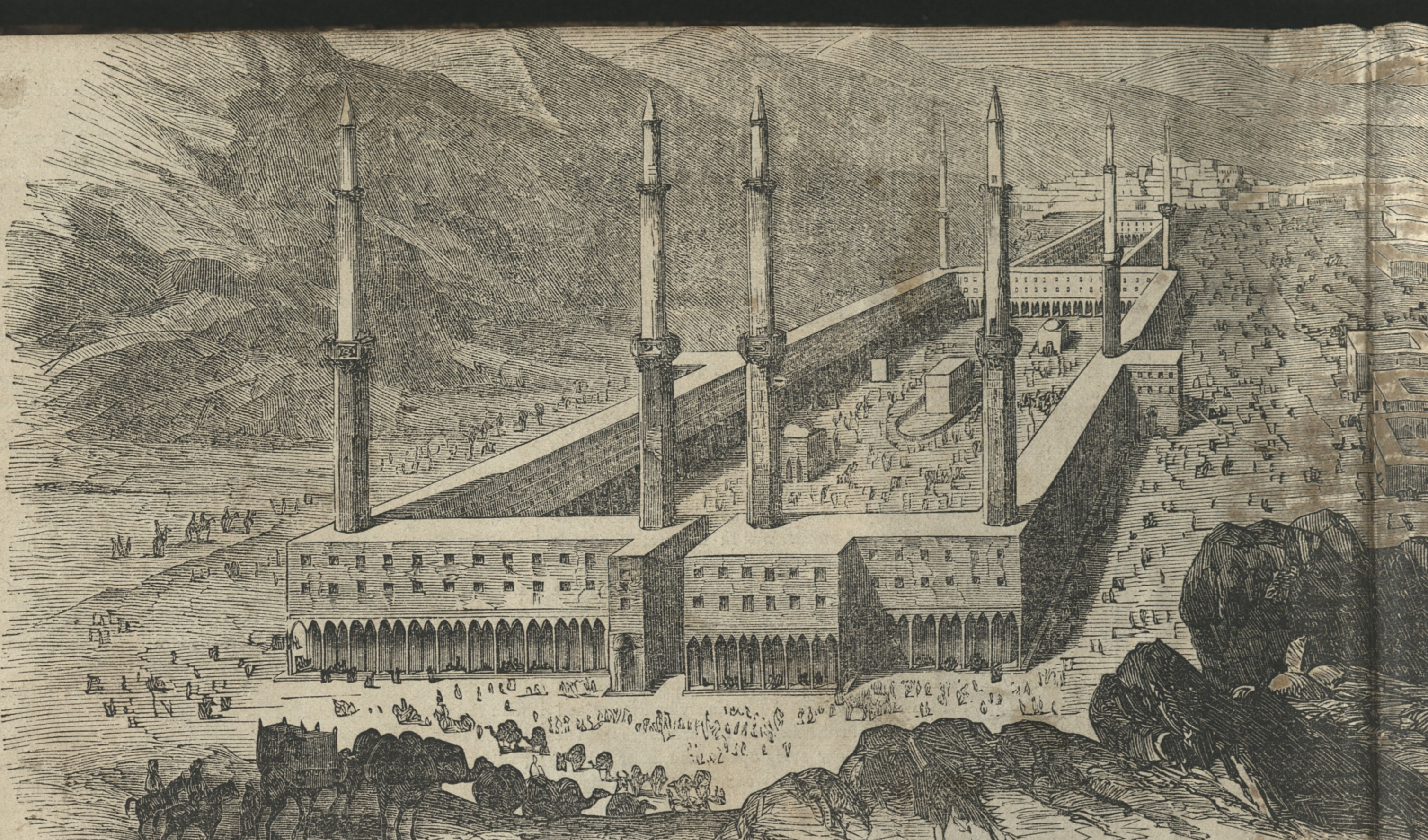
THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.—There is a dog belonging to the "Guards," lately returned to London from the Crimea, who was under fire at Alma and Balaklava, and wounded in the leg at Inkermann. He is a great pet of the soldiers.

◆

UNEQUALLED.—Subscribers pour in upon us at the rate of nearly *one thousand per week* for Ballou's Dollar Monthly, the cheapest magazine in the world.

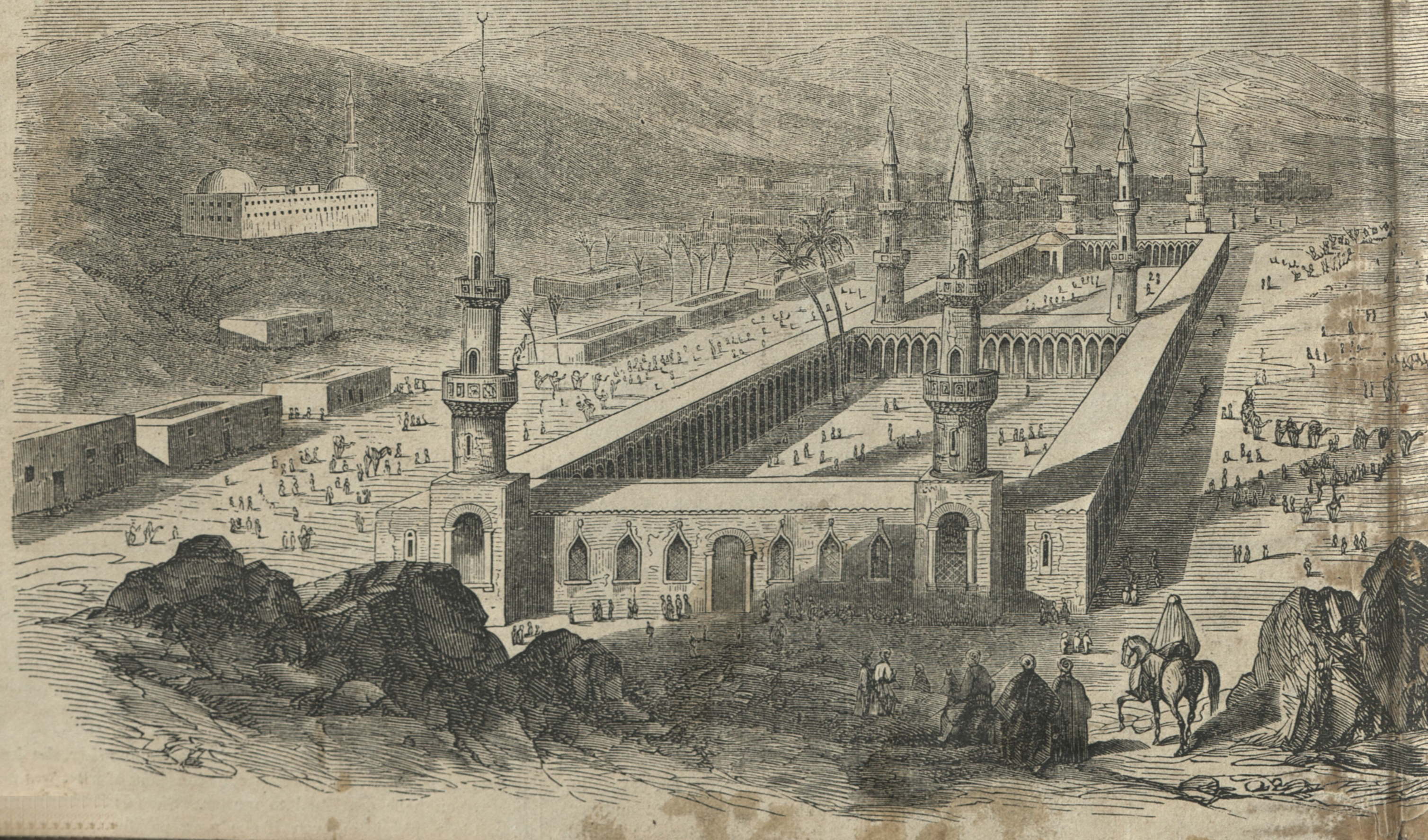
◆

LOSS OF MEN.—The English *say* they lost but 20,000 men by the Russian war, but the truth is, they lost nearly 50,000



THE TEMPLE OF MECCA.

porticoes cause themselves to be carried. Finally, graceful minarets, of the mysterious number of seven, irregularly placed, surmount the edifice. It is only on entering the mosque that you can obtain an idea of its immense extent. More than a thousand columns, thirty feet high, of the most precious marbles, sustain, with the external walls, three ranks of arches, terminated by arcades, in which the ogive and the central arch destroy all beauty. Here the faithful, lighted night and day by lamps of massive silver, accomplish the rites of the Mahometan religion. In the middle of the hollow square rises the sacred temple of the Kaaba, the oldest religious monument known in the world, and erected, it is said, by Abraham, to the worship of the true God. This edifice, built of grayish rocks from the neighborhood, is of a cubic form, each side being about twenty-five feet in length. A rich black hanging covers it all the year round, excepting during the days of the Rhamadan. In the interior it appears a vast hall, paved with precious mosaics, on the walls of which a few maxims of the Koran shine, perpetually lighted by lamps of massive gold. In the same square are grouped several other massive structures, serving as sepulchres for the most venerated saints. Among them is noticeable, to the left of the Kaaba, a square monument, surmounted by a cupola, enclosing a spring of fresh and clear water. It is, according to tradition, the fountain which sprang up at the prayer of the despairing Hagar, from the heart of the burning sand, to revive her son Ishmael, the father of the Arabs. Over the principal door is still to be seen a small black stone set in the wall and projecting a few inches. This marble the object of the most ancient worship, is that which, long before Mahomet, the Arabs came to kiss as a precious fragment of the rock brought to Abraham by the angels when he was building the sanctuary of the Kaaba. In the north, the mournful valley continues to wind through the midst of sand and rocks. On the road you distinguish still caravans of pilgrims moving towards Medina, to adore the tomb. This voyage is not obligatory, and is not comprised in the rite of the holy pilgrimage. Medina, the second city of Hedjaz, is situated at the limit of the great Arabian desert. About a hundred leagues from Mecca, it divides with its companion the mournful privilege of living on the charity of the faithful. It was there that Mahomet, driven from his native city, came to preach his new doctrine, in the very spot where his tomb now rises. The temple, built on the same plan as that of Mecca, is much smaller. In the midst of the square rise two venerated palm trees, planted by the prophet's hand. Not far off, standing against the northern gallery, appears a dome, supported by columns of white marble. All around, the earth is strewn with rich carpets. Between the columns a close grating and a thick curtain of green damask prevent the air from discovering the sacred tomb of Mahomet. Here also sleep beside him his disciples, Omar and Abou-Beckr, who, at the day of the final judgment, are to be awakened by Jesus Christ, to announce, from the summit of the monument, the
end of the age. Near his tomb, the
in his first exhortations is still preser
poorly built, is surrounded by a trip
tered over the ground. In the centre
the Egyptian flag is now floating. S
sacred monuments, the possession o
Porte by victorious Egypt, came near
world. Mecca is generally reported t
climate is very hot, and during the
ber and October, a parching wind pre
very springs of life. The wet season
vers, dysentery, and a sort of leprosy
Burckhardt, the traveller, says that h
when in Mecca—at such times as he
ease, he suffered from languor, depre
appetite. Equally unhealthy, or eve
Medina. In winter the cold is m
storms, of brief duration, alternate
weather. In summer the heat is ex
from the stagnant marshes in the nei
tent fevers, which frequently prove fa
of mortality is stated as one to fifte
ment is unquestionably exaggerate
sufficiently large to decimate the num
grims to a fearful degree.



THE TEMPLE OF MEDINA

his tomb, the pulpit which Mahomet used
is still preserved. The city, small and
ded by a triple row of walls, now scat-
In the centre rises a fortress on which
w floating. Such are the holy places, the
e possession of which, disputed with the
ypt, came near troubling the peace of the
ally reported to be very unhealthy. The
d during the months of August, Septem-
ching wind prevails that seems to dry up the
The wet season occurs in December. Fe-
sort of leprosy are the prevalent diseases.
ler, says that he never enjoyed good health
ch times as he was free from positive dis-
languor, depression of spirits, and want of
healthy, or even more so, is the climate of
the cold is much severer, and heavy rain-
tion, alternate with long intervals of dry
the heat is excessive, and the exhalations
shes in the neighborhood produce intermit-
uently prove fatal to strangers. The ratio
as one to fifteen annually; but this state-
bly exaggerated, although the mortality is
cimate the numbers of both natives and pil-
gree.

Everett's Eloquence Consecrated to Mount Vernon. We publish the following from the Home Journal, by request. A part of the poetry with the preceding note, has before appeared in the Transcript:

The lady correspondent who sends us the following lines, says, in her note accompanying them:—"* * Mr. Everett has delivered his oration upon Washington eighty-two times, and has turned into the Mount Vernon fund thirty-seven thousand dollars! Richly earned honors have clustered around him from the days of boyhood, but this noble benefaction has emblazoned his honored name upon a nation's rubric, and filled our hearts with gratitude. Pondering these things, I have impulsively penned a few lines to him, but fear you will not think them worth the publishing."

"The ancients, in the full-souled and free-spoken welcome with which they were wont to hail every considerable literary and scientific performance, such as all noble words and deeds should claim, with instinctive grace, chose the poetical form of expression, simply because this alone gives full license to the lips of friendship."

Bay-crowned Everett! thou, whose potent wand
Awakes the imprisoned soul from time's dull thrall;
Whose mighty magic is a kingly bond—
Of scenes celestial, earth's rich protocol;
Around whose mouth the human bees resort,
To catch the honey dropping from thy tongue,
Like him of eld—within whose charmed court
Orphean music moves the myriad throng;
Our *Pater Patriæ* is embalmed once more—
Our Country's Father, by our country's son;
Mount Vernon's echoes pierce to every shore,
While saints and sages to thy praise are won;
Low at thy feet I cast my faltering line—
A waif upon the sea of eloquence divine.

Pure eloquence, whose sparkling waves recall
Those dazzling fountains of our classic lore;
Yet never Greek or Roman of them all
Might vie with thee this breathing spell to pour;
Entranced, we drink the deep empearled stream,
Nor dream of life beyond its glowing tide;
From starry heights thy glittering frescoes gleam,
Illuming *columns*, now a nation's pride;
Each stately theme hath borrowed grace from thee—
"The everlasting belfries of the skies"
Chime forth fresh morning* hymns at thy decree,
While burning vows on dewy incense rise;
Columbus† *thou*! all hail thy regal chart—
He found another world, but thou that world's great heart.

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*Morning has been bathed in the golden dews of the most resplendent intellects that have stemmed the tide of time, but the following living picture, from Mr. Everett's oration at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, may fairly stand beside the most brilliant portrayal of her sunny sisters, blushing only at her own surpassing loveliness.

I had occasion a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night—the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of the night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance, till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leef into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts there is no God.

† Mr. Everett calls Galileo "the great Columbus of the heavens."

Dr. Hedge, in an admirable essay upon Leibnitz, in a recent Atlantic Monthly, christens Giordano Bruno as "the brave Columbus of modern thought."

◆

Information for the People.—Mr. Robert Chambers is the proprietor of Glenmorriston, and notwithstanding his enthusiasm in behalf of popular rights and privileges, manages his beautiful estate very much after the usual fashion. He erected at the opening of an attractive walk a board on which was incribed, "No thoroughfare this way. Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law." A wag during the night painted on the other side of the board, "*Chambers' Information for the People.*"

☞ The Oswego Times announces that a man named Stone has found four hundred valuable pearls in the shells of fifteen hundred muscles taken from a brook in that county within a week. If the story, which we regard as a mighty hard one, is to be believed, Mr. Stone has made about two hundred thousand dollars. A very good week's work.

INAUGURATION OF THE FRANKLIN STATUE, BOSTON.

The large picture which occupies the whole of pages 232 and 233 of this present number, drawn for us by Billings, and engraved by John Andrew, represents the appearance of the City Hall Square, School Street, during the imposing ceremony of the inauguration of the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which took place on the 17th of last month. The background is formed by the plain and unostentatious façade of the City Hall, richly decorated, however, for the occasion, with banners, emblems, streamers and devices. In the centre rises the familiar figure of the distinguished man, who was at once printer and philosopher, statesman and poet, a man venerated next to Washington, with a fame co-extensive with civilization, known wherever his country is known, and gifted as few men have been gifted who have figured in the pages of the world's history. Around are grouped the officers of the day, of the different associations, the members and representatives of the various trades, assembled to do honor to the occasion, with their various banners, together with the military and spectators. The narrow space in front of the City Hall could contain, of course, not one thousandth part of the vast multitude drawn together by the occasion, which produced a display, in point of numbers and character, far surpassing the most brilliant parades that ever graced any previous occasion.

The statue of Franklin was the work of Greenough, the sculptor. It is of bronze, and of a golden hue, which time will subdue and modify. This work, modelled by an American artist, was executed throughout by American mechanics, and is a pleasing specimen of the perfection to which art and skill have been carried by our countrymen. It was cast at Ames's foundry, Chicopee, Mass. The weight of metal employed was about 2000 pounds. The figure is eight feet in height, and the total altitude of the group, including the completed pedestal, is twenty-seven feet. The whole cost of the work will be about $10,000. This sum was raised by subscription. A committee was formed by the members of the Charitable Mechanics' Association, to which was united a committee of private citizens, to whom was entrusted the task of raising, by voluntary subscription, the necessary amount. The statue, completed under their auspices, was given in charge of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, by whom it was presented to the custody of the city, the association, in case of the barely possible necessity of a removal at any future time, resuming charge of the work.

Our readers have been already apprized, through the medium of the papers of the day devoted exclusively to the circulation of news, of the circumstances attending the inauguration; of the splendid procession which filed through our streets to the music of innumerable bands; of the ceremonies in the square, so solemn and impressive; of the multitude of visitors that thronged our streets, to the number at least of 100,000; and of the various other features and incidents of the great gala day. We have performed our part in placing on record a most graphic delineation of the great centre of attraction—a representation worthy of preservation, as it will be one of historical importance. In the vast procession, imposing in numbers, brilliant with banners and devices, with emblematic figures, and everything that the ingenuity of man could contrive to typify art, labor and principle, impressive from the character of its component elements, the feature which impressed us with peculiar satisfaction, was the display made by the worthy brethren of that craft of which Franklin was an illustrious brother. To the printers of the city a conspicuous place was properly assigned. Franklin's own old press, which he had worked with his own hand, was carried in state, while a metrical life of the hero of the day from the pen of the printer poet, B. P. Shillaber, Esq., was worked off and distributed from numerous presses as the procession moved along. But it would require pages even to catalogue the features and the doings of this memorable day. In a word, it was worthy of the occasion and of the city. No one could find fault with the programme, or the manner in which it was executed. Good taste and liberality, and an earnest spirit on the part of all engaged, rendered it a truly worthy and memorable celebration.

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"NEVERFAIL."

The remarkable story of wild life in the West, now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*, entitled "*Neverfail; or the Children of the Border,*" is fully equal to Cooper's famous Leather-Stocking tales of the frontier. The author—Dr. J. H. Robinson—shows great knowledge of character and woodcraft, as well as the startling characteristics of pioneer life, upon which the interest of the story mainly depends. So large a number of the readers of Ballou's Pictorial are also subscribers to The Flag of our Union, that we need hardly refer to the brilliant novelettes which are regularly appearing in its pages. The Flag and Pictorial we send together for $4 00 per annum to one address.

◆

Natural History.—A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county; and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners of the fence *begging every man that passed for a chew.*

◆

We cannot too highly commend *Ballou's Pictorial.* No family can be in the weekly receipt of this admirable illustrated paper without constantly realizing fresh impulses to love all that is beautiful in art, and also attaining to a vast fund of exceedingly valuable information of localities, and of eminent characters throughout the world, to be obtained in no other way.—*Vermont Watchman.*

◆

THE RUSTIC BRIDE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Through clouds came on the Easter day,
  Trailing broad gold betwixt the showers;
And, traveling down into the May,
  The April tript, and lost her flowers.

The blue-birds twittered in the lanes
  As if our nuptial song they led;
But Sylvia was at little pains
  To please me, when the rites were said.

From my embrace she slid all day
  To hide her olden dreams among,
And speech that would have crossed her way
  Fell into fragments on my tongue.

It was her modest love's disguise—
  Her gentle heart was mine, I knew,
And that the shadows in her eyes
  Were from the woods wherein she grew.

Her long, loose hair was all her tire,
  And her white cheek was blushing so,
A lily in a harmless fire
  Might its sweet trouble partly show.

And when she chilled me with a frown,
  And said my walk alone should be,
I saw the grass bend softly down,
  And knew her spirit staid with me.

THE CHARTER OA

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

ou wert nobly reared, O, heart of oak.—M

For years and years, till centuries had fled,
  Sweeping their terrors o'er thy form,
  O mighty oak! thou braved the storm,
And boldly reared thy high-brow, noble head

The forest child had looked with solemn awe
  Upon thee, ere the white man trod
  New England wilds to worship God
As holy men had worshipped him of yore.

And they—the red men—when the axe was heard
  Amid the forests, came and plead
  That *thou* might'st stand! to rear thy head
Still in thy majesty, all undisturbed.

For"—this their plea—"our fathers in the chase
  Had made the old oak tree their guide;
  They rallied here from far and wide,
And loved the tree; O, spare it this disgrace."

The white men heard. They did not scorn the prayer
  And year by year in strength it grew,
  And still a broader shadow threw,
Standing a thing of strength and beauty there.

And then, when tyranny its iron hand
  Would place upon the pilgrim's right
  Thy final mission loomed in sight,
And made thy name illustrious through the land.

That name from history shall not depart;
  Won when that charter famed of old
  Was held by thee—as lover's hold
Their ladye's memory—within thy heart.

The storm of revolution soon swept by!
  And underneath thy wide spread arms
  Free from the fear of war's alarms,
Brave men and fair maids basked 'neath freedom's sky

So generation after generation came
  To gaze upon thee, blessing as they gazed,
  Thy monarch form, in air upraised,
Sacred by revolutionary fame.

But rocks must crumble, and the firm grow frail
  Thou, like thy kindred, must lay low;
  But not by woodman's humble blow—
It took the giant death-stroke of the gale.

Thy death was glorious, as thy life had been;
  The fragments of thy noble frame
  Will yet perpetuate thy name,
And with it keep the "charter hiding" scene.

Thy trunk remains, fearing no tempest's frown;
  Standing the treasure of the land;
  Sacred from touch of spoiler's hand,
Girt with the buckler of thy great renown.

REPLIES.

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

Ask'st thou dearest why I love thee;
Tell me why the blossoms blow;
Why the billows toss unceasing;
How the winds roam to and fro;
Then will I answer thee.

Tell me how the morning glory
Opens to the early ray;
Why the golden sunflower turneth
Following the sun all day;
Then will I answer thee.

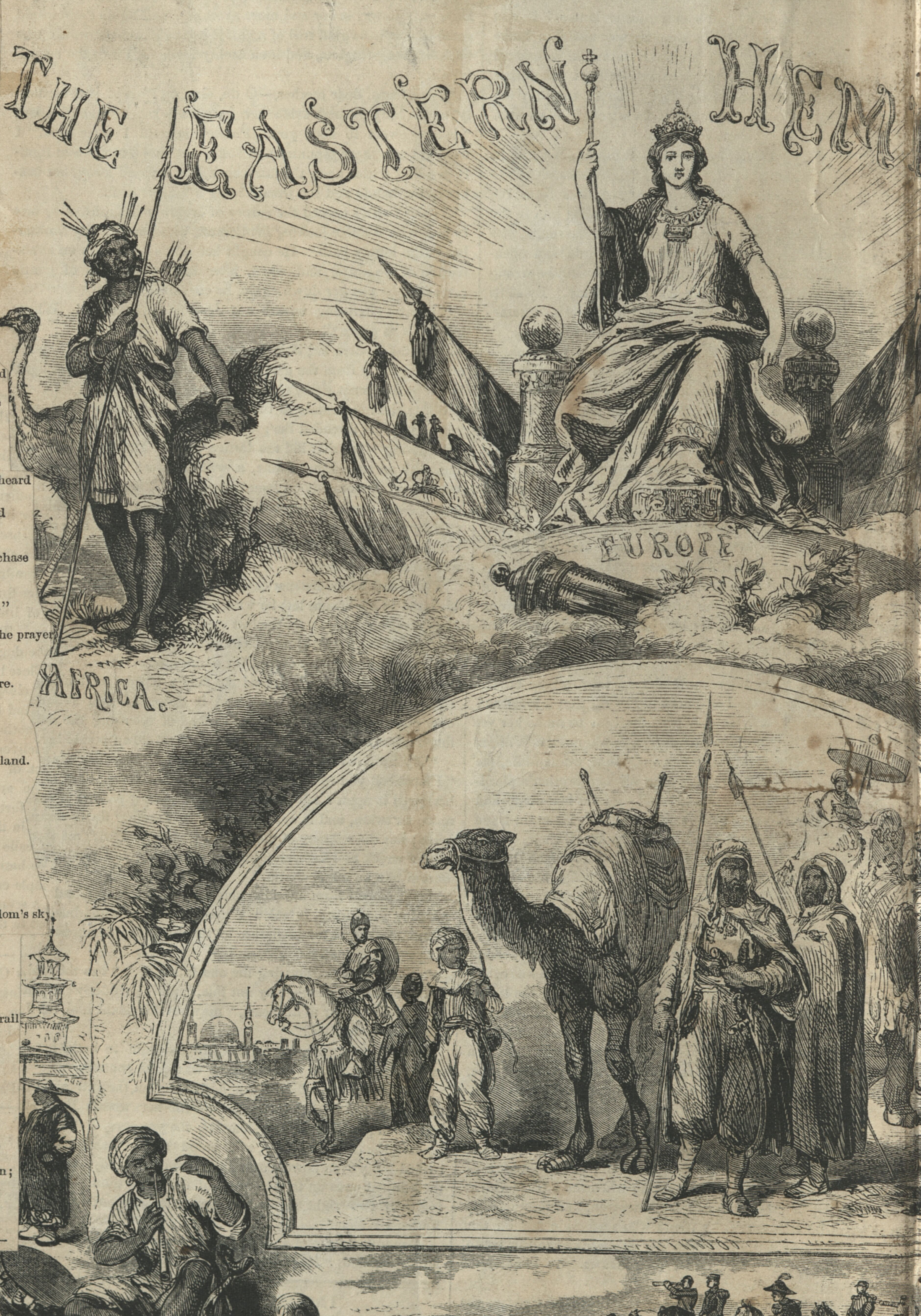
Why the blue bird's song is loudest
On the verge of April showers;
Why the snow drop wakes the earliest
From the rest of icy hours
Then will I answer thee.

Vain, for who may tell the reasons
For the blessings most we prize?
Look, perchance thy soul may read it—
In the glancing of my eyes.
Say have I answered thee?

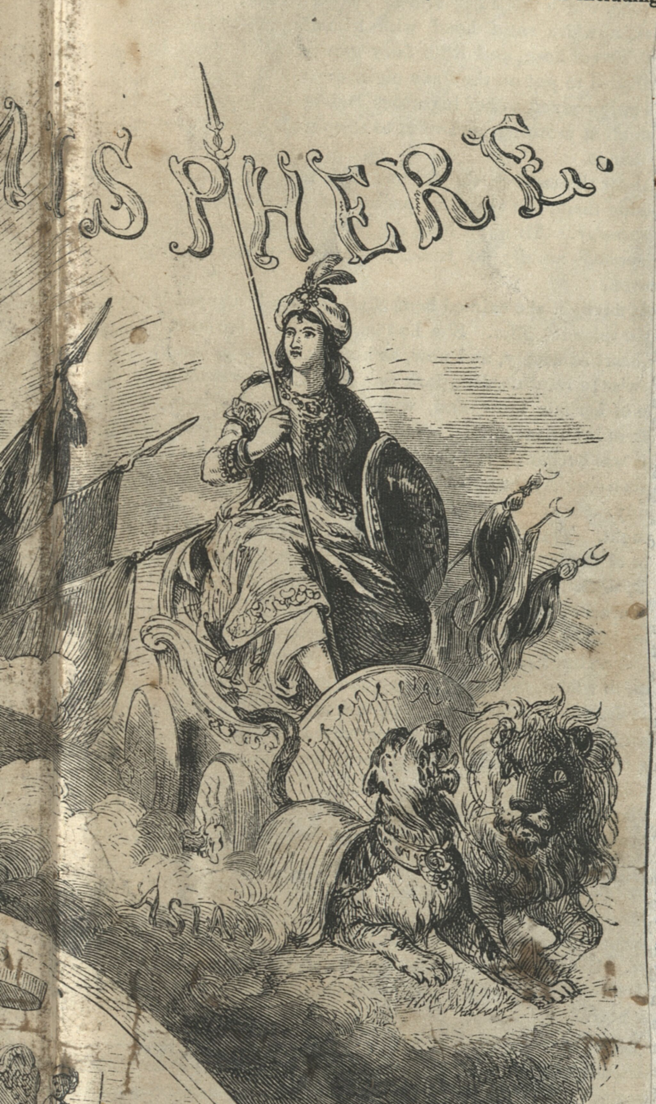
THE EASTERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES.

The designs on this and the opposite page are from the pencil of Mr. Billings, and were drawn and engraved expressly for our paper. They are allegorical and emblematical representations of the hemispheres. In the centre of the first picture (the Eastern Hemisphere) we behold a group strongly characteristic of the gorgeous East. Here is the "desert ship"—the camel, patiently bearing its burthen, and the stately and enormous elephant, with his strange and brilliant ornamental appointments. The human figures in this group are effective. The Arab is the true type of his race; the mounted Circassian warrior is also a characteristic figure. Above the central group sits Europe, personified as a female sovereign of exquisite and commanding loveliness. She occupies the most prominent position in the picture, as of right. In her hand is the sceptre, and on her head the crown of civilization. Banners and trophies of arms surround her in token of her sovereignty. At the foot of the picture is a sketch illustrating the present condition of a part of the old world—a state of war. On a plateau of land a group of allied officers are watching the issue of a military movement in the Crimea. On the right is an emblematical figure of Asia, beautiful as a favorite sultana, attired in rich barbaric finery, and seated in a car drawn by a lion and a tiger. Below this group is a Turk tranquilly smoking his narghilleh,—a picture of the indolence and voluptuousness of the Oriental character. On the left side of the engraving a characteristic figure typifies Africa, while the huge ostrich and the character of the foliage serve further to localize the sketch. Below the Chinese figures, the pagoda, and the snake charmer, with his pet cobra, sufficiently indicate one of the most curious countries of the world.

With what mingled emotions do we, the dwellers on the transatlantic shore, look on the Eastern hemisphere! Separated from its nearest point by a thousand leagues of ocean, we are apt to look on it less as an integral portion of the common heritage of humanity than as another world. It is, in common parlance, the old world—another planet, as it were. Its distance lends it that enchantment which belongs ever to the remote in space and time. To us the history, the poetry and the legendary lore of Asia—the cradle of the race,—are blended together. We view the vast continent of Africa, the crowded area of Europe, through the same parti-colored atmosphere of mingled fact and fancy. We long to visit these strange lands—hoary with antiquity—the graves of so many nations—the battle-fields of so many races—the theatre of so many splendid triumphs of art, of science, of statesmanship,—the cradle and the grave of glories innumerable as the stars. This magical influence of the East is constantly exerting its attractive force upon us. Many of us obey an impulse mysterious and uncontrollable. We take up our pilgrim staff and go thither. We wander through merry England, with something of a home feeling awakened by the familiar tongue and the familiar names of persons and places. We pass into sunny France; we are hurried down the legendary Rhine; we cross the Alps in the path of Hannibal and Napoleon; we worship the glories of art in Rome the eternal, and in Florence the fair; we glide beneath ruined palaces, along the silent canals of the queen city of the Adriatic; we revive our classic studies in the isles and on the mainland of Greece; we gaze upon the minarets of Stamboul the magnificent; we float down the Nile, or mount the pyramids in Egypt; if very adventurous, we penetrate to the far Cathay. From these wanderings



we come back enriched with many new ideas, with brighter conceptions of the characteristic features of the Eastern hemisphere; but still the necessary rapidity of travel, allowing but an imperfect acquaintance with the lands we visit, leaves our early impressions but slightly disturbed. At home again, as the fresh daguerreotypes of men and things in the mind's gallery become dim and dusky, we again look upon the Eastern Hemisphere as another world, and this in spite of the multiplied and continuous relations established of late between the great East and the great West And even when the thought communication is perfected, and we can send, in a few hours, our order to Meen Fun, in China, for a chest of Oolong, and on the same day receive the assurance of our correspondent that the article is on its way per Great Western Railroad freight train, which runs at fifty miles an hour including



stoppages, and, reaching the western confines of Europe, plunge into a submarine railway tunnel under the Atlantic, deliverin goods in Boston direct from China, we shall still look upon th East as a sort of huge castle in the air. From the storied an legendary East we turn to our own hemisphere, which Mr. Billing has illustrated in a design equally beautiful and characteristic The principal figure in the picture is that of Liberty, with th shield of our Union, and bearing the Phrygian cap—the symbo of independence—on her lance. At her feet crouches an Indian the type of that gallant but fated race, the aborigines of the continent, who are sinking before the march of civilization, and predestined, it is feared, to total extinction before many years. Below the figure of Liberty, we have a sketch of the prairie, and a group of red men, as they appear when isolated from civilization and devoted to war and the chase. In the lower right hand corne

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[Written for the Sunday Times.]

SORROWS OF A FAT MAN.

BY A VICTIM.

It will not do. I have been shamefully imposed upon; if I did not despise strong language, I should say "humbugged."

I am a fat man. Polite people call me stout; but they smile when they use the more delicate term. I am conscious of my physical enormity. I am too conscious of it, for it provokes my indignation. To soften the description, therefore, without altering the fact, is sheer hypocrisy; and I dislike hypocrites even when they practice their dissimulation in order to avoid hurting my feelings.

Yes, I am a fat man; and I have tried every known remedy for the disease; for superfluous deposits of fat are just as much the result of that morbid physical condition which we call disease, as superfluous deposits of water. The only difference is this—the latter class of disorders has a variety of appropriate names, and the former has none. The one kind we include in the terms dropsy, hydrocephelas, &c.; the former we succinctly but very erroneously aggregate under the one generic title—"fat."

I am not a hearty eater. Indeed, as a general rule, I devour much less than those of my acquaintances who are not half my size. And they have this advantage besides—they can eat much and heartily with impunity, while I am scarcely able to breathe after I have swallowed the first mouthful. It is my defect that I assimilate too readily; that is, the food I digest is almost entirely converted into flesh and blood, while with other people only a small portion undergoes that change, leaving the rest to be thrown off as useless matter.

And what have I not resorted to for the purpose of thinning down my adipose redundancy! I endured my gradual increase of flesh, and of course, of my tailor's bills, until I saw the "fat boy" at the Museum. His condition alarmed me. It stood before me the picture of myself, and I was appalled as well as disgusted. I heard that, fearful of bursting, he had employed a physician to unfatten him. Heaven only knows! what the quack he hired to reduce him "by the job" gave him in the way of medicine. But the "fat boy" died in the process, and his medical adviser was arraigned for malpractice or murder, I forget which.

I could not trust one of the "faculty" after such an example. On the contrary, I read every book I could obtain on the subject, and doctored myself. I tried alkalies. As alkalies and fat constitute soap, I had an idea that by taking potash in sufficient quantity I could convert my exuberant fat into the saponaceous compound, and thus get rid of it. It is possible that I succeeded in one sense, and converted my stomach into a soap factory on an extensive scale; but the soap did me more injury than the substance it was intended to remove. I stopped the treatment just in time to escape consumption.

The next thing I tried was acidulous food. I knew that young ladies who desired to maintain a "genteel figure" drank vinegar. I improved on the idea, and for three months lived almost exclusively on pickles and lemonade. As a consequence, I was seized with an inflammation of the bowels, from the effects of which I barely escaped with my life. And when I recovered the process of fattening went on with redoubled vigor in my animal economy. I gained half a pound a day regularly, for some time; whereas, before, I had only augmented in daily weight at the rate of four ounces.

Then I read of the French *savan* who had adopted the theory that all herbivorous animals were naturally fat, and all carniverous ones thin. He illustrated his notion by pointing out the lion, the tiger, cat, leopard, panther, greyhound, &c., as flesh-eating creatures who remained constitutionally lean; he pointed to the cow, the ox, the elephant, &c., as bulky, unwieldy in many cases, and tending perpetually to fat, because their food was farinaceous or vegetable.

I observe that a writer in Household Words has elaborated the same theory, obtained from the same source; and insists that a patient has been cured of his obesity, in Paris, by a medical philosopher who treated him accordingly. But I feel sure that the story of the patient is a new romance. Do you ask me why? Because I confined myself to a diet of lean meat with rigorous exactness. I ate beefsteak for breakfast, roast beef for dinner, and beef hash at tea. I eschewed bread. I closed my eyes at the sight of a potatoe. I turned away with a sigh from green peas and asparagus. I touched nothing that could oxygenate my system, and I carbonized it plentifully and with painful assiduity.

Alas! it was all of no use. I grew still fatter on meat than on vegetables. More than that, I grew as hard as a board. Before, I was like a cushion. If I fell on the earth, I bounced as though I were a ball. Now I tumble like a pillar of granite. I might break into fragments, but I have not sufficient elasticity left in either my limbs or body to enable me to restore myself to the perpendicular without assistance.

I say, therefore, that I have been imposed upon. All these schemes are valueless, and yet all have been put forward for the world to believe as veritable truths and unquestionable demonstrations. I was a fat man. I am still a fat man. I fear I shall die a fat man. I have but one hope left for physical redemption in this respect. It is a plan of my own, though not entirely original. I call it the *hydrophobic principle*. If I do not cure myself on this principle I shall give up the ghost. I shall sit down in the belief that my malady is beyond the reach of both nature and art, and abandon myself accordingly to my destiny.

But what is the "hydrophobic principle?" It is the utter avoidance of water. No water to drink—no water to bathe in—no water to swallow or to absorb. That's the principle. Water, you may depend upon it, is the fattening element. It will not create fat of itself, but its free admixture with food of any kind renders that food fattening. The "fat boy" at Barnum's drank, on an average, five gallons of water per day. I drink a gallon every day myself. All stout men, I find, drink water copiously. No lean man does. There's the secret. Hang hydropathy! It may cure sick people, of course, by furnishing them with the power of more fluently assimilating the food they eat, and thus strengthening nature in her efforts to eject disease. But hydropathy never released a man yet from his superfluous fat, and never will.

If the "hydrophobic principle" succeeds in my case I shall not keep the fact in concealment. I am a philanthropist. I wish to serve mankind, though I am not unwilling to commence by serving myself, as the representative of my species. Henceforth I am anti-water, as well as anti-fat. I shall look on public baths as public nuisances. Hydrants and pumps, in my eyes, are mere reservoirs of human obesity—the mere instruments provided to change a man of respectable proportions into a ponderous mass of sodden insanity. How I may feel on the subject, after I get through my new hygienic experiment, the public shall know; and until then I shall hope for that public's intense sympathy.

The Mormon Plea of Persecution.

Twenty-five of the Mormon elders, who have been travelling in Europe for some time, proselytising in various realms for Utah, arrived here last week, and departed on Friday for Salt Lake City. They are represented as stout, hale, jolly individuals, and they boasted that they had added, by their personal labors, five thousand members to the obscene church of which they are champions and representatives. They were not at all uncommunicative in regard to the treasonable position of "President Young," as they style the blasphemous "prophet," and confessed themselves prepared to take up arms in his defence against the authority of the United States. The secretary of the *corps* declared:

> "Our people are not yet prepared to witness calmly and unconcernedly the repetition of such scenes as have hitherto been enacted in Missouri and Illinois. Our wives and daughters may be subjected to such wrongs again, and may fall a prey to fiends in human shape, deaf to every cry of pity, remorseless to the last; but their protectors shall be spared the pain of witnessing it, for they will assuredly pave the way to such inhuman wrongs with their own bodies. We love peace, we hate war, and we hope that the good sense of the nation will oppose the measures now taken to send armed troops to Utah, and thereby they may yet be turned away; but if otherwise, we expect the Lord will preserve the righteous."

It will be seen that the arrogance of Brigham Young and the Mormons, generally, in refusing to submit to the paramount rule of our federal government, is carefully ignored by these incipient insurgents. They prudently keep out of sight their treasonable desire to establish an *imperium in imperio* in Desseret. They discreetly omit to state that, defying our laws and constitution, they seek to possess themselves of the public lands without expense, and build up a civil power wholly repugnant in its character to republican institutions. They would filibuster themselves into a nation in our very midst, without even Walker's excuse for "colonising" Nicaragua, and then attempt to evoke the sympathy of the world by calling our just demands a "persecution for conscience' sake" of their lascivious system of devotion. *We* "love peace, we hate war," quite as sincerely as the Mormons; but the principle upon which they propose to repel all invasion of their property in Utah, is precisely the principle upon which we act in refusing to submit to an invasion of our own soil by a body of armed men who refuse to acknowledge obedience to our laws, and rebel against allegiance to our national authority. If they are consistent, so are we. Out of their own mouths they establish the justice of our course and the iniquity of their own.

☞ A female named Thayer, of Bellingham, Mass., was taking a rum sweat a few nights since, when the flames from the liquor communicated to her clothing, and she was burnt so severely that she died shortly afterwards.

☞ The city registrar of Boston reports the number of births in that city, last year, at 5881, of whom 2980 were males. There were 2385 marriages, and 3958 deaths.

Singular Coincidence.—It is stated in a Boston paper that a passenger arrived in Portland in the steamer Anglo-Saxon on her last trip, and took lodgings at one of the city hotels. Next morning, he took the cars for Boston in company with a gentleman who had remained in the same house with him over night, with whose countenance he, somehow or other, imagined himself familiar. They got into conversation in coming down the Eastern railroad, but nothing transpired to elicit the fact whether or not they had been old acquaintances. When they arrived at the depot, and had attended to their luggage, one of the gentlemen inquired, in the hearing of the other, for a cab to take him to a certain street in Charlestown. The other said he purposed going to the same street, and the town engaged the same conveyance. On arriving at the street in question, it appeared that they designed to call on the same individual. This strange series of coincidences greatly puzzled both; but their mutual surprise and delight can be imagined but in a degree, when they found that they were brothers, and that they had thus singularly met at the house of a third brother. One of them has been in the service of the Pacha of Egypt for twenty-two years; the other has spent sixteen years in the East Indies, while the third has been in this country during nineteen years past. The brothers are natives of Scotland, and have not seen each other for twenty-four years.

Growing the Camellia by Cuttings.—The camellia may be grown from cuttings, the single red and middlemist being the easiest to strike, and the double-white and myrtle-leaved the most difficult; but the plants procured in this manner are much more beautiful in their shape, and prolific in their blossoms. The cuttings may be put in at any season of the year, when the plants are not in a growing state, but the best time is when the young wood is becoming ripe; and should be performed in the following manner: Cut them smoothly across at the joint, between the old and new wood, and plant them firmly in pots, well drained, of pure river sand, covering them with bell-glasses, keeping them moderately moist, and placing them in the shade. In from four to six months, they usually commence taking root, at which time they will be materially assisted in their growth by being placed in a mild hot-bed. When it is considered that they have sufficient root, which will probably be in about one year, they may be re-potted, singly, into small pots, giving them the compost used for established plants.

[Written for the Sunday Times.]

THE ABSENT---AT SUN

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

The day draws near its close, love,
  But I am far from thee ;
A soft and calm repose, love,
  This hour once brought to me ;
But now I am alone, love,
  And all the weary day
I feel that thou art gone, love—
  How can I then be gay ?

Could'st thou with me enjoy, love,
  This glorious sunset hour,
Of bliss without alloy, love,
  My soul would feel the power ;
But now my lonely heart, love,
  Is struggling to be free ;
Oh, could it hence depart, love,
  'Twould join itself to thee.

If hanging on thy arm, love,
  I could with rapture gaze,
And view without alarm, love,
  Those mild departing rays.
But now they speak of change, love,
  And dearest pleasures gone,
Thoughts to my bosom strange, love,
  Sad thoughts come rushing on.

If nought of pain or harm, love,
  Could cloud our future days,
Then nature's sweetest charm, love,
  Would nought but pleasure raise.
But, in a changing world, love,
  We often have to mourn,
Hope's banner now unfurl'd, love,
  May soon be rudely torn.

If thou wert with me now, love,
  I could not shelter thee ;
But, if thy head must bow, love,
  That head could rest on me.
And I could share the blow, love,
  Or soothe thee when it came ;
In gladness or in woe, love,
  Thou'lt find me still the same.

SONG AND SUMMER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Whilst the golden hand of Morn
  Scatters roses o'er the sky ;
And the south-wind, newly born.
  Wanders full of odor by ;
Sing—for summer speedeth fast !
  Sing—and every pleasure share !
Soon, alas, the wintry blast
  Strips the woodland bare,
      Sweet bird,
Strips the woodland bare !

Sing, and make the Morn thy friend !
  Circle round each happy tree
Where thy brother mates attend,
  Full of joyous liberty !
Speed thy wing from spray to spray—
  Teach the world thy merry song ;
Swiftly summer glides away—
  Pleasure lasts not long,
      Sweet bird,
Pleasure lasts not long !

DANCE LIGHT,

For my Heart it Lies Under Your Feet, Love.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
  Your neat little feet will be weary from spinning ;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
  Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
  Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with soft, loving things,
  Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
  Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
'Tis hard to refuse, when a young lover sues—
  So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
  Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;
And Pat, without fail, leads our sweet Nelly Neil—
  Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
  And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion ;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
  The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
  Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
Search the world all aronnd, from the sky to the ground,
  No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
  Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
  Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly ?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
  Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
  "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love !"

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
    Truth's temple greets the sky ;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers,
    Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
    To trees of mighty girth ;
Each mighty star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
    The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the river and the land
    With universal chain ;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
    The lands are free again.

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is a keel-boat loaded with produce and rowed by blacks. Higher up, a party of emigrants are unloading their household goods. Above them, hardy pioneers are engaged in their war with the giants of the forest; while, crowning these different groups, we behold a large and flourishing city, with steamboats ploughing the waters it overlooks, amidst all the tokens of civilization and prosperity. On the other side of the figure of Liberty we behold the volcanoes which are so striking a feature in Mexico, a group of Mexicans, dashing *caballeros* in their picturesque costume, and a mule train; while an Esquimaux scene completes the illustrative details of the spirited design. The Western hemisphere—the "newest birth of time"—is now engaging, more fully, perhaps, than ever, the attention of the whole world. The long period during which it remained lost and unknown to the civilized world—its vast extent and boundless natural wealth—the gigantic scale of its rivers, mountains, lakes, cataracts and forests—the romantic adventures attending its discovery and colonization—the rapid progress of civilization within its borders—the foundation and marvellous growth of a republic the greatest the world ever knew—the problems suggested by the condition and the monuments of its early aboriginal inhabitants—its dazzling future, all these combine to render the history and fortunes of this hemisphere a study of the deepest interest. That the centre of civilization is destined to change from the east to the west is scarcely disputed. Civilization, starting from the extreme east, has moved westward with the march of time. The mightiest monarchies the old world ever knew have been numbered with the past. Of their gigantic monuments, the crumbling foundations are scarcely discernible. In Egypt alone the records of the past yet hint at the splendor and greatness which is forever banished from the banks of the Nile. And why is the East now deluged with blood and wasted with fire? Because the frozen North again menaced to send forth its hordes over southern and western Europe, as the Visigoths and Huns had done before them in ages past, and hasten the decay of the decrepid states of Europe. When we look at the financial condition of the different Christian states of the old world, at the debts of their governments, at the misery and degradation of the masses, we are constrained to take a dark view of their future. We know that the spirit of liberty is there; we witness its convulsive throes, but as we note the successive failures of the nations to achieve their independence—as we contemplate such events as the fall of Hungary, the downfall of the short-lived Roman republic, the failure of the constitutionalists in the German states, the treasonable overthrow of the French republic, the indigence that is eating into the heart of England herself, the practical rottenness of her governmental system,—as we view all these things, we are forced to admit that despotism is too strong for liberalism in the old world. It is then that we turn our eyes to the West—to our own hemisphere, and thank Heaven that we have a heritage so goodly. Were the whole population of the Eastern hemisphere to be transferred to the Western, it would support them. Here are millions on millions of unpopulated acres in both North and South America, on which the rank vegetation of nature might be replaced by the fruits and vegetables which support life in man and animals. When we look at the extent and resources of this hemisphere, we shall find that much as has been done in certain localities yet on the whole, their development has just commenced. This remark applies more particularly to South America, which is a noble field

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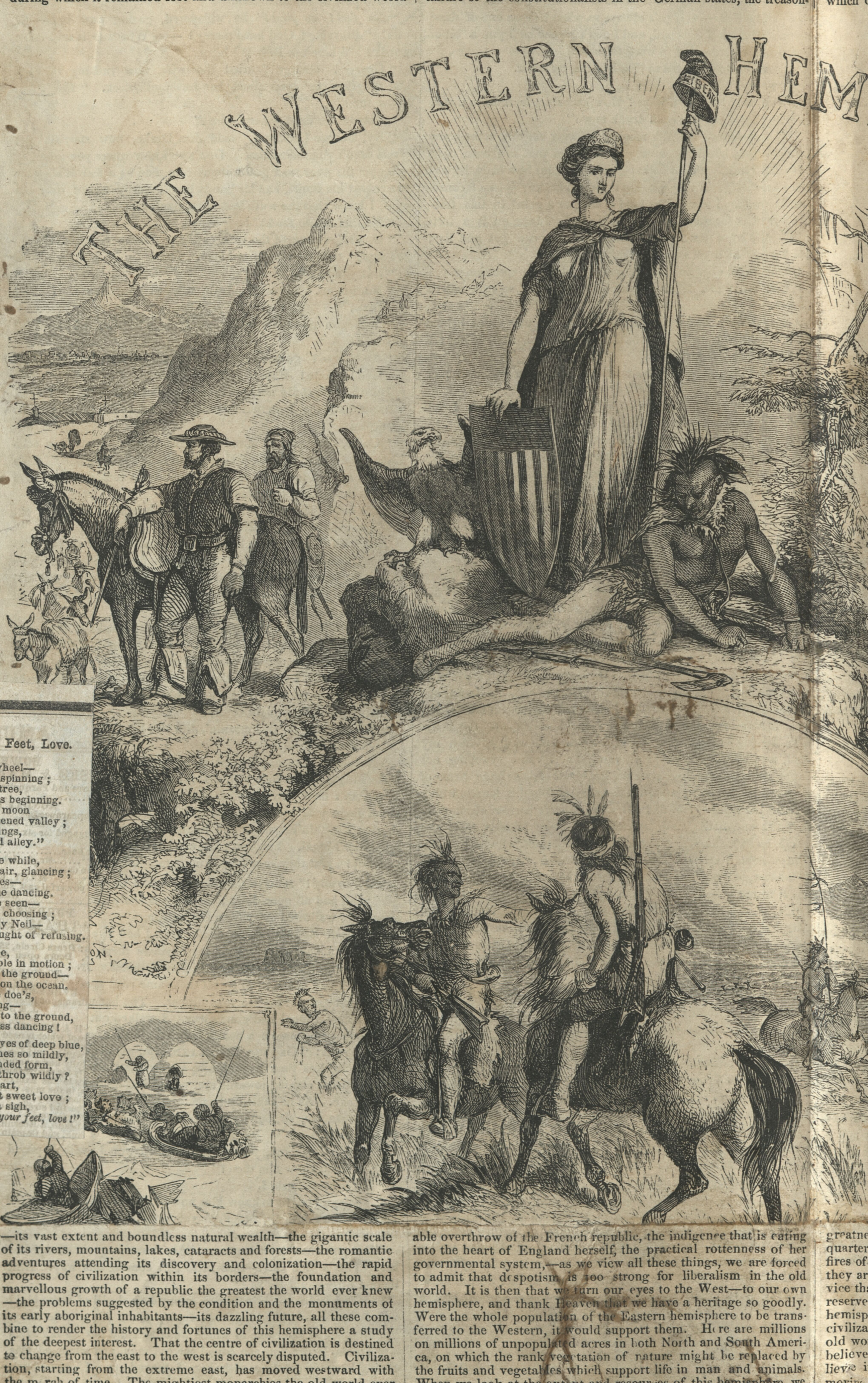

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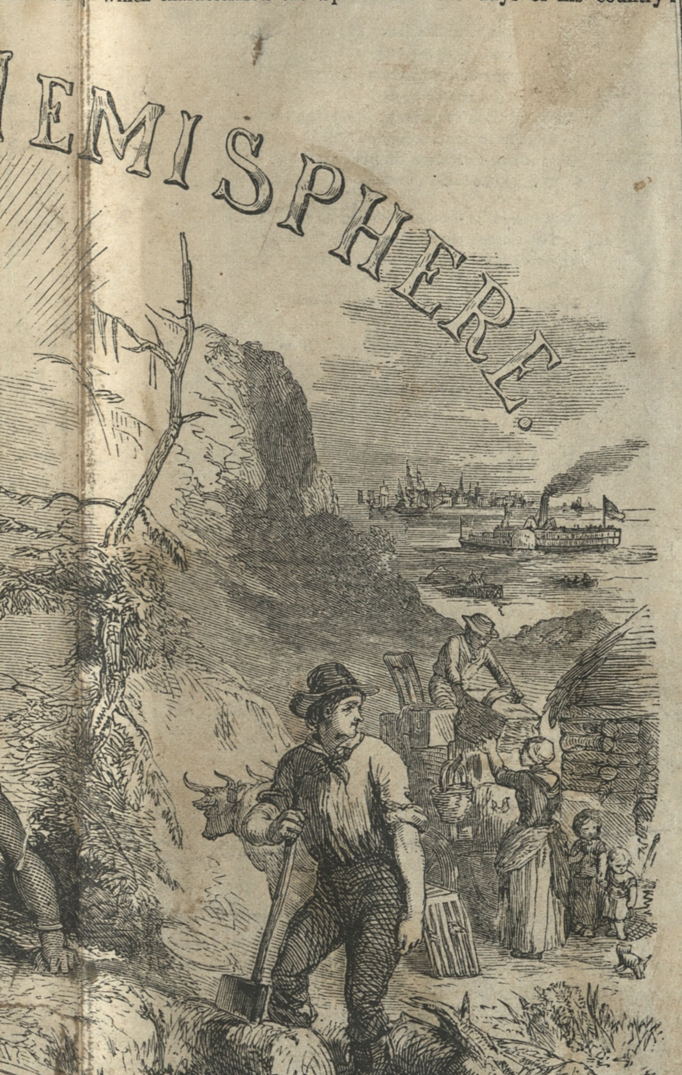
for the action of the Anglo-Saxon race. The whole of this par of the Western hemisphere remains comparatively unproductive in the hands of the feeble races who now partially occupy it. With its broad rivers, its magnificent forests, its almost exhaustless soil and its mineral wealth, it is destined to become one of the mos productive and wealthy quarters of the globe. The time will come when the states of South America will no longer be the battle-ground for contending factions—when governments, established on sound principles, will no longer be administered by successful soldiers, and when the means of education and improvement will be scattered broadcast. If the Spanish race does not accomplish or reap the fruits of this new order of things, it will be because it has its retributions as well as its crimes. The lust of gold and blood which characterized the Spaniard in the days of his country's greatness, is the hereditary legacy of his descendants in whateve quarter of the globe they may be placed; and if the unhallowe fires of avarice and cruelty burn less feebly in them, it is becaus they are degenerate in every respect, and have no more force i vice than in virtue. To the Anglo Saxon alone, we believe, reserved the triumph of civilizing and commanding the Wester hemisphere. Then will be seen on this shore of the Atlantic civilization more complete and brilliant than the records of th old world ever delineated. We are not of those philosophers wh believe in the growing degeneracy of the human race. We b lieve in the progress of humanity—slow in the past centuries moving with dazzling rapidity in the present. We believe, too in the westward movement of empire, since we witness wit our own eyes in our daily observations, the onward tendency i that direction.



How to Make Good Cider. There is hardly a tithe of cider made now that was made forty years ago. Many of the old orchards have died out, and the temperance reform has prevented their renewal. The market for fine fruits has greatly expanded, and nearly all the trees now planted are for the production of market apples.

It took eight bushels of apples to make a barrel of cider, and the barrel sold for only one dollar. Apples now bring every year from fifty cents to one dollar a bushel. Fruit growers can hardly be expected to lament the change that is so much for their pecuniary interest.

Yet cider is still made all over the country in small quantities, some for the apple butter, some for vinegar, and still more for a beverage. When bottled and properly handled it is as palatable and much more wholesome than most of the wines of commerce. In affections of the kidneys it is an excellent remedy, and should have place in every well-appointed cellar. It is a matter of some importance that what cider is made should be made in the best manner.

The apples should be well ripened, but not in the least decayed. Every apple with the least speck of rot in it should be removed if you wish a first-rate beverage. The decayed and inferior apples may be reserved for making vinegar. Perfect cleanliness should be observed in the grinding process, which should be performed two days before pressing, and the pomace be permitted to stand and mellow in the vat until it assumes a deep red color. Clean dry straw should be used in forming the cheese. If the straw be musty the flavor will be communicated to the juice. If water be added it will make it hard and unpleasant to the taste. The casks, also, into which it is put for fermentation, should be thoroughly cleansed and finished off with a fumigation of brimstone. This is done by burning inside the barrel a few strips of canvass dipped in melted brimstone. The fumes will penetrate all the pores, and destroy the must and correct the sourness.

After the fermentation is over draw off into clean barrels and clarify it. This can be done by mixing a quart of clean white sand with the whites of half a dozen eggs and a pint of mustard seed, and pouring it into the barrel. It may stand in the barrel, or, if a nice article is wanted, it should be put into quart bottles and corked.

This cider will be fit to drink in case of sickness, and will always bear a good price in market. It retails at twenty-five cents a bottle, and would bring at least two dollars a dozen by the quantity. This is much better business than to make a poor article from decayed apples in a slovenly manner and sell it for two dollars a barrel. [American Agriculturist.

The Trial of Worcester Fire Engines. occurred yesterday, when the Washington Company threw a stream 135 feet, the Rapid 154 feet, the Niagara 136 feet, the Yankee 163 feet, and the Tiger 155 feet. The first prize of $100 was given to the Yankee, the second of $50 to the Rapid—the Yankee being a Howard & Davis machine, and the Rapid one of Hunneman's manufacture. The Ocean Hose Company took the prize of $25 offered to hose companies; and the Hook and Ladder No. 1, the prize of $20 offered to hook and ladder companies.

The Return of the Captured Africans. Dr. Thomas Rainey of New York has been appointed by the President special agent to accompany the recaptured Africans and deliver them to the authorities of Liberia. He is well known in connection with the enterprise for establishing a line of steamers between the U. S. and Brazil, which he will continue to press at the next session of Congress.

The Virtues of Borax. The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiltng water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (reuqiring to made stiff) a strong solution is necessary.

Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilette table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.

Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

Farm Girls of New England. Simon Brown, editor of the New England Farmer, in speaking of women in the farming districts of New England, says: "I find a large proportion of the young women willing to remain upon the farm so long as brothers will stay, and society is made up of two sexes instead of one. On their part they are fitted to adorn society, are usually well educated, and read papers and current books, and are often acquainted with classical literature; they are quick to catch the manners of living as they rise, and prove that Paris is but a step from their rural homes. Honitons and talmas, and crinolines rustle on the hills or by their crystal streams with more unaffected grace than on the dusty paves of Boston and New York, while their fair occupants are buoyant with health and elastic spirits, and fitted to dignify and bless existence. Such should become the mothers of our land."

Bequests to Andover Theological Seminary. At the late semi-centennial anniversary of this Seminary, the treasurer, Rev. J. L. Taylor, presented the following statement of facts respecting its endowment. There has been given for this purpose:—By Madame Phillips & Son, $20,000; Samuel Abbott, $110,000; William Bartlett, of Newburyport, $160,000; Moses Brown, of Newburyport, $35,000; John Norris and wife, of Salem, $40,000; William Phillips, $10,000; Miss Waldo, of Worcester, $15,000; S. S. Hitchcock (recently), $15,000; from other sources, $45,000. Making a total of $450,000. If to this be added the endowment of Phillips Academy, we have the sum of $550,000, contributed to sustain the institutions of learning and religion on Andover Hill—the result of a far-seeing benevolence. [Newburyport Herald of September 10th.

Fire in Lawrence. On Friday morning a building on the bank of the Spicket River, near the machine shop owned by the Essex Company, and occupied as a grist mill by A. R. Brewster, was discovered to be on fire, and so much headway had the flames gained that the whole structure was destroyed. In the mill and burned with it, was about 150 bags of meal, 300 bushels corn, and several tons of shorts. The machinery consisted of a large turbine wheel, two sets mill stones, a corn cracker and the necessary gearing, costing about $1400. There was an insurance of $1500 on the machinery and stock; on the building there was no insurance; loss about $1000. [Traveller.

☞ Near Greencastle, Putnam county, Indiana, there is a family of six, all having the same birthday. The father and mother are each thirty-five years old; the children, respectively, fourteen, eleven, eight and five years old. Their birthdays come on the 17th of May.

☞ Two physicians of Wytheville, Va., administered a mixture of chloroform and ether to a boy of five years, on whom they wished to perform a surgical operation, and he died from its effects almost instantly.

☞ A man who was felling trees in Pike county, Ill., last week, came upon a jar containing $7,000 in Mexican coin. There is no claimant for it, and of course he will retain it.

☞ The Episcopal Fund of the Diocese of Iowa, some $7,000, was invested in lands a couple of years or so ago; the lands thus purchased are now estimated to be worth about $33,000.

☞ Mrs. Patten, the woman who so heroically navigated a ship into California, after her husband lost his mind, is now dangerously ill in Boston with typhoid fever.

Incidents in India.—A curious little incident has just occurred, illustrating the strange medley of races we are called on to govern. There are some hundreds of Santal prisoners in our gaols. They are condemned for rebellion; but they are otherwise not a bad race, and in gaol they pine for freedom and die like sheep. The mortality in the Baugulpore gaol last year was upwards of 40 per cent. The lieutenant-governor was accordingly advised to let them loose, binding them to work in the great swamp province around Calcutta, called the Sunderbunds. They were aked for their parole of honor not to fly, and after two days' hesitation gave it. A few days ago it was announced that all had fled. Next day, however, they all came back, walked up to the Allipore gaol, and demanded admittance. Not a man had fled. They said the cholera was so bad in the Sunderbunds (quite true) that they could not stay; and so, in obedience to their promise, they had come back to gaol. They will probably be put to other work, but their conduct has excited strong sympathy. There is not another race in India who, under the circumstances, would have kept their word. They could have gone home just as easily as to gaol, and all India could not have caught them again. This is the race which has been given to the missionaries. News has been received of a most successful expedition on the frontier. The Bozdars, a tribe of Beloochees occupying the hills near Peshawur, have been giving trouble. A force of 1500 men was sent against them. In three days it entered their fastness, threaded a pass deemed impregnable, ascended the first range of the Suliemans, stormed all the hill stockades, and reduced a tribe some 15,000 strong to absolute submission. The loss in killed and wounded on our side was about 60.—*Calcutta correspondent of the Times.*

Partingtonian Wisdom.—Ike is remarkably fond of turkey, and the hug-me-close and the merry-thought he is as much attached to, almost, as if they were a part of himself. "Bless me!" said Mrs. Partington at table the other Sunday, looking at the boy, whose face was as greasy as that of a New Zealander, "why, you look like a gravy image, dear, and your face shines like the rory boralius." "With this difference," said old Roger, winking at the Brahmin, "the aurora borealis appears in fair weather, but this in fowl." The Brahmin, by a motion of his long beard, was supposed to smile, and a sound resembling "travels in Turkey and Grease" came from his lips, but Mrs. Partington saw not the point. "You should learn, dear, to bemean yourself before folks, because, without good behavior, a man may be ever so imminent for debility but will never be inspected." She ceased here, and baled a spoonful of the stuffing upon the juvenile's plate, which he took very kindly.

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An Organic Difficulty.—A parish in the west of England, after much effort, lately purchased a self-acting organ, warranted to play twenty tunes, and a larger congregation than usual met to inaugurate it. The first psalm had been successfully brought to an end, when, after a short pause, the organ chose to commence psalm tune No. 2. In vain the officiating person endeavored to stop it—in vain the churchwardens left their pews to stifle its noise; still the organ, as though uncontrollably pleased with its own execution, kept on with the new air. What was to be done? The service was suspended in the hope the musical stranger might be content, when the second tune was played out. Vain expectation! It commenced No. 3! And nothing remained but to carry the indefatigable instrument into the churchyard, and there to cover it with the vestry carpet to choke its voice, for on and on it went, till tune No. 20 had been played out, much to the edification of the less attentive part of the congregation, who could hear its only half-smothered melodies.

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☞ "Old fools are the worst of fools," says an old proverb, and an instance of this occurred in Cincinnati the other day. An old man fell in love with a girl sixteen years old, and proposed to marry her, but she, believing that May and December could never agree, refused him. He had been all his life very abstemious; but, to drown his disappointment, went on a fearful debauch, and was not sober again. He died from delirium tremens in the course of a week

J. B.—Could you not get up half an hour earlier than has been your custom, and thus secure thirty minutes for exercise with the dumb-bells? You know the old adage—"Where there's a *will* there's a *way*."

The Doctor.—Anchovy sauce is made from a small fish, about three inches in length, of the herring genus, that is found and caught in vast numbers in the Mediterranean. The fish is called the anchovy.

THREE WAYS OF LOVING.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Many Loves there be ; to one I cried,
Thy good gifts be this day magnified !
Tell me what thy strength and what thy pride

"Very strong and very proud am I—
Skilled in arts of subtlest flattery,
Winner of fond kisses in reply.

"I can coax and wheedle, clasp and press,
Make young bosoms thrill to my caress,
And all beauty's queens my sway confess.

"I am strong, while summer skies are bright-
When wild winter comes, with storm and nig
Like a ghost I vanish out of sight."

Then another Love spoke soft and low :
"If *my* gifts, too, thou wouldst haply know,
Hearken ! I'll rehearse them ere I go !

"I can sigh from morn till eve, and then,
From eve till morn, still sigh and sigh agen,
Lorn as winds that wail o'er marsh and fen.

"I can weep, like autumn skies that pour
Forth their rainy torrents, shower on showe
In my sighs and tears lies all my power."

Whereupon, a Love that stood, calm-eyed
And earnest-faced, stole up and straightway
"All unlike to these *my* strength and pride.

"I can love and suffer—I can bear
Pain and wrong, and anguish and despair :
I am bold and brave to do and dare.

"I can bow my will in meekness down,
See my strong desires all overthrown—
Wear each patient sorrow for a crown.

"And my love survives the summer hours,
Fades not, like the earth's poor fading flowe
Quails not at wild winter's stormy powers ;

"E'en through Death's dominions passes on
Till Heaven's blessed portal opes anon—
In the Better Land its rest is won."

Then I cried : "Such love as this be mine !
Strong to act, heroic to resign,
By self-abnegation made divine !"

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Where art thou, sweetest angel, that
Didst walk but yesternoon with me,
Till thankless and unloving thoughts
Seemed hushed to rest? Where canst thou be

Closed are the gates of pearl that hide
The city and the mansions fair
Where thou dost dwell. In vain my heart
Cries out for thee, in tears and prayer.

Among the high enrapturing songs
Of angel choirs, my feeble call
Thou canst not hear. Then let me wait,
For without thee my feet must fall.

Ah! only yesternoon, how strong
My heart! To do my Master's will
How sweet it seemed! And e'en to tread
His lowliest ways—thro' good or ill!

Its sorrowing for the dead my heart
Forgot; while through the chamber dim
And hushed, wherein the loved had dwelt
Sweet music flowed, like holiest hymn.

Such hymns as only angels know,
God's "meekest angel" sang, until
The dreary, empty chamber shone,
And every sobbing cry was still.

How did I fright thee, gentle one,
How did I fright thee so, that now
I feel no more thy presence sweet,
Thy soothing hand upon my brow?

Did some unholy thought, some cold,
Unloving word against thy King,
Or anger at his ways, drive thee
From *mine*—in purer hearts to sing?

Where thou art fled, I know not; yet
Thy King, the King of Earth, I know!
Ah, is He not my Father—*I*
His grieving child? To Him I go!

Perhaps *He* may forgive—and I
At last His glorious face may see,
And there, where day grows never dim,
Sweet angel, *I* may walk with thee!

CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW.

The lilies fair are found
On shadowed ground,
The shady haunts of sunny clime,
And breathe the balm of summer time :
Refreshed by morning dew, and veiled from noontide
glow,
They taste the softest light and air, and this is how they
grow.

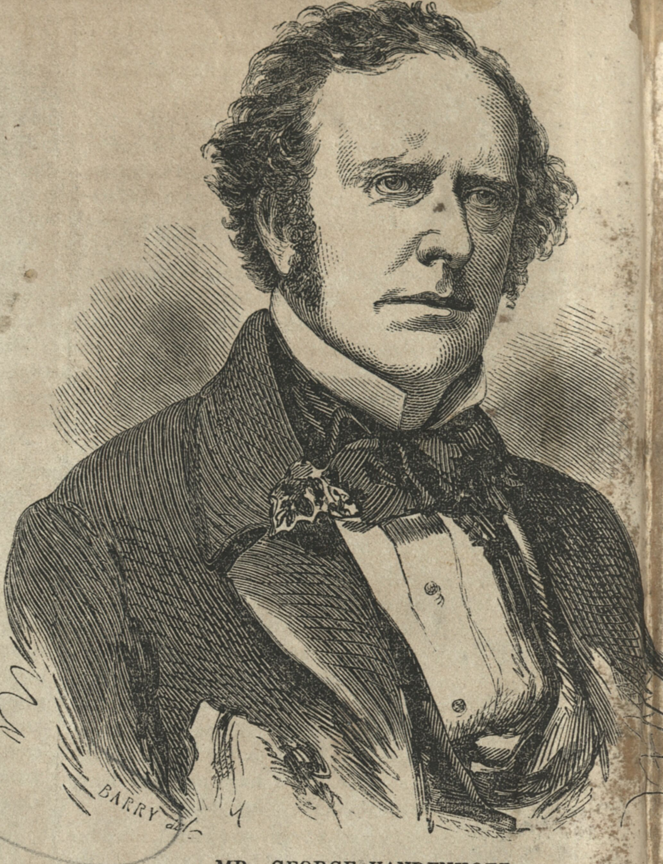
Updrawn from verdant sod
By look from God,
These holy, happy flowers pervade
The sloping lawn, the forest glade :
And charmed by zephyr's wing, and lulled by streamlet's
flow,
They calmly muse, they brightly dream, and this is how
they grow.

They bloom in sheltered nook,
By curling brook ;
And Earth how firmly, fondly loves
These treasures of her streams and groves :
The dark mould cherishes their petals white like snow,
With heaven-apportioned nutriment, and this is how
they grow.

I *have* considered them,
The flexile stem,
The blossoms pending airily
Beneath their leafy canopy,
Their witching fragrance, spotless hue, and thus I feel
and know
That God imparts their loveliness, and this is how they
grow.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The accompanying portrait of one of the most distinguished ornaments of the modern stage was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case. George Vandenhoff is the son of the celebrated tragedian, John Vandenhoff, and was born in the city of Salisbury, Wiltshire, England. He was destined by his father for the legal profession, and received a finished education at the college of Stonyhurst, the alma mater of the elder Vandenhoff, and a favorite institution with the higher classes of English society. As a proof of his scholarship, we may mention that during his collegiate career, he received no fewer than six prize medals for English, Latin and Greek composition. He also distinguished himself greatly as a debater and declaimer. He commenced his legal studies at Liverpool, and, after being admitted to practice in the high courts of Westminster, returned to the former city to begin his professional career. He was soon recognized as a young man of the highest ability, employed as solicitor and secretary of the Liverpool Reform Association—a powerful political body, selected to deliver Lord Brougham's lectures before the Mechanics' Association, and subsequently elected solicitor to the Trustees of the Liverpool Docks, an office requiring great legal acumen and industry, and strict integrity of character, as the income of the estate committed to his management amounted to two millions of dollars. In the employments thus conferred on him, he acquitted himself with high honor; and a brilliant future, rich with the promise of fame and wealth, opened before him. But he chose to renounce it for the stage. He made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris, in the character of Leon, in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," with complete success. The public and the press emphatically ratified his choice of a profession. His fine face and figure, his cultivated mind, his melodious voice and finished elocution, completed the conquest of the audience. From London he went to Liverpool, where he was hailed with enthusiasm. After a professional tour of some extent, making daily advances in power and popularity, he returned to Covent Garden in 1842, and, at the close of ccessful season, took passage for this country. He ade his first appearance before an American audience at the Park Theatre, New York, in September, 1842, as Hamlet—a character in which he had prepared himself by long and conscientious study. His performance was a complete mph, to which the name he bore contributed no part; for we Americans are no believers in hereditary fame. With us the bearer of an historic name is subjected, for that very reason, to a severe ordeal. Mr. Vandenhoff was equally well appreciated in Boston, Philadelphia, and the other large cities of the Union. In 1848, he sustained the severe test of supporting Mr. Macready in a series of characters. Every year that Mr. Vandenhoff has remained among us has added to his professional reputation, and to the esteem in which private society holds him as a gentleman. Among his most popular characters, we may mention Hamlet, Othello, Falconbridge, Romeo, Reuben Glenroy, Creon (in the *Antigone* of Sophocles), Charles Surface, in the "School for Scandal," and Rover, in "Wild Oats." The diversity of these characters shows sufficiently the versatility of Mr. Vandenhoff, which is adequate to all the exigencies of the higher drama. Mr. Vandenhoff, during his many engagements in our principal cities, has been greeted, not only by full houses, but by floral tributes, valuable presents, and other unmistakable tokens of popular enthusiasm, while the press has been unanimous in his favor. In 1852, after an absence of ten years, Mr. Vandenhoff re-appeared on the English stage, and was most warmly welcomed back. He played Henry V. in Liverpool thirty-five nights; and his London engagement at the Haymarket was brilliantly successful. Both the London Times and the London Morning Post were unqualified in the approbation they bestowed on his performances. The Post said:—"We have no hesitation in declaring Mr. Vandenhoff's Hamlet to be, not only by many degrees the best at present on the stage, but also better than any that has been seen since the days of John Kemble." During this London engagement, he played Benedick, Evelyn, Claude Melnotte, Cardinal Wolsey, and Bob Handy, thus running through the scale from the highest tragedy to the most eccentric light comedy. Returning to America for a brief period, in 1855, he married Miss Makeah, a lady of New York, and after a short and successful engagement at the Boston Theatre, took his bride with him to England, and played with her successful engagements in the principal theatres of the United Kingdom. Mrs. Vandenhoff, we may remark, was highly spoken of by the English press, as a lady of promising histrionic ability, and a fine specimen of American beauty. After having gathered a harvest of gold and



MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

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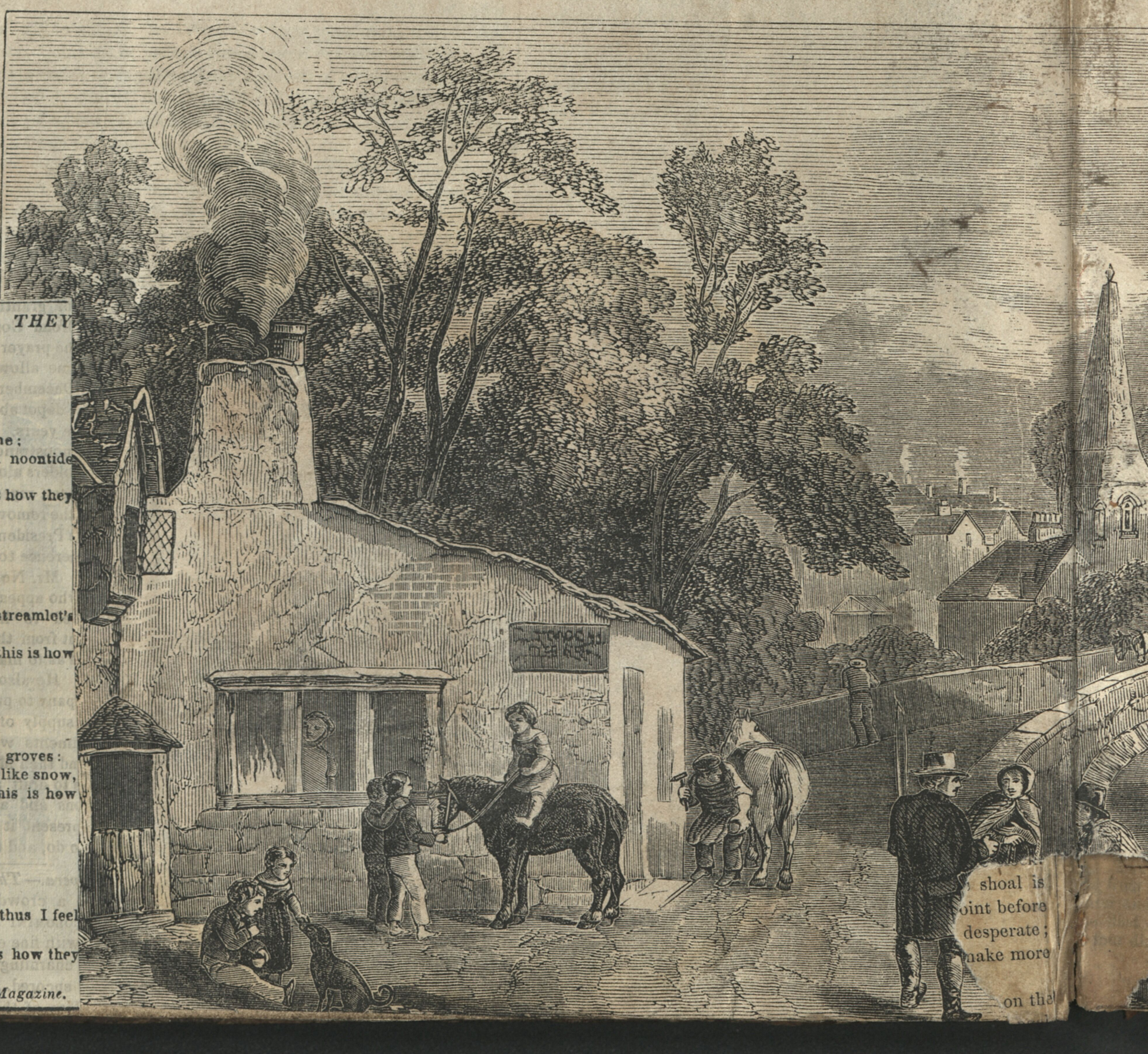

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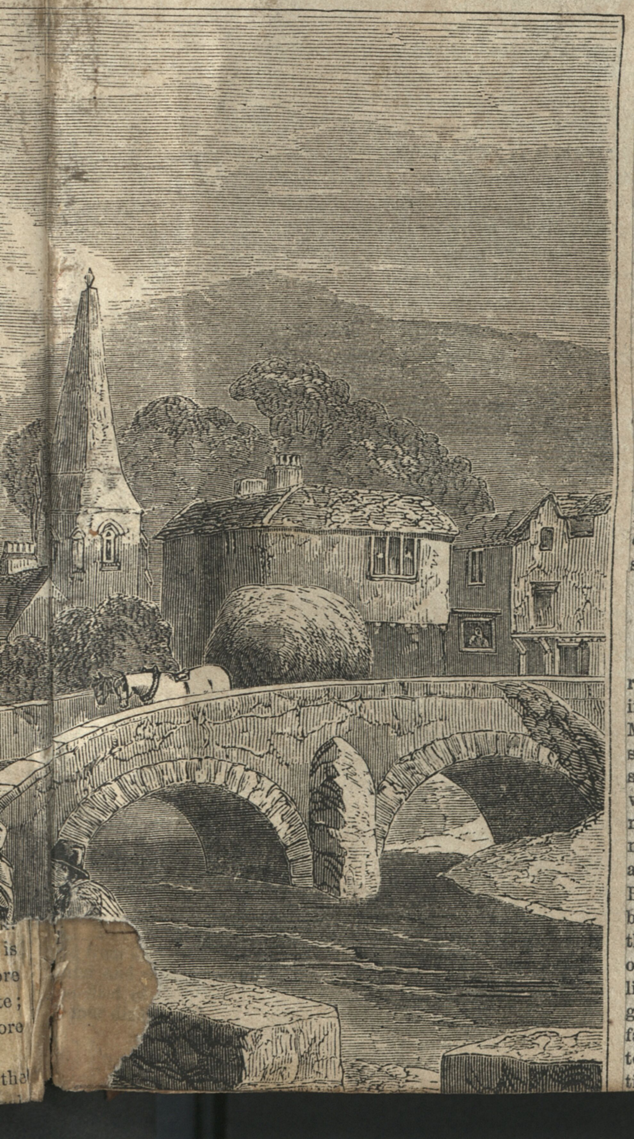
laurels on the other side of the Atlantic, they have returned to America to become, we believe, permanently located in this country. Mr. Vandenhoff has just concluded a brilliant engagement at the Boston Museum, and is at present engaged in delivering lectures and readings before the principal literary institutions of New England. He has recently published a work on Elocution, in London, of which we have seen highly laudatory notices in the leading English journals. In this brief outline of Mr. Vandenhoff's career, we have not left ourselves space to speak, as we should like, of his characteristic merits as an actor. We have briefly adverted to his physical and mental qualifications. Let us add, that he is still an arduous student of his art; that applause, however grateful, only stimulates to higher effort; that the truth of nature is his pole-star, and that he never sacrifices his pure and cultivated taste to secure the noisy plaudits of the hour. Had we the space, we might easily crowd our columns with commentaries corroborating what we have advanced respecting the histrionic genius of Mr. Vandenhoff. A very well-written article in the New York American—a high authority—after speaking of the apparent spontaneity of his performances, thus compares his style of Shakspearian reading with that of Mrs. Kemble:—"There is an essential difference in the manner and method of these two great vocal interpreters of Shakspeare. Mrs. Kemble's manner at the table is severe and solemn, almost stern, as if she deemed herself engaged in a high and sacred office—the priestess of the temple in the exercise of her holy functions at the altar. Vandenhoff, on the other hand, enters on his work as if it were a pleasure and a delight to him to pour out the treasure of Shakspeare's verse; he warms, he glows, as if he felt the presence of the god whose oracles he so vividly expounds. Mrs. Kemble excites our *respect* for the woman, our *admiration* of her talent, our wonder at her power. Vandenhoff carries us away by the vividness of his own imagination and the intensity of his execution. We forget *him*, we see only Hamlet, the *Ghost*, the *guilty King*, the erring *Mother*, the hapless *Ophelia*, the garrulous Polonius; and it is not till the book is closed, that we think of the *man* who has carried us away. They are both great artists at the head of their distinct schools, and worthy to be name together as the fit interpreters of the immortal poet mind to the ear and heart of a people." Few judicio critics will dissent from this conclusion.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

The beautiful engraving below is thoroughly English in character. There is not a building in view that is not venerab and time-honored. The "smithy," on the *left*, is old, and w stand for ages yet under the shadow of the luxuriant trees. I cheerful ruddy fire is seen blazing through the window. T bridge that crosses the river, the church, spire, the cottages back by wood and hill, are all old, crumbled and moss-grown. T figures are highly characteristic. On the left, in front of an c cottage with porch and latticed casement, two children are shari their breakfast with a favorite dog. By the window of the blac smith's shop, two boys, who have brought a little cob to be sho have permitted a barefooted gentleman in petticoats to take a se on the animal; and he sits there as proud as Napoleon crossi the Alps, and far more happy. Further on, the smith is shoei a sturdy farm horse. On the stone, to the right, an aged man sitting, and with a market-woman, who has rested her basket fo moment, is listening to a stalwort farmer, who is discoursing vel mently on some exciting topic of the day.



[Written for the Sunday Times.]

MY SOUL'S LOVE LIGHT.

BY GEORGE W. ELLIOTT.

A charmed presence round me moves!
  A glorious halo gilds the air!
And in the radiant circle roves,
  With loving watchfulness, a pair
Of precious idols, that I cherish,
As Christian martyrs, doomed to perish,
  Revere the faith they breathe in prayer!

In one a kindred spirit gleams—
  In storm or sunshine true to me—
From mine reflected, as in streams,
  Twin sets of flowery banks we see!
My heart's companion dear thus seeming
Forever near me—as, in dreaming,
  Objects that are not seem to be!

The other wears a tiny form
  That sprang from two fond souls, whose rays,
Converged by magic love, grew warm,
  And quick with life! As now I gaze,
Soft, silvery threads these eyes are filling—
Our spirit bands—my senses thrilling,
  As when the sweet Æolian plays!

When clouds of sorrow, black as night,
  And mists of doubt around me rise,
This charmed presence glows so bright,
  Hope's rainbow spans before these eyes!
While Faith avows these forms abiding,
Thus ever near are spirits guiding,
  To point the way to Paradise!

☞ The three great conquerors of the world Fashion, Love, and Death.

"Pity the Sorrows of the" Poor Old Men.

We trust that the Legislature will not be so cruel as to refuse to listen to the petition of our aldermen and councilmen to become public stipendiaries, instead of freemen who serve their country for nothing and find themselves—in "fat" contracts" and sundry inconsiderable "outside" emoluments. As long as their arduous public duties compel them to *fete* every heathen who visits our city in an official capacity, and to write such Bombastes Furioso resolutions as Councilman Shanghae brought forth on the occasion; as long as Alderman Gruel is coerced into riding with nasty polygamists in capacious red caps up and down Broadway in six-horse sleighs; and the Common Council generally is expected to get intoxicated, *en masse*, because a man with three hundred and sixty wives, attended by a suite of subordinates with forty wives each, saponizes our republic through an interpreter, it is rank injustice not to pay them a salary befitting the amount and character of the labor required of them.

Had any old-fashioned set of citizens occupied the seats in the newly-embellished halls of the Common Council, Mohammed Pacha would have been received in a very vulgar manner indeed. Instead of delighting their constituents by lavishly expending the public money in feasting themselves and their acquaintances under the pretence of banquetting a representative of the Grand Turk—instead of drinking old Port to the health of the Sublime Porte, under the impression that any Port (unless manufactured in Jersey) is good in a popular storm, we should have seen the rear admiral taken by the hand unobtrusively, a thousand quiet little attentions paid to him in such a manner as to gratify his *amour propre* and yet not deliberately excite the general attention. All this would have cost nothing, and would have been eminently satisfactory to the Pasha of Sixteen Tails (more or less—for we are not familiar with his indigenous title, and never heard of him till he proposed to visit America,) as well as to his three hundred and sixty wives, and such portion of the public here as admire their scarlet-turbaned husband.

But gentlemen who go to "work" when they go into a "reception;" gentlemen whose stomachs have to labor in lieu of their heads, and whose digestion is exhausted in place of their intellects, have surely a right to ask pecuniary consolation for their sufferings. Butler has well said—or meant to say:

> "What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
> A thousand dollars, sir, a year;
> And what was proved quite plain before,
> Proved false again? A thousand more."

And this suggests an additional reason to our astute representatives at Albany for increasing the city burden in the manner proposed by our worthy municipal fathers. Men are born in New York, be it remembered, with consciences, gentlemen; and the wear and tear of conscience in either board is estimated very economically, we opine, at a thousand dollars a year. When double moral summersaults are expected, two thousand a year may be pronounced a cheap bargain, for those performances are terrible in their effects on the mental trousers! By the motley we all wear! good reader, we should not be at all surprised if Albany in office were to sympathize sufficiently with New York in office, to take us at our word. There is a marvellous consistency in the political air we breathe, as far as accumulating the taxes goes, and fools in legislation increase and multiply. In fact, he who would "shoot folly as it flies," has but to shut his eyes and take aim; he can fire in no direction without proving himself a capital marksman.

A few days since I chanced to stumble into an auction sale of damaged dry goods, where the bids were spirited, and the large crowds of males and females were vieing with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put up, and a dozen bids were raised for them. The puzzled auctioneer, however, caught by the highest, which was, I think, a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, when, ere he could say "going," a male voice cried out "dollar fifty," from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars!" echoed the woman, elbowing her way through the dense mass of females who were separated from the males by a long counter upon which the glib-tongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods. Turning to the other side, he commenced anew his stereotyped vocabulary of choice and amusing figures of speech till he touched the finale.

"Two fifty!" nodded the man.

"Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty."

"Three!" screamed the woman.

"Four," replied the man.

"Go the fifty?" said the auctioneer, turning to the woman with a half-suppressed smile on his visage. A nod from the woman.

"Four fifty I'm offered; go me five? Come, don't be afraid—they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all."

"Sold!" cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, "to Captain Smith, for five dollars."

"Smith!" exclaimed the woman, "what, my husband?" raising herself on tip-toe to catch a glance. "Why, you good-for-nothing man, you've been bidding against your own wife! Oh, you impudence! but I won't have them in the house!"

Who are Esquires?

The present use of the distinction "Esquires," conveys not the remotest idea of its origin, or appropriation in past ages. The esquire originated in chivalric times, when the sons of gentlemen, from the age of seven years, were brought up in the castles of superior lords—which was an inestimable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could hardly otherwise have given their children the accomplishments of their station. From seven to fourteen, these boys were called pages or varlets; at fourteen they bore the name of esquire. They were instructed in the management of arms, in the art of horsemanship, in exercises of strength and activity, so as to fit them for the tournament, and battle, and the milder glories of chilvalrous gallantry. Long after the decline of chivalry, the word esquire was only used in a limited sense, for the sons of peers and knights, or such as obtained the title by creation, or some other legal means. Blackstone defines esquires to be all who bear office or trust under the crown, and who are styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments, and being once honored by the king with the title of esquire, they have a right to that distinction for life. With us, the term "esquire" is used by the Governor in the Commissions given to Justices of the Peace, and, in accordance with the English custom, might be used in addressing them, or an appendage to their names when speaking of them. These distinctions are now almost totally disregarded, and all gentlemen are generally termed esquires, both in correspondence and deeds—except solicitors and attorneys, who, in course of business are called gentlemen.

☞ It has been said that Napoleon slept but little, an assertion for which there is no foundation. On the contrary, he slept much, and even stood in great need of sleep, as is the case with all nervous persons, whose minds are very active. I have known him spend ten or twelve hours in bed. But, if wakefulness was necessary, he could support it, and indemnify himself at a later period, or even take repose in advance, in order to support the fatigues which he anticipated; finally, he had the gift of sleeping at will.—*Marmot's Memoirs.*

THE REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time;
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From the loved dead!

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force!
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse!
Who would not cast
Half of this future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed Past!

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyes wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the call of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in the hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or hue, hath bent,

He hath not lived in vain; and while he gives,
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.

YOUTH'S SONG.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

The pale moon-crescent in the azure slept,
And odorous violets mingled with our talk,—
Anon the bells from all the turrets swept
A flood of music down the perfumed walk—
Hurrying the golden hours—
The tremulous, golden hours—
The wingéd, passionate hours.

Then Time began his joyous course to run,
Zoning the fragrant earth with grace supreme;
Thenceforth our heaven has held a liberal sun,
Freighting our voyage of love o'er life's clear stream—
Leading the golden hours—
The tremulous, golden hours—
The fleeting, fleeting hours.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

Oh, happy childhood! tender buds of spring,
Touched in the Maytime by a wandering frost;
Ye have escaped the summer's sultry wing;
No drought hath parched you, and no wind hath tossed,
Shaking the pearls of morning from your breast,
Ye have been gathered ere your sweets were lost,
Ere winged passions stole into your rest
To rob the heart of all its dewy store;
New in the endless Maytime overhead,
In starry gardens of the azure shore,
Ye bloom in light, and are for evermore
The blessed dead.

Ye youth and maidens, dear to joy and love,
But fallen midway between morn and noon,—
Or, bird-like, flown, as if some longing dove
Should seek a better clime while yet 'tis June,
Leaving our fields forlorn! O happy flight!
Gone while your hearts are full of summer tune,
And ignorant of the autumnal blight,—
Ere yet a leaf hath withered on the bough,
Or innocent rose hath drooped its dying head:
Come with the virgin lilies on your brow,
Ye, singing in immortal youth, are now
The blessed dead.

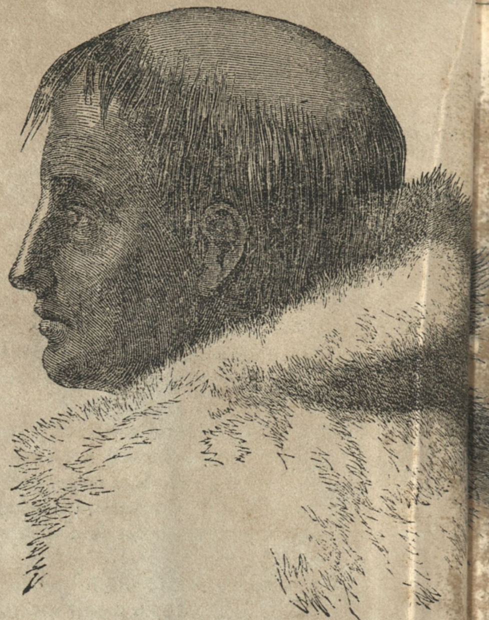
And ye, who in the harvest of your years,
Were stricken when the sun was in mid air,
And left the earth bedewed at noon with tears,
Ye have known all of life that is most fair,
The laugh of April and the summer bloom—
Ye with the orange-blossoms in your hair,
Who sleep in the bridal chambers of the tomb;
Or ye, who with the sickle in your hand,
Have bowed amid the sheaves the manly head,
And left the soil unto a mournful band,—
Ye are all numbered in your resting-land,
The blessed dead.

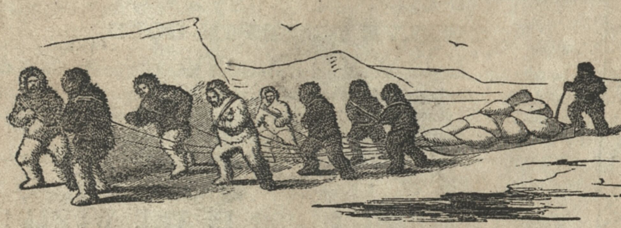
And ye, who like the stately upland oak
Breasted the full alloted storms of time,
And took new strength from every gusty stroke,—
And ye who like a vine long taught to climb
And weigh its native branches with ripe fruit,—
Much have ye suffered 'neath the frosty rime
Which autumn brings and winters loud dispute!
But now, transplanted in the fields afar,
Your age is like a withered foliage shed,—
And where youth's fountain sparkles like a star,
This have ye learned, they only live who are
The blessed dead.

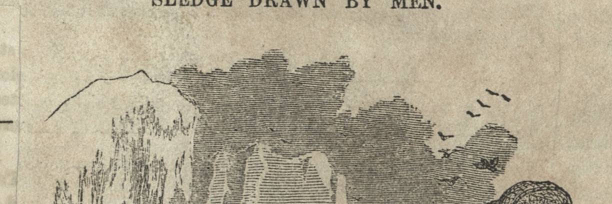
—Dublin University Magazine.

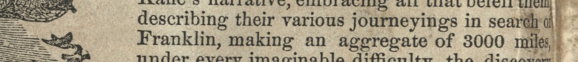
DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

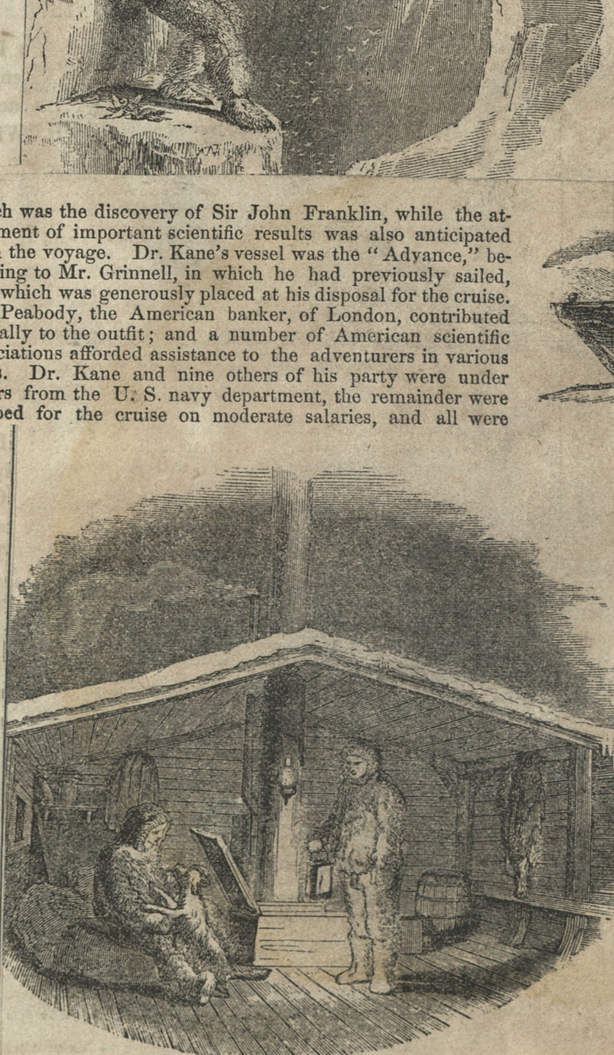
We are indebted to the kindness and liberality of Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, for the pleasure of presenting our readers with the fine wood engravings on this and the following page. They are extracted from the splendid work in two 8vo. volumes, of which the full title is "Arctic Explorations; the second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54 and '55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M D., U. S. N. Illustrated by upwards of 300 engravings, from sketches by the author. The steel plates executed under the superintendence of J. M. Butler, the wood engravings by Van Ingen & Snyder." An effort was made to induce Congress to publish Dr. Kane's narrative; but that having failed, recourse was had to private enterprise, and the spirit with which Messrs. Childs & Peterson assumed the task, and the perfect style in which they have accomplished it, places them in the front rank of American publishers, and will forever connect their names with the memorable expedition they have thus heralded to the world. Their book will compare favorably with the finest works of the kind issued by the European press. We are happy to learn that their services are appreciated, and that, after obtaining thirty thousand subscribers in advance, they are meeting with more calls for the work than they can keep pace with. Our paper of to-day contains fair specimens of the wood cuts; the steel engravings are numerous, and in the highest style of art. The frontispiece of the first volume is a fine likeness of Dr. Kane; that of the second, a striking portrait of Henry Grinnell, the liberal New York merchant, whose name is associated with two of the most memorable Arctic expeditions on record. Dr. Kane, it will be remembered, held a subordinate position in the Grinnell expedition, which was commanded by Lieut. De Haven; but he was its historiographer, and the experience he obtained on that voyage, together with energy and honorable ambition, admirably fitted him to take command of this second expedition, the primary object of which was the discovery of Sir John Franklin, while the attainment of important scientific results was also anticipated from the voyage. Dr. Kane's vessel was the "Advance," belonging to Mr. Grinnell, in which he had previously sailed, and which was generously placed at his disposal for the cruise. Mr. Peabody, the American banker, of London, contributed liberally to the outfit; and a number of American scientific associations afforded assistance to the adventurers in various ways. Dr. Kane and nine others of his party were under orders from the U. S. navy department, the remainder were shipped for the cruise on moderate salaries, and all were volunteers. The principal regulations adopted as laws for this special service, were subordination, abstinence from intoxicating liquors, except when dispensed by special order, and the habitual disuse of profane language. The "Advance" sailed from New York, May 30, 1853. In eighteen days, she made the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, where Dr. Kane was handsomely received by Governor Hamilton, who gave him a noble team of Newfoundland dogs. The brig reached Baffin's Bay without incident. On the 23d of August, they had reached north latitude 73 deg. 41 min. On the 10th of September, they reached a bay which they named Rensellaer Harbor, where they spent two winters. A sketch of Rensellaer Island will be found among our engravings. They were finally compelled to abandon the brig, and to make a journey of 1300 miles to the Danish settlements of Greenland, where they were relieved by Lieut. H. G. Hartstene, in command of an expedition fitted for their relief. Dr. Kane's narrative, embracing all that befell them, describing their various journeyings in search of Franklin, making an aggregate of 3000 miles, under every imaginable difficulty, the discovery of the "Iceless Sea" in the extreme north, the strange aspects of nature in the polar regions, the natural history, the geology, the people of the frozen north, has all the interest of the most thrilling romance. Nothing can be more modest than the manner in which the author speaks of himself; yet the simple record of his acts proves him to be a hero, such a one as Europe loads with titles, crosses and wealth—such a one as America delights to honor with heartfelt applause. Whatever may be his worldly fortune, Dr. Kane has succeeded in establishing an imperishable name. Let us now glance at the pictures before us. The first engraving is a head of Metek, an Esquimaux, who made the acquaintance of Dr. Kane at Rensellaer Harbor. "He was," says Dr. Kane, "nearly a head taller than myself, extremely powerful and well built, with swarthy complexion and piercing black eyes. His dress was a hooded capote or jumper, of mixed white and blue fox-pelts, arranged with something of fancy, and booted trousers of white bear-skin, which at the end of the foot were made to terminate with the claws of the animal." The entire costume is seen in another picture, on the next page —"Nessak in his travelling dress." An Esquimaux of fourteen is seen in the sketch of Paulik, Metek's nephew, described as "fine-looking," that is, for an Esquimaux, we suppose. That our readers may form some idea of an Esquimaux beauty, we present a portrait of Anak, the wife of Nessak, one of Dr. Kane's northern friends. It will be observed that the style of *coiffure* is not very unlike that adopted by our fair countrywomen a few years since. The second engraving represents an Arctic sledge, loaded and drawn by nine men in their bear-like costumes. "I named her the 'Faith,'" says Dr. Kane. "Her length was thirteen feet, and breadth four. She could readily carry fourteen hundred pounds of mixed stores. This noble old sledge, which is now endeared to us by every pleasant association, bore the brunt of the heaviest parties, and came back, after the descent of the coast, comparatively sound. The men were attached to her in such a way as to make the line of draught or traction as near as possible in the axis of the weight. Each man had his own shoulder-belt, or 'rue-raddy,' as we used to call it, and his own track-line, which, for want of horse-hair, was made of Manilla rope: it tra-


METEK.

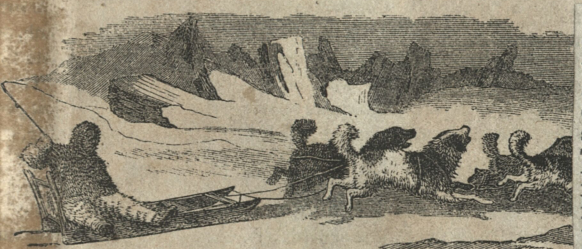

SLEDGE DRAWN BY MEN.



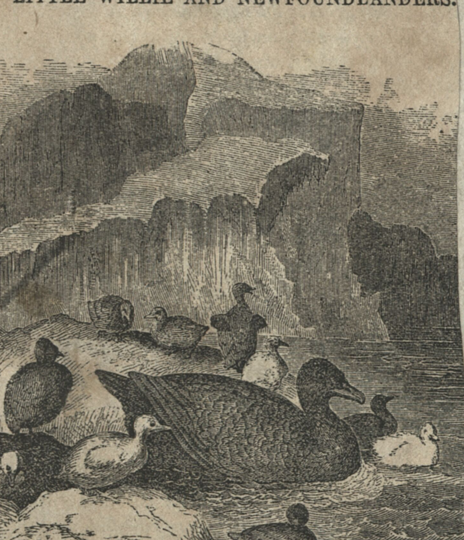

THE "FAITH," NOW AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

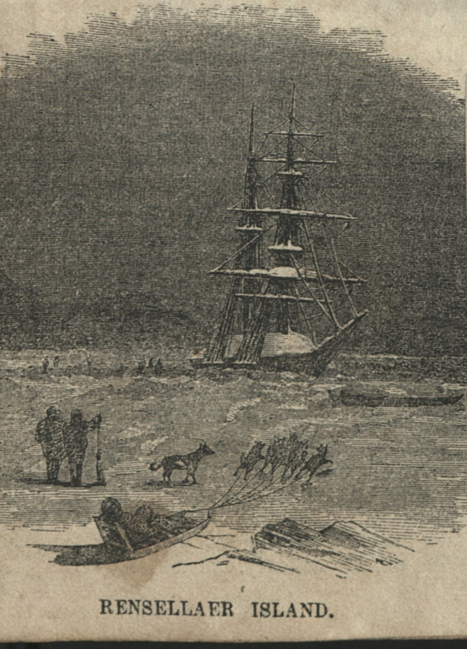

DECK BY LAMPLIGHT.

versed freely by a ring on a loop or bridle, that extended from runner to runner in front of the sledge. These track-ropes varied in length, so as to keep the members of the party from interfering with each other by walking abreast. The longest was three fathoms, eighteen feet, in length; the shortest, directly fastened to the sledge-runner, as a means of guiding or suddenly arresting and turning the vehicle. The cargo for this journey (the first), without including the provisions of the party, was almost exclusively pemmican. Some of this was put up in cylinders of tinned iron with conical terminations, so as to resist the assaults of the white bear; but the larger quantity was in strong wooden cases or kegs, well hooped with iron, holding about 70 pounds each." Another picture of the "Faith," with a group unloading her, and a polar bear lying dead beside her, appears on the next page. On this page is a picture of the boat called the "Faith" also, which did Dr. Kane "yeoman's service," and which is now at the Brooklyn navy-yard. The third picture on this page represents the sledge called the "Little Willie," with its team of four Newfoundland dogs, Dr. Kane, in his Arctic costume, driving. "My dogs," says he, "were both Esquimaux and Newfoundland. Of these last I had ten: they were to be carefully broken, to travel by voice without the whip, and were expected to be very useful for heavy draught, as their tractability would allow the driver to regulate their pace. I was already training them (this was at the commencement of his adventures) in a light sledge, to drive, unlike the Esquimaux, two abreast, with regular harness, a breast collar of flat leather, and a pair of traces. Six of them made a powerful travelling-team, and four could carry me and my instruments, for short journeys around the brig, with great ease. The sledge I used for them was built, with the care of cabinet-work, of American hickory, thoroughly seasoned. The curvature of the runners was determined experimentally: they were shod with annealed steel, and fastened by copper rivets which could be renewed at pleasure. Except this, no metal entered into its construction. All its parts were held together by seal-skin lashings, so that it yielded to inequalities of surface and to sudden shock. The three paramount considerations of lightness, strength and diminished friction were well combined in it. This beautiful, and, as we afterwards found, efficient sledge, was named the 'Little Willie.'" Following the picture of this sledge, is a representation of the manner of catching awks, birds which the Esquimaux relish highly. They breed in low cones of rubbish among the cliffs. The Esquimaux, perched in a convenient station, employs a purse-net, made of seal-skin, and fastened to the end of a tusk of the narwhal, sometimes spliced, to give it the requisite length, and so scoops up his feathered prey as they fly by him in startled numbers. We



LITTLE WILLIE AND NEWFOUNDLANDERS.





RENSELLAER ISLAND.

[Written for the Sunday Times.]

EQUIEM FOR DR. KANE AND HIS ICE-BOUND BARQUE.

By Lieut. Holm, U. S. N

n, amid ceaseless change, seeks the unchangi

Let her rest!
She has nobly met her fate:
She has won the ocean-tide.
Let the Arctic claim his bride!
With our Ice-Queen for his mate,
He is blest.

Let her rest!
Icy Ocean ope'd his arms:
With a smile unwonted, found her,
And with wiles unwonted bound her;
For she calmed the wild alarms
Of his breast.

Let her rest.
For our master's lying lowly,
With life's duties bravely done!
And life's battle bravely won!
On an eve most calm and holy—
To the breast.

Both at rest!
In the icy-land eternal,
We have left our Ocean-bride—
Mourn we our more glorious pride,
Who, though touching climes most vernal,
Could not rest.

Not yet blest—
Till he made the goodly haven,
And life's stormy voyage was o'er!
Hails he now that blissful shore!
Anchored in life's barque of Aiden
He—at rest.

Battle of Lake Champlain. Today is the anniversary of the battle of Lake Champlain, which occurred on the 11th of September, 1814, and resulted in a victory for the Americans, under Commodore McDonough, over the British, after a struggle of two hours and twenty minutes. The Commodore announced the victory to the Department of War as follows: "The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig and two sloops-of-war of the enemy." There are three participants in this battle now residing in Boston,—James Patten, —— Shattuck, and Robert Keith. The last named gentleman has been a subscriber for the Transcript almost from its commencement.

Smart Old Lady. In Bow, this State, there resides an old lady whose name is Mrs. Annie Goodhue, and who was 81 years of age last June During the present season she has woven, unassisted, fifty-one yards of woollen cloth, beside doing other work. She has also been out an picked blueberries nearly every day since the were ripe. She appears to feel her age but little and is at smart as most women at 35. [Manchester Mirror.

Fatal Accident. We are informed by a correspondent that a son, thirteen years old, of Orrison Keyes, of Lempster, was instantly killed on the 6th ult. He was at work for Thomas J. Davis, of Acworth, and when going into the hay field, with a pitchfork in his hand, he fell upon the fork, running one of its tines nearly through his neck into the back part of his head, killing him instantly. [Claremont Eagle.

BUDS.

Folded in their tiny leaflets,
Unrevealed to mortal eyes,
Many a flower, most sweet and graceful,
In its modest beauty lies;
Waiting but the charming sunshine,
And the gently falling dew,
To ope its matchless beauties
To the world's admiring view.

And the child—its hidden graces,
Like the bud with folded leaves,
Linger but for smile and sunshine,
Which a friendly face can give,
Ere they burst the clasping petals,
Ere the human bud expands,
And reveal the wondrous favors
Given by eternal hands.

Personal Items. Mr. George Peabody has returned to London from his visit to the continent, and his many friends in this country will be gratified to learn that his health has been greatly improved during his trip.

Bishop M'Ilvaine, of Ohio, has gained strength since he left home. He is in England, where he has been very cordially received.

Rev. Dr. Black, of Pittsburg, an eminent divine of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and one of the Professors of Theology to that body, died on the 10th inst., at his residence at Sewickley.

A letter in the Freeman's Journal, dated Rome, Aug. 10, says:

After vespers today, the Most Rev. Cajetan Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes, Secretary of the Propaganda, etc., baptized, in St. Peter's Church, the son of Randolph Rogers, of Virginia, the distinguished sculptor. The Rev. J. Hoffman, of Maryland, was godfather, and Mrs. Portier Branda, of Virginia, who is so true a representative of the accomplished American lady, was godmother. Mr. Rogers was present, and took the deepest interest in the services, though not himself a Catholic. Many Americans were present; among them Miss J. Mullany.

BY SOL SMITH, EX-MANAGER.

The following, from the well-known manager and critic, Sol Smith, (who is now in town,) will be read with considerable interest. Mr. Burton was the first to introduce in this city full-length pictures in the closet-scene of "Hamlet." Perhaps he can defend his views as ably as Sol Smith sustains the opposite side of the question:

"Look here upon this picture, and on this."

I wish to give publicity to some crude ideas of my own upon the long disputed question, lately re-argued, whether, in the closet-scene, so-called, of the tragedy of "Hamlet," (Act III., scene IV.,) there should be large PORTRAITS of the late and reigning kings hanging on the walls, or MINIATURE likenesses of those royal personages in the possession of the Queen and her son. Commentators differ on this question. Steevens favors the idea that when Hamlet says—

"Look here upon this picture, and on this,"

he has reference to two full-length portraits, being part of the furniture of the Queen's closet; because, he argues, Hamlet, who in a former scene has censured those who gave high prices for his uncle's "pictures in little," (miniatures,) would hardly have condescended to carry such a thing in his pocket.

Modern Hamlets get over this difficulty by carrying their deceased father's "pictures in little" suspended to a ribbon about the neck, whilst the Queen very accommodatingly carries that of her present husband suspended by a ribbon about *her* neck, ready for her son to seize upon at the proper time.

Malone says: "The introduction of miniatures in this place appears to be a modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe's edition of "Hamlet," published in 1709, proves this. There, the two royal portraits are exhibited as half-lengths, hanging in the Queen's closet; and either thus, or as whole-lengths, they probably were exhibited from the time of the original performance of this tragedy to the death of Betterton. To half-lengths, however, the same objection lies, as to miniatures."

I shall never forget the singular sensation I experienced when, on first witnessing a stage representation of this great play, I saw Mr. Collins—it was at the Old Columbia street theatre, Cincinnati—make use of *real* pictures, (miniatures,) worn by the actor and actress, in the manner heretofore indicated. I laughed outright; I couldn't help it. Seeing Hamlet directing the attention of his mother to the little pictures, the idea instantly crossed my mind that presently, if the scene was to be carried through in the same literal manner, he would be compelled to attempt a somewhat difficult feat; for the Queen says:

"Oh! Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct."

And further on, when the conscience-stricken Queen likened his words to *daggers*, if Hamlet had not, in a previous scene, given his princely word to the audience that he would "*speak* daggers, but *use* none," I should have expected to see him draw a couple of those efficient stage properties; and again, when afterwards the Queen exclaimed:

"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"

the vision of a butcher's cleaver actually swung before my eyes!

The truth is, the introduction of real pictures into this scene had never entered into my mind; and though I now find that all the great actors—Forrest, Macready, Booth, Wallack, Anderson, Murdoch—invariably use them, to me they appear entirely out of place.

This is *my* theory:

The *pictures* drawn by Hamlet for his mother's contemplation—"the counterfeit presentment of two brothers"—are these:

PICTURE I.—HIS FATHER.

"See what a grace was seated on his brow;
Hyperion curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station, like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband."

If Hamlet is exhibiting to his mother a *real* picture, why speak of the grace that *was* seated on his brow? Why say that "every god *did* set his seal," &c.? Why not speak of the picture as it appears at the time of its exhibition, and say, "See what a grace *is* seated on his brow," &c.

PICTURE II.—HIS UNCLE.

"Look you now what follows:
Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. * * *
* * * * * What judgment
Would step from this to this?
* * * * * * *
A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from the shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket; a king
Of shreds and patches"——

The filling out of the *second* picture is cut off by the entrance of the ghost of the original of the *first*; but both are so truthfully drawn—in outline, so to speak—that the wife recognises her two husbands, and beseeches her son to "speak no more." It must be observed, that during the exhibition of those *speaking likenesses* to the Queen, there is not one word said to justify the belief that the author contemplated the use of either whole lengths, half-lengths, or miniatures in illustration of the scene. On the contrary, when the Queen, pricked by her awakened conscience, becomes tired of the pictures called up to the view of her mind's eye by her son, she entreats him—(to take them away?—hide them from her sight?—no!)—to "speak no more;" and this she does three different times.

According to my reading, the text of Shakspeare affords no authority whatever for the introduction of pictures of any kind as "properties" in the closet-scene of the tragedy of "Hamlet;" and I hope to see our own Forrest break through the traditionary manner of rendering this scene, so long persisted in, and give it in the way the author undoubtedly intended it should be given—drawing the pictures before the mental vision of the Queen in WORDS, which "like daggers" enter into her ears, "turn her eyes into her soul," and "cleave her heart in twain."

In the name of all that is reasonable, let us have no more whole lengths, half-lengths, or miniatures, daubed upon canvas or ivory, for this scene, when Shakspeare has given us the two pictures ready to our hand, drawn by his matchless pen, and handed down to us by types and printer's ink. Or, if actors *will* have "real pictures," I must insist that there be also provided a looking-glass of some kind—either a good-sized article to hang against the wall, a pier-glass, or a pocket mirror—(perhaps one on the back of a pocket hair-brush would do)—for it will be remembered that the Prince says to his mother, in the beginning of the scene:

"Come, come and sit ye down: you shall not budge;
You go not till I SET YOU UP A GLASS
Where you may see the inmost part of you."

As a further improvement, this scene might be illustrated by getting up, "regardless of expense," a moving panorama of the two royal brothers, the elder, a very commanding figure, standing in a Mercurial attitude, as if

"New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;"

and the younger, a very diminutive specimen of humanity, (being, as Hamlet avers, not a twentieth part of a tenth of the "precedent lord,") dressed in a shabby suit of "shreds and patches," in a sneaking attitude, and in the act of stealing from a shelf a precious diadem—with a back-ground representing the "mountain" which the Queen is asked if she could "leave to feed," and the "moor" she is asked if she could "batten on;" the whole illuminated with blue fire!

THE LETTER.

Oh, the long expected letter,
  In the dear familiar hand!
Twice a thousand miles it's traversed
  O'er the waters and the land.
Bring my rocking-chair and scissors,
  Watch the baby, close the door!
Let me have no interruptions,
  Till I've read it twice or more!

Now, I warrant me, he wrote it
  In a business study brown!
For the "Mrs." looks like "Messrs.,"
  And the stamp is upside down!
Pity he's so careless— giving
  All his lines an up-hill turn;
Yet, I think, the sign's a good one—
  Let me open it and learn.

"Yours received," a fair beginning;
  "Health improved,"— good news indeed!
"Quite contented,"—that's but so so;
  "Time flies swiftly,"—ah! I heed!
"Fishing, gunning," pooh! I warrant
  When *he* shoots, a man will fall!
"*Cuisine charmant*,"—"pic-nics, ladies,"—
  Exclamation points and all!

Really, sir, this *looks* like business
  In a somewhat novel line!
In my next I'll surely tell him
  Of that charming trip of mine;
Of the steamer's mirth and music,
  Forfeit games, and dancing free,
And the moonlight promenading
  Of the "merrie companie!"

Ah! what's this? "Were *you* but with me;"
  "Darling children— dolls and drums;"
"Paroquet with splendid feathers;"
  What a Babel when he comes!
"Isle St. Mary—lovely sunsets,"
  There's a poet lost in him!
"Lonely Sabbaths—weary absence;"
  "Home, sweet home," is blurred and dim.

"Love,— farewell;" would it were double!
  Choicest blessings crown the man
Who, inspired of good, invented
  The epistolary plan!
Bless the hands, where'er they be,
  That have brought this little missive
Twice a thousand miles to me!

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

A NEW commandment I give unto you, that ye love one ther."—JOHN XIII. 34.

The learned and pious Usher* once, *unknown*,
Came to an English priest on foot, alone,
And asked his leave to preach th' ensuing morn;
But on the trav'ler he looked down with scorn.
The jeering priest demanded if he knew
Heaven's high commands—how many or how few.
Usher replied, that God's commandments giv'n
On sacred record, were, in all, eleven.
The priest directed (this good man to mock)
That on th' *eleventh* he should address his flock.
He did; and, brought to tears, the people heard
What he as Christ's *peculiar law* declared,
That all by *deeds* alone their *faith* should prove,
And *every man* his *brother* learn to *love*.
The priest, confounded, in amazement stares,
For he'd "received an angel† unawares!"

E MILKING MAID IN THE MOI

When the dew is on the clover,
  And the gorse in Autumn bloom,
And the primrose beds all over
  With acorn cups are strewn,
And the lazy rooks sit cawing
  High upon the tallest tree,
I lead my heifers, lowing,
  To the milking through the lea.
      Then calls to me
      The cuckoo free;
        And the blackbird at the dawning
      Sings clear and ripe,
      With his golden pipe,
        To the milking maid in the morning.

When the bloom is on the bean stalk,
  And the hare in green hedge-rows
Washes her face with the dew-drops,
  I call to my new milch cows.
The partridge springs, on dewy wings,
  And the pheasant, under the bough,
Flashes the sheen of his purple rings,
  As my milk-white heifers low.
      And sings for me,
      In green-wood tree,
        The thostle fine at the dawning;
      And the sky-lark, he
      Pipes cheerily
        To the milking maid in the morning.

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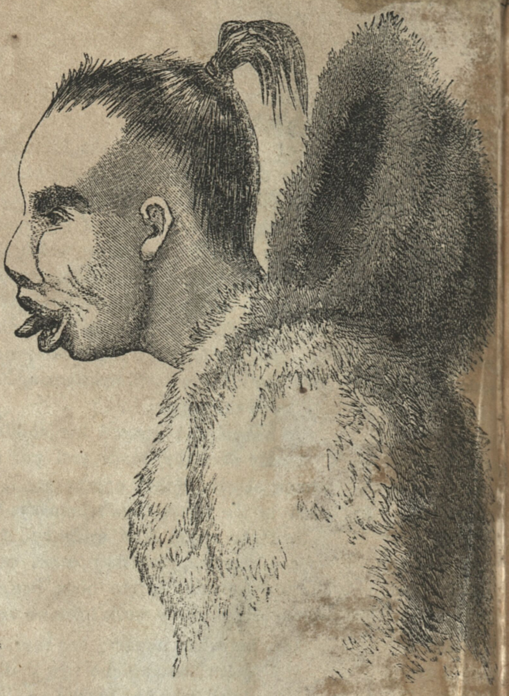
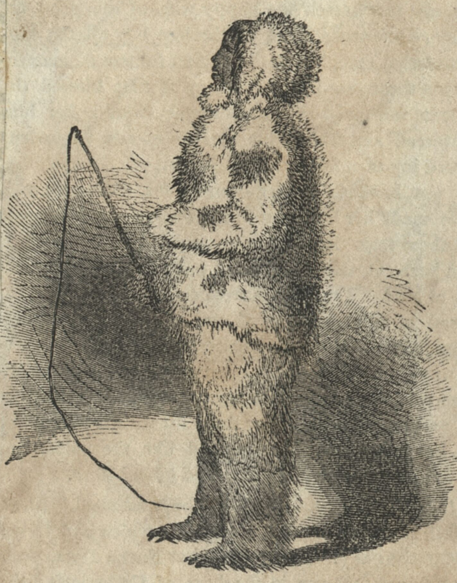
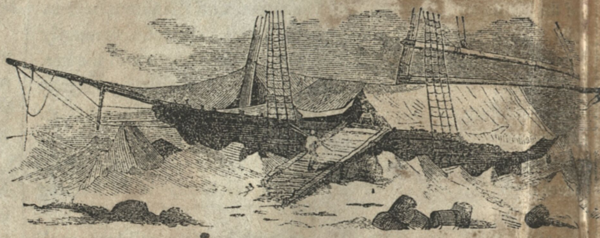
have next a picture of "Eider Island," with an eider duck and her brood of young ones. Near the Littleton Island of Captain Inglefield, "we saw," says Dr. Kane, "a number of ducks, both eiders and hareldas; and it occurred to me that by tracking their flight, we should reach their breeding-grounds. There was no trouble in doing so, for they flew in a bee-line to a group of rocky islets, above which the whole horizon was studded with birds. A rugged little ledge, which I named 'Eider Island,' was so thickly colonized that we could hardly walk without treading on a nest. We killed with guns and stones over two hundred birds in a few hours. It was near the close of the breeding season. The nests were still occupied with the mother-birds, but many of the young had burst the shell, and were nestling under the wing, or taking their first lessons in the water-pools. Some, more advanced, were already in the ice-sheltered channels, greedily waiting for the shell-fish and sea-urchins, which the old bird busied herself in procuring for them. Near by was a low and isolated rock-ledge, which we called 'Hans Island. The glaucous gulls, those cormorants of the Arctic seas, had made it their peculiar homestead. Their progeny, already full-fledged and voracious, crowded the guano-whitened rocks; and the mothers, with long necks and gaping yellow bills, swooped above the peaceful shallows of the eiders, carrying off the young birds, seemingly just as their wants required. A more domineering and insatiable rapacity I have never witnessed. The gull would gobble up and swallow a young eider in less time than it takes me to describe it. For a moment you would see the paddling feet of the poor little wretch protruding from the mouth; then came a distension of the neck, as it descended into the stomach; a few moments more and the young gulls were feeding on the ejected morsel." Our next picture represents the deck of the "Advance" by lamp-light. It is built over, to ward off the extreme cold, a stove-pipe passing through the roof. Near the hatchway stands one of the party, lantern in hand, while another is seated, caressing one of the Esquimaux dogs found such valuable auxiliaries in their journeyings. The next picture is a sketch of Rensellaer Island. On this page we have a picture of the brig cradled, the decks protected by canvass from the cutting wind. She was lifted with double chains passed under at low tide, both astern and amidships.



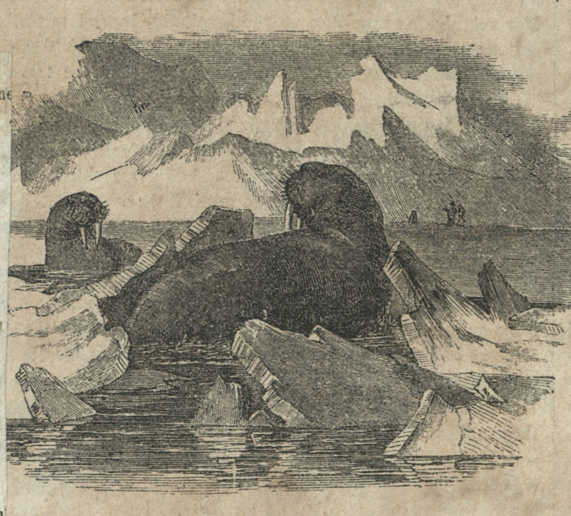
ANAK, WIFE OF NESSAK.



NESSAK, IN TRAVELLING DRESS.

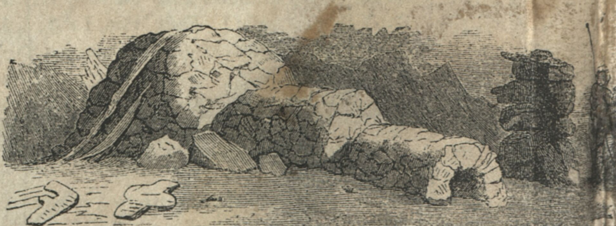


THE BRIG CRADLED.



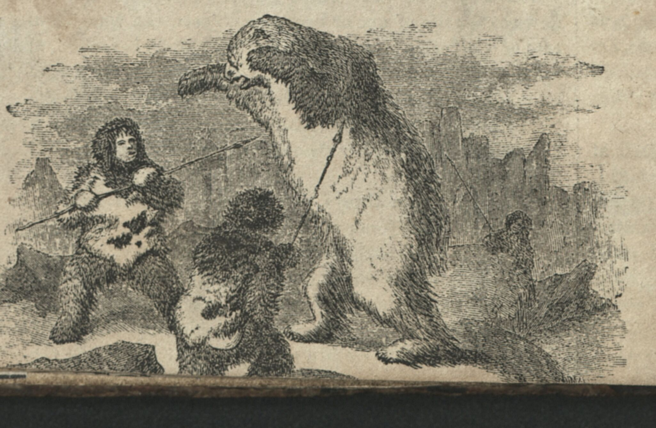
WALRUSES SPORTING.

In this position she is frozen in, high and dry, to "pass an Arctic winter over an Arctic ice-bed." The next engraving presents a sketch of a group of walrusses sporting among the field-ice and icebergs. Until the thermometer sinks below zero, these bulky monsters find water enough to sport, and keep in between the fields of drift-ice as they open with the tide. Besides these, they work out holes for themselves. The walrusses swallow gravel and even large stones, but for what purpose, it is not known. Another picture on this page is a curious group of Esquimaux huts, which Dr. Kane found in one of his excursions from the brig. "They are four in number, long deserted, but to an eye unpractised in Arctic antiquarian deductions, in as good preservation as a last year's tenement at home. The most astonishing feature is the presence of some little out-huts, or, as I first thought them, dog-kennels. These are about four feet by three in ground plan, and some three feet high; no larger than the pologs of the Tchuschi. In shape they resemble a rude dome; and the stones of which they are composed are of excessive size, and evidently selected for smoothness. They were, without exception, of water-washed limestone. They are heavily sodded with turf, aud a narrow slab of clay-slate serves as a door. No doubt they are human habitations, retiring chambers, into which, away from the crowded families of the hut, one or even two Esquimaux have burrowed for sleep—chilly dormitories in the winter of this high latitude." Our last engraving but one represents a polar bear at bay, rearing to his full height, surrounded by hunters with their long spears. In speaking of one of his expeditions, Dr. Kane says:—"Our whole journey had been an almost unbroken and scarcely-varied series of bear-hunts. They had lost for me the attractions of novelty; but, like the contests with the walrus, they were always interesting, because characteristic of this rude people (the Esquimaux). The dogs are carefully trained not to engage in contest with the bear, but to retard his flight. While one engrosses his attention ahead, a second attacks him in the rear; and, always alert and each protecting the other, it rarely happens that they are seriously injured, or that they fail to delay the animal until the hunters come up. Let us suppose a bear scented out at the base of an iceberg. The Esquimaux examines the track with sagacious care, to determine its age and direction, and the speed with which the animal was passing when he passed

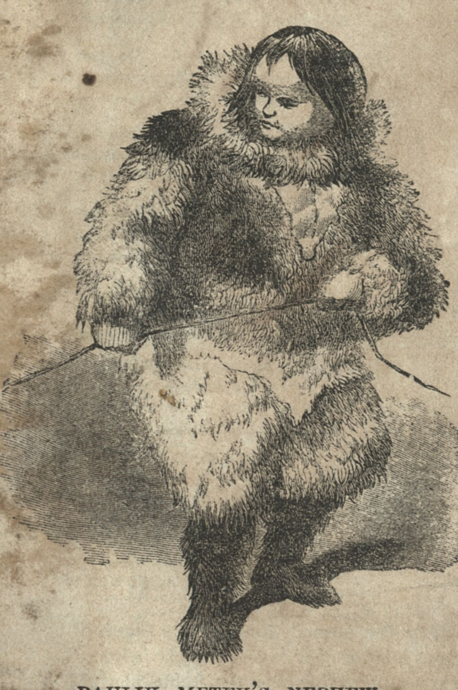


ESQUIMAUX HUTS.

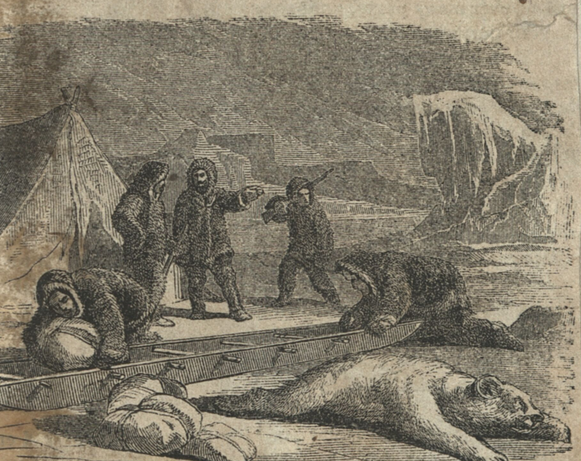
The dogs are set upon the trail, and the



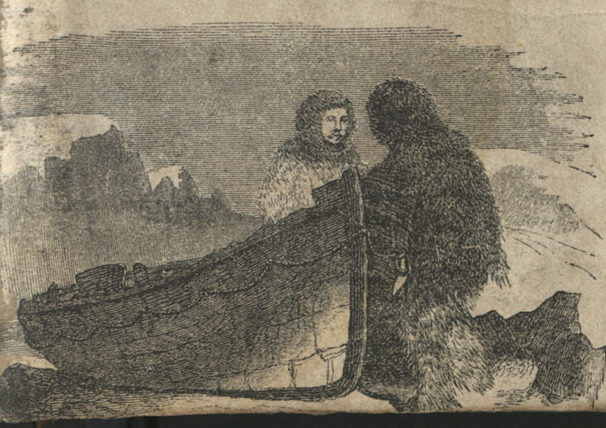
in a wild wolfish yell, the driver shrieking, 'Nannook! nannook!' and all straining every nerve in pursuit. The bear rises on his haunches, inspects his pursuers, and starts off at full speed. The hunter, as he runs, leaning over his sledge, seizes the traces of a couple of his dogs, and liberates them from their burthen. It is the work of a minute; for the motion is not checked, and the remaining dogs rush on with apparent ease. Now pressed more severely, the bear makes for an iceberg, and stands at bay, while his two foremost pursuers halt at a short distance, and quietly await the arrival of the hunter. At this moment, the whole pack are liberated; the hunter grasps his lance, and, tumbling through snow and ice, prepares for the encounter. If there be two hunters, the bear is killed easily; for one makes a feint of thrusting a spear at the right side, and, as the animal turns with his arms towards the threatened attack, the left is unprotected, and receives the death-wound." "Many wounds are received by the Etah Bay Esquimaux in these encounters; the bear is looked upon as more fierce in that neighborhood, and about Anoatook and Rensellaer Bay, than around the broken ice to the south. He uses his teeth more generally than is supposed by systematic writers. The hugging, pawing and boxing which characterize the black and grizzly bears, are resorted to by him, only under peculiar circumstances." The last engraving represents the "Forlorn Hope," the whale-boat in which Dr. Kane, with a small boat's crew, left the "Advance," to prosecute his researches. We trust that the extracts we have made will induce many of our readers to possess themselves of the splendid work from which we have taken our text and illustrations. The curiosity excited by this expedition abroad is scarcely less than that felt here with regard to it, and editions of the narrative are already going through the German and French presses. Dr. Kane himself has been received in Europe with distinguished consideration, and his gallantry in offering his services to Lady Franklin for another search after traces of her husband, is highly lauded.



PAULIK, METEK'S NEPHEW.



THE "FAITH."



A Valuable Whale. The schooner Watchman, Hussey, which has recently returned to this port from a whaling voyage, captured a sick sperm whale in Sam Bay, from which they obtained eleven barrels of oil, which at the present market price is valued at about $450. From the carcass of this whale 600 pounds of ambergris was obtained, which sold in Boston the present week for the sum of $10,000, making the whale of the value of $10,450. which is, we think, the most valuable whale on record. [Nantucket Inquirer, Sept. 10.

A Malicious Hoax. Some of our country cotemporaries have been sadly and wickedly hoaxed by a telegraph operator, who has had the bad taste to send a message that Mr. Smith, formerly proprietor of the Sea View House, had confessed, on his death-bed, that he murdered Moses, the bar-keeper, for whose death Donnelly was executed. We deem it our duty to say that the whole story is a base fabrication, as stupid as malicious. Mr. Smith is alive and well, and at his place of business in this city. [New York News.

The Troubles at Staten Island. The Commissioners of Health are about to raise $300,000 for rebuilding the hospitals. Some half-dozen obnoxious individuals were burnt in effigy Thursday night by the Staten Island mob. An attack was anticipated by the police, who were prepared for it. The Roman candles fired off by the crowd attracted attention on board the frigate Sabine, and 100 men were sent ashore. They were not needed, however, as no other disturbance than as above noted occurred.

The Scholar and the Farmer. Ex-Governor Boutwell, our efficient Secretary of the Board of Education, has become an agriculturist. His large and beautiful farm, among the Groton hills, is under a high state of cultivation, and he has recently erected an extensive and costly barn, embracing all modern improvements. From eight to ten thousand dollars worth of milk is annually sent from Groton to this city, and considerable of it comes from Mr. Boutwell's farm. [Journal.

The Slaver. "Capt. Townsend," so called, of the slaver Echo, was brought before U. S. Commissioner Loring on Saturday, for examination. Lieut. J. N. Maffit, commander of the Dolphin, testified to sufficient facts to make out a prima facie case. It was distinctly proved that the Echo attempted to escape before her character was suspected—an illustration of the Scripture, that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth;" that she disregarded two blank cartridges, fired by the Dolphin as signals; that she hoisted the American flag when a shot was fired under her stern, and kept on her way; but at a second shot, which was sent across her bows, and when the Dolphin was within a quarter of a mile of her, she rounded to, hauled down the flag and surrendered. There were found on board 318 African negroes, unable to speak English. Neither the American flag nor any othe national flag could be found on board, nor any papers. Everything of the sort had been thrown overboard.

A grave question of jurisdiction has arisen, as it appeared from Lieut. Maffit's testimony, that he first took the prisoner into the jurisdiction of the District of Florida, at Key West, where the United States Marshal declined to receive him. He was also taken within the jurisdiction of the District of New York before he was brought to Boston. The refusal of the Marshal at Key West to act must become the subject of inquiry

Captain Townsend bears himself well in the position in which he finds himself placed. He is about 37 years of age. He has a fine, intelligent countenance, and a gentlemanly carriage. He has brown hair, and flowing whiskers of a lighter shade, and in personal appearance is well got up every way. In fact, he has good external points for a hero of some new romance of the sea, without imposing too severe a task upon the imagination of the writer. Of the moral qualities enclosed within his "tabernacle of flesh," a pretty safe opinion may be formed from the traffic he was found engaged in.

During the run of 35 days from the coast of Africa to the coast of Cuba, no less than 114 of the unhappy victims who were shipped died. In one of our exchanges, we noticed a few days ago an attempt to create a little sympathy for him, by representing that, on account of the depression of business, he had not been able to procure suitable employment, and hence was tempted to engage in the slave trade. The examination has been postponed till Tuesday, the 21st inst. [Courier.

Army News. Gen. Harney will sail for the Pacific on the 20th, and will have a force of 3000 men when all the contingents arrive,

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Man and Woman. The Athenæum in a genial and discriminating notice of the "English Woman's Journal," a periodical recently established in London, avers that "among the various classifications of the present day there is one which is rising in importance, as well by the action of law as of opinion—we mean the division of the human race into men and women." The reviewer introduces this story: Miss Edgeworth relates that a little girl, hearing in conversation the name of one famous man after another brought forward with admiration, crept up to mamma, and whispered, "Do those *mens* do everything better than *we*?" The answer to the little champion of her sex, is of a two-fold character. All that is within human grasp must be divided into that which most men can do better that women, and that which most women can do better than men. The article closes with the following words:

We have not much faith in the types of the future which are drawn by the unaided sagacity of the present: and judging by many of the descriptions which are given of them, we hope the coming man and the coming woman will happen to come together on the road, and be too much fascinated with each other to proceed on their mission.

Public tranquility seems safe from disturbance.

A Romance in Real Life. The Bucyrus Journal says that a man living near there, lost his wife some years ago, in Homer, N. Y.; that they had a little girl, which he gave to a friend, and left the country. He was gone ten years, and returned, but could find no trace of his child. She had two marks by which he might know her: one toe was gone, and she had a scar on her arm. The man gave her up as lost to him, and finally settled near Bucyrus and married. The rest we give from that paper:

About two weeks ago, he happened to pass by the room in his house occupied by a servant girl who had resided with him for nearly two years, at a time when she was about to retire, and the door being open, he saw her foot. He merely glanced at it, and happened to notice that the middle toe of the right foot was missing. He thought nothing of it at the time, but after retiring, the idea struck him that it might be the daughter he had searched for so long. At first he dismissed the thought as improbable, but it still forced itself upon him—until, finally, he requested his wife to go to the room, and ascertain whether there were, or not, marks of a scald upon her right arm. She went, and, to his great delight, reported that the marks were there. The poor man was so positive of her identity, that the girl was awakened, and in the middle of the night was questioned as to her origin.

She could only tell them that she did not know her parents, that her earliest recollections were that she had lived somewhere in the East, with a family named (naming the family she had been left with by the woman originally entrusted with her,) and at their death she was taken charge of by the overseers of the poor, a place provided for her, and she had come to Bucyrus with a family, and had supported herself by doing housework since. This tallied so nearly with the ascertained facts in the case, that the next day the father started East with her, and visiting the different points named, ascertained, to his great joy, that she was in truth his daughter. She is an extremely beautiful girl, of great natural intelligence, and though totally uneducated, is still interesting. She is now at Granville, Ohio, receiving an education to fit her for the new station she has assumed in life.

Advance of Railroad Freights. *Philadelphia, Sept. 11th.* At the meeting of the Railroad Presidents, the following rates of freight from the principal points west to New York were agreed upon:

One hundred pounds are charged as follows: First class—From Cincinnati, $1 20½; from Louisville, $1 35; from St. Louis, $1 70; from Chicago, $1 55; from Cleveland, 90 cents; from Terre Haute, $1 50; from Cairo $1 75.

The results of the Convention also involve a general advance of the passenger fare from all competing points to New York, of three dollars, and a very slight advance on the fares to Philadelphia, making the rates to both points about the same as previous to the reduction. These rates, together with the advance on freights, will go into effect after ratification by the four lines interested.

Mexican News. New Orleans papers of Thursday last, containing Mexican news, are at hand.

Tampico was captured by the liberalists, with 400 frontiersmen, assisted by the revolutionists inside.

A financial transaction was about to take place between Gen. Vidaurri and the Governor of Zacatecas, by which it was said that Vidaurri would be placed in the possession of ample means to insure success.

An express arrived at San Luis on the 16th of August, saying that the forces of Aramberri had defeated those of Mejia, that those of Huerta had defeated those of Miramon stationed at Salamca, and that Miramon was on his way to the city of Mexico, and that the forces of Aramberri had gone in pursuit of the disbanded ones of Mejia, until the latter had entered Queretara.

A High-Souled Beggar. The other day a Yankee gave a beggar woman a couple of cents. "Two cents!" exclaimed she, "take them back, sir; I asked for charity; I can't do anything with two cents." "My dear madam," said the polite donor, "I beg you'll keep the cents, and give them to some poor person." [London Times.

Work and Dignity.—All work is noble. All dignity is painful; a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any woman

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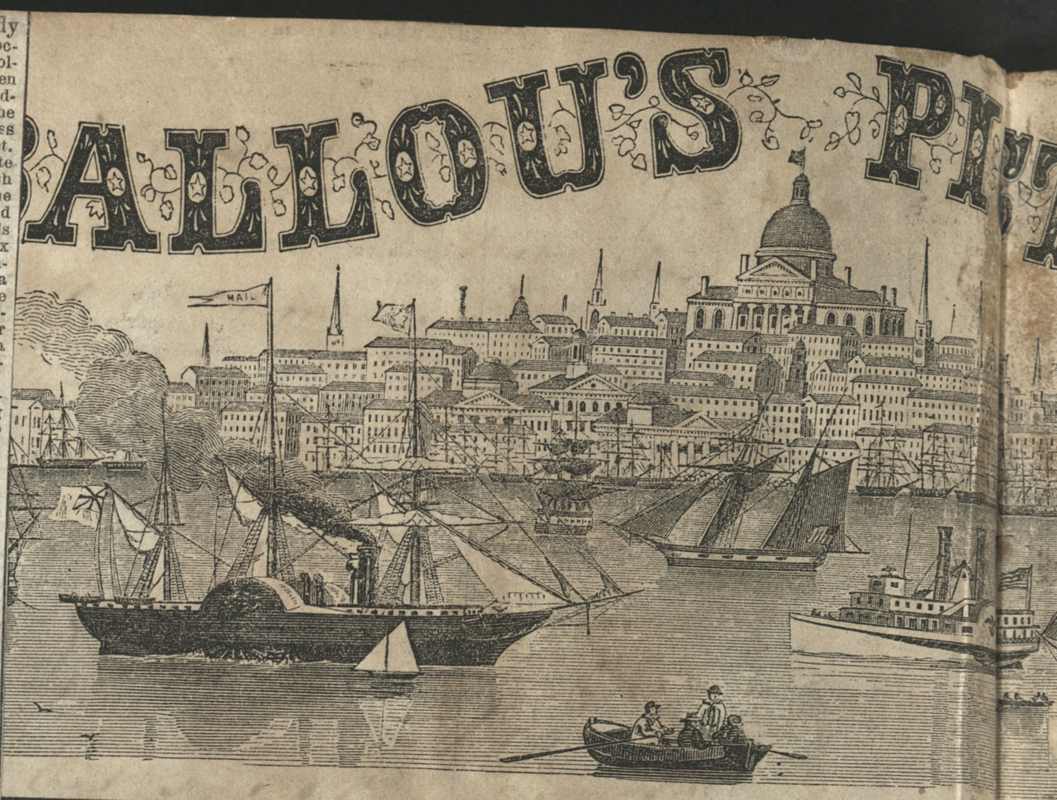
Register of Deeds.—The Lawrence Courier, speaking in regard to the office of Register of Deeds in Essex, says:

"We hope no change will be made. And we predict that if one is made it will result as did the various changes, in years gone by, in the office of Register of Probate, to the manifest detriment of the public interests.—The duties of these offices are not such as to be slipped on or off like an old stocking—nor, such as even every man who is capable of performing. On the contrary the duties of the Probate and Registry offices require a peculiar methodical talent and long training in the way of keeping up the records in an intelligable form. Hence, frequent changes should by all means be avoided."

Italian Ball Costumes.—Would our lady readers like to know how their fair friends dress on public occasions in Italy? If so, let them run their eyes over the following description of their principal toilettes at a ball given by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, about the middle of February. It is furnished by a correspondent of the N. O. Delta:—"The grand duchess wore a blue silk dress with three flounces, striped up the sides with white velvet. The 'bertha' was made of alternate stripes of blue and white velvet, giving quite a pretty effect to the lady's toilette, which was nevertheless much plainer than those of many of the guests. Her *coiffure* was beautiful. The back of the head was resplendent with diamonds—a bunch of roses with buds and leaves entirely composed of brilliants. In the bandeaux were smaller roses of the same precious stones. The Princess Conti, first lady-in-waiting to the grand duchess, wore a white *moire*, double skirt, with rich lace trimmings up the sides, and the most splendid *parure* of diamonds. The Countess D. wore a pink silk, covered with tulle, puffed, and over that, flounces of Mecklin lace, caught up on the side with a bouquet of roses, in the middle of which sparkled a star composed of diamonds.

"The Marchioness B—— literally outshone every other lady in the room. Her neck, arms, and head were blazing with the most beautiful diamonds that ever caused a lady to break the tenth commandment. Her dress was blue satin, with crape *ruched*, and over it rich point flounces. There was such an innumerable quantity of beautiful toilettes that they form a rather confused mass of lace, diamonds, and feathers in my dazzled brain. Among the less expensive toilettes, two particularly attracted my attention. One of them was a green tulle, covered with bunches of violets, arranged in waves all up the skirt, with sleeves and bertha to correspond. The other was white tulle, the first skirt puffs, with little buds scattered carelessly here and there, and the second skirt with puffs from the waist downward, between each a ribbon, white in the middle, with rose-colored velvet on each side. It was most gracefully arranged, and produced a beautiful effect."

Value of the Crown Jewels.—As it may be interesting to our readers to know the value of some of the articles used on the late occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, we subjoin the estimated price of the jewels of the crown of state which the queen wore in St. James's Chapel:—The great ruby, £10,000; the *aqua marina*, £12,000; twenty diamonds round the circle, (£1500 each,) £30,000; two large centre diamonds, (£2000 each,) £4000; four crosses, each composed of 25 diamonds, £12,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, £40,000; twenty-six diamonds contained in the *fleur-de-lis*, £12,000; pearls and diamonds on the arches and crosses, £14,000. Total, £134,000. Notwithstanding this enormous mass of jewelry, the crown weighs only nineteen ounces ten pennyweights. It measures seven inches in height from the gold circle to the upper cross, and its diameter at the rim is five inches.



LLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856. $3,00 6 CEN

EW OF OUR PUBLISHING HOUSE.

We present on this page, from the pencil of Barry, an accurate view of the elegant new building we now occupy, at No. 22 Winter Street, and which we erected expressly to meet the present and future exigencies of our business. The location in the short street which connects Tremont and Washington Streets, the two great arteries of travel and trade, is surpassed by none in the city. The building is of brick, five stories in height (the fifth not visible from the street), and was built from the designs of R. Hall, Esq., the well-known architect of this city, by An Hanson, master carpenter, and D. H. Jacobs, of the firm of erts, Adams and Jacobs, master mason. The materials and manship are of the best. The ground occupied is 132 feet with 28 feet frontage. The basement story is occupied by furnace, steam-engine, etc., and by our twelve power pres These presses throw off weekly 103,000 copies of the Pictori

[Written for the True Flag.]

THE MARKS UPON THE WALL.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

In our rooms are costly pictures, statues fair and sweet of form,
Birds of sunny eastern islands, flowers bright and carpets warm,—
Sunshine melting through the azure of the curtains' breezy fold,
Till it lies upon the divans in a pile of gleaming gold.

And at night the jets of fire, from a thousand jeweled sprays,
Make the carved and pearly ceilings, with rare splendor all a-blaze,
Till the birds awake to music, and the flowers seem to blush
With the morning's rosy freshness and the sunset's deepened flush.

Learning dropt on silvered pages, music strewn on golden wires,
Gems on robes of silken brightness, all that taste and art desires,
Are around us, yet we turn, in tears, to the dearest art of all,
Where a baby hand, now cold and still, made marks upon the wall.

Oh, the fairy house he builded, with his pencil! and the glee!
When he shook his curls and pointed to his triumph—"Papa, see
The sweet house of little Charley, such as angels keep for him
When he goes where pretty starlings never, never will grow dim."

How we marvelled at the beauty of his baby speech, and said—
"God has made our child a poet—crowned his little kingly head
With the glory of the cherubs," and we never thought to wait
While *he* wandered out of sight, beyond the angel-guarded gate.

We have sought to bow in meekness---to the fatherless have given
The bright home, if not the worship, of the little one in Heaven;
Round us blessings fall like dew-drops, but we evermore recall
The wee hand, O God, so precious, that made marks upon the wall.

HYMN TO GOD.

BY C. D. STUART

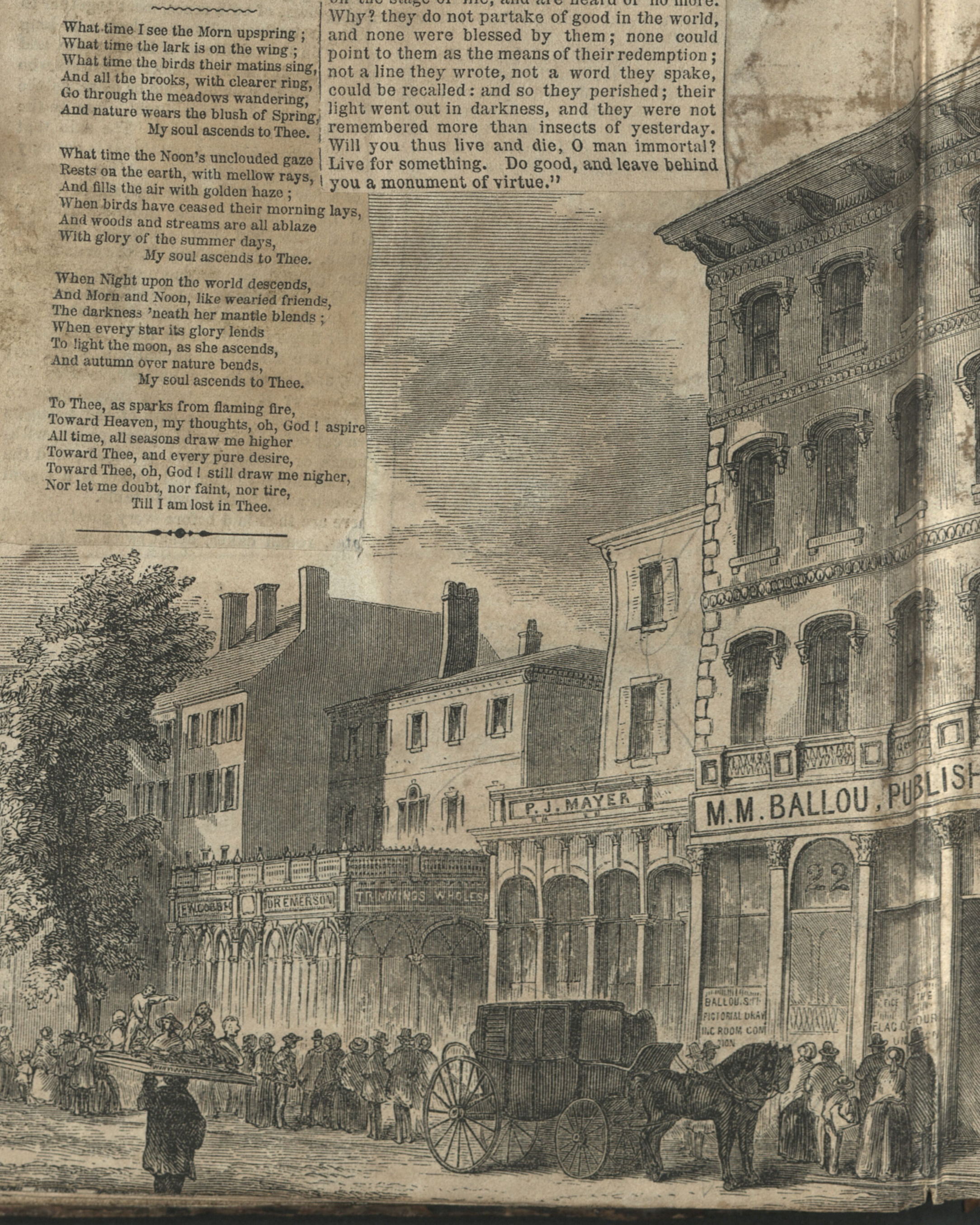
What time I see the Morn upspring;
What time the lark is on the wing;
What time the birds their matins sing,
And all the brooks, with clearer ring,
Go through the meadows wandering,
And nature wears the blush of Spring,
My soul ascends to Thee.

What time the Noon's unclouded gaze
Rests on the earth, with mellow rays,
And fills the air with golden haze;
When birds have ceased their morning lays,
And woods and streams are all ablaze
With glory of the summer days,
My soul ascends to Thee.

When Night upon the world descends,
And Morn and Noon, like wearied friends,
The darkness 'neath her mantle blends;
When every star its glory lends
To light the moon, as she ascends,
And autumn over nature bends,
My soul ascends to Thee.

To Thee, as sparks from flaming fire,
Toward Heaven, my thoughts, oh, God! aspire
All time, all seasons draw me higher
Toward Thee, and every pure desire,
Toward Thee, oh, God! still draw me nigher,
Nor let me doubt, nor faint, nor tire,
Till I am lost in Thee.

Live for Something.—"Thousands of men," says Chalmers, "breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? they do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spake, could be recalled: and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue."



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Texas is said to have increased in population during the last ten years at the rate of about four hundred per cent., a thing unprecedented at the South.

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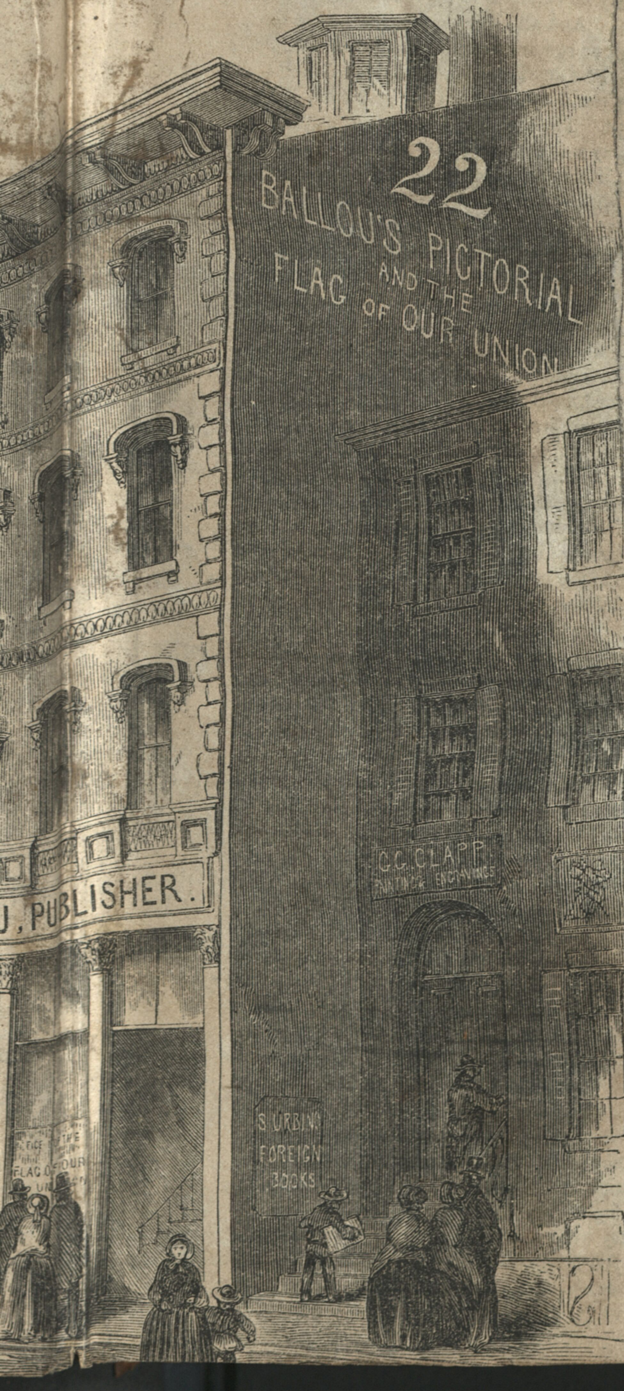
87,000 copies of the Flag, and 68,000 copies of the Dollar ly. The first floor is occupied as the counting-room, and sales-room. In the other stories are various branc nected with our business, artists and engravers' rooms, stor etc., while the upper part is used for our binding establi A number of rooms in the rear are occupied by the corps positors engaged on our various publications. It will thus that all the departments of our business are under one roo



After I had taken my seat one morning at Paddington in an empty carriage, I was joined, just as the train was moving off, by a strange-looking young man, with remarkable long flowing hair. He was, of course, a little hurried, but he seemed besides to be disturbed and wild, so that I was alarmed for fear of his not being right in his mind, nor did his subsequent conduct at all reassure me. Our train was an express, and he inquired eagerly, at once, which was the first station whereat we were advertised to stop. I consulted my Bradshaw, and furnished him with the desired information. It was Reading. The young man looked at his watch.

"Madam," said he, "I have but half an hour between me, and it may be, my ruin.—Excuse, therefore my abruptness. You have, I perceive, a pair of scissors, in your work-bag. Oblige me if you please, by cutting off my hair."

"Sir," said I, "it is impossible."

"Madam," he urged, and a look of severe determination crossed his features, "I am a desperate man. Beware how you refuse what I ask. Cut my hair off—short, close to the roots—immediately, and here is a newspaper, to hold the ambrosial curls."

I thought he was mad, of course: and believing it would be dangerous to thwart him, I cut off his hair to the last lock.

"Now, madam," said he, unlocking a small portmanteau, "you will further oblige me by looking out of the window, as I am about to change my clothes."

Of course, I looked out of the window, for a very considerable time, and when he observed, "Madam, I need no longer put you to any inconvenience," "I did not recognize the young man in the least. Instead of his former gay costume, he was attired in black, and wore a gray wig, and silver spectacles; he looked like a respectable divine of the Church of England about sixty years of age; to complete that character he had a volume of sermons in his hand, which—they appeared so to absorb him—might have been his

"I do not wish to threaten you, young lady," he resumed, "and I think, besides, that I can trust your kind face. Will you promise me not to reveal this metamorphosis till your journey's end?"

"I will," said I, "most certainly."

At Reading, the guard and a person in plain clothes looked into our carriage.

"You have tickets, my love," said the young man, blandly, and looked at me as though he were my father.

"Never mind, sir; we don't want them," said the official, as he withdrew with his companion.

"I shall now leave you, madam," observed my fellow-traveller, as soon as the coast was clear, "by your kind and courageous conduct you have saved my life and perhaps even your own."

In another minute he was gone, and the train was in motion. Not till the next morning did I learn from the Times newspaper that the gentleman on whom I had operated as hair-cutter, had committed a forgery of an enormous amount in London before I met him, and that he had been tracked into an express train from Paddington, but that—although the telegraph had been in motion and described him accurately—at Reading, when the train was searched, he was nowhere to be found.—[Dickens' House-

☞ A horrible occurrence took place recently at a place called Windham Settlement, in South Carolina. This place was resorted to for the purpose of drinking and negro trading at all times—the Sabbath day not even excepted—and a vigilance committee of seventy-five persons went there armed for the purpose of suppressing it. The other party were, however, armed, and a fight took place, killing two of the committee and wounding several others.

☞ The pupils of a school in Wisconsin were rehearsing a play, the other day, preparatory to the annual exhibition, and one of the boys, who had a part in it, was to fire a gun. In his haste he forgot to draw out the ramrod, fired, and the ramrod, after passing through a board petition, entered the back, near the spine, of Miss Marks, inflicting two serious wounds and causing paralysis of the lower extremities. It is feared she cannot survive.

☞ A singular and distressing accident occurred at Columbus, Ga., last week. A little girl some twelve years old, by the name of Georgiana Rowel, the daughter of a poor widow, in a playful mood was running from a sister, when she tripped and fell, and having in her hand an old clasp-knife, which had been worn to a point, it entered her neck, severing the jugular vein, causing her death almost instantaneously.

☞ The effects of having an unbridled tongue was experienced by one Mary Watson, in Newark, the other day. She stole two pair of shoes, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment, when she began abusing the court violently, and had 20 days added to the punishment. This rendered her still more violent, and another 20 days were added, making 70 in all!

☞ A lady 84 years of age, residing in Allentown, Pa., was alone in a room with several small children. Going to the stove to light her pipe, the fire was communicated to her clothing, and in an instant she was wrapped in a sheet of flame. Before assistance could be rendered, her body was burned to a crisp, and all her clothing burned from her body. She lived only a few hours.

☞ There is a lake 200 miles long, between Corpus Christi and Brazos Santiago, so salt that a skiff cannot proceed more than fifty miles from the latter place, before encountering large, solidified cakes extending clear across the passage. On the side of the mainland, crystalized salt is to be seen piled up in blocks, one upon another, and shining in the sun like glaciers. "What'll you lay it's a lie?"

☞ A little girl in Exeter, Jefferson county, N. Y., met with a horrible death last week. She was playing about a plaster mill, when her hair was caught by the shaft, her head drawn in and crushed, and her body whirled about the shaft, killing her instantly. The girl's father was killed in a precisely similar manner, about a year since in the same village.

☞ A Mrs. Burnes, of Philadelphia, who had been married only four months, heard recently that her husband had had an intrigue with another female before his marriage. The circumstances preyed so deeply upon her mind that she took a loaded revolver from a closet, and while the husband was out of the room, shot herself through the heart.

☞ A horrible affair occurred at St. Louis, last week. A man named John Sheian went home drunk, and had an encounter with his wife, in which she cut off a portion of his nose. Foiled and enraged, the whiskey-crazed wretch seized a hatchet, ran into the street, and mutilated his own person in a manner too shocking for description. He is now confined to his bed by his injuries.

☞ A clerk in a drug store in Cincinnati got a terrible fright last week. In making up a prescription for a young lady, he by mistake put strychnine in it, and discovering his error after she left, ran with all speed to the place of her residence, and reached the invalid chamber just as the mother was about to administer the draught to her child!

☞ Some of the public schools in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, would seem to be in a very flourishing condition: in one of them, in which are thirty-five scholars, nine of the boys habitually chew tobacco, and five of the girls are smokers. In that school neither geography nor grammar are taught.

☞ A German woman at Elizabeth, N. J., who has subsisted upon charity for several years, died recently. On examination into her effects, there was found among them $10,000 or $12,000 in excellent bonds and mortgages upon the best of property. Leaving no heirs, the money will revert to the city in which she lived.

☞ The growth of the west is most extraordinary. It is just twenty-five years since the extinction of the Indian title, and Iowa has, during that time, grown to a population of 600,000 free whites, being 200,000 more than Pennsylvania reached in 133 years, and her increase was considered remarkable.

☞ Mr. Paulson, the celebrated chess-player, has just accomplished a remarkable feat at Dubuque, Iowa. He played seven games of chess at the same time, against seven of the best players of that city, he being blindfolded. The games lasted three evenings, and resulted in the complete success of Paulson.

☞ The residents of the island of Malta annually celebrate the shipwreck of St. Paul on that island on the 6th of February. This was the nineteenth centenary. The celebration consists principally of fireworks and illuminations, which continue from the 6th to the 10th.

☞ A member of the Wisconsin Assembly, named Webb, has been arrested, charged with having feloniously altered and mutilated an appropriation bill. The alteration charged, made the amount $30 more than the Legislature appropriated.

☞ If names afford any indication of the propensities of their owners, there must be some regular fire-eaters in Cincinnati, for the following are said to be in the directory of that city:—Messrs. Gunn, Cannon, Pistol, Fusee, Shutes, Bullit, Shott, Musket, and R. Tillory.

☞ Judge McKeon, of Binghamton, granted a divorce last week to a Mrs. Mors, and ordered the payment of $3 per week alimony, on the ground that her husband had deserted her, and gone to the west. The case has, very naturally, excited a great deal of interest.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Halpine, of Boston, has been committed to jail there, for stealing 185 books from the office of Cyrus Stone, Cornhill. It appears that he is the victim of hereditary insanity, and he is to be sent to the Insane Asylum.

☞ At Bainbridge, Ga., last week, one Francisco Cloud, a justice of the peace, discharged a double-barrelled gun at J. J. Hayden, lodging, we are informed, about fifty shots in his back, and wounding him, it is supposed, mortally. They were both intoxicated.

☞ A persevering pedestrian arrived at Houston, Texas, recently. He had travelled on foot from Montreal, Canada, to Houston, Texas, a distance of perhaps 2,500 miles, keeping most of the time on the banks of the rivers.

☞ An extraordinary specimen of the genus homo is now on a visit at Norfolk, Va. He is a negro, 22 years old, weigh 210 pounds, and stands nearly seven feet high.

For the Christian Inquirer.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY E. M. CHENEY.

At eve, on her couch a fair child lay,
Of years scarcely half a score,
And watched the silvery moonbeams play
On the wall and on the floor;
And felt on her brow the gentle breeze
Rich with the scent of the lilac trees,
Syringa, and daffodil,
The trailing shoots of the green woodbine,
The honeysuckle, and sweet-briar vine
That climbed o'er the windo-wsill.

And holy thoughts in her heart sprung up
Of innocence, love, and truth;
For like the dew in the blue-bell's cup
Is the guileless heart of youth.
And the pure gleam of the pale moonlight,
And whispered tones of the stilly night,
Combined, with a magic spell,
With dreamy visions of happier lands,
Of the living loved with angel bands,
Ere sleep on her eyelids fell.

The perfumed breezes still fanned her brow,
And still fell the moon's bright beams;
But sunk to slumber, her spirit now
Strayed off to the land of dreams,
Where forms of earth in a fairer guise
Pass gaily before the dreamer's eyes,
Bedecked with a purer light;
And thoughts embodied in forms ideal,
And waking hopes, seeming sweet and real,
Arise to the spirit's sight.

Her hand was held by a form of light,
That gently her footsteps led
O'er fields where flowers like jewels bright
A living radiance shed;
And all around her were forms as fair,
Who whispered sweet welcomes in her ear,
And smiled on the child with love,
As she gazed in rapturous joy around,
At the living flowers that clothed the ground
And the spangled heavens above.

Then thus the beauteous spirit spoke,
In a voice so calm and sweet,
Her inmost soul to the music woke,
And her heart half ceased to beat:
'My child! behold in this glorious land
We peacefully dwell, a happy band,
Nor sorrow, nor sin comes near;
As sisters, bound in the joyful ties
Of kindred pleasures and sympathies,
We know nor trouble nor fear.

'And thou may'st know in thy earthly lot
A happiness as divine,
'Neath the low roof of thy humble cot,
And thy own sweetbriar vine.
Obey this rule which thy Saviour gave,
And it thy young heart from grief shall save,
As thou to his name art true;
Its power shall make thee pure and good:
Do ye to others as ye would
That others should do to you.'"

Mr. Nute's House Robbed.—We are in the receipt of authentic information in regard to the recent outrages in Kansas, from persons of high character who were witnesses to the terrible scenes enacted at Lawrence. In order to bring the facts vividly before the reader's mind, we will state an individual case, where the party whose home has been invaded is widely known, and as widely esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Nute, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Lawrence, has information from the agent of the American Unitarian Association, who is superintending the erection of the Church for Mr. Nute's Society, that in the pillage of Lawrence, the mob broke into his house and took whatever they pleased.

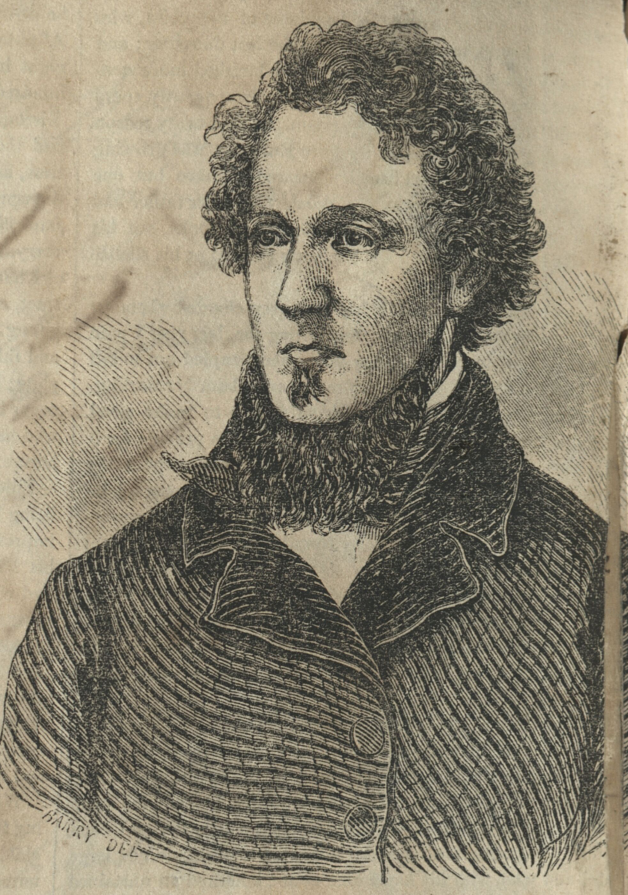
Mr. Nute packed his household articles, books, clothing, etc., in trunks and boxes before leaving Lawrence for his Eastern tour, and placed his premises in charge of a person in whom he had confidence. The mob broke open the trunks and boxes, stole the clothing, and whatever else they wanted, and committed other outrages on his property. The night after these disgraceful proceedings his horse was stolen. A friend who knew the animal, and who was an officer of the Congressional Commission, found the horse the next day among the band of border ruffains, and went in person to Mr. Atchison to obtain his influence to have the horse restored. Atchison refused this request, and *justified the act* of stealing. The next night the horse of the agent of the Unitarian Association was stolen.—*Boston Transcript.*

A clergyman in New-Hampshire, last week, according to the Congressional Journal, "exchanged," and apologizing because he was very poorly prepared to speak, said he had hastily *thrown a few thoughts together*, to which he invited their attention. He then pronounced a sermon which was composed and published by the late Dr. Woods, of Andover.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS, ESQ.

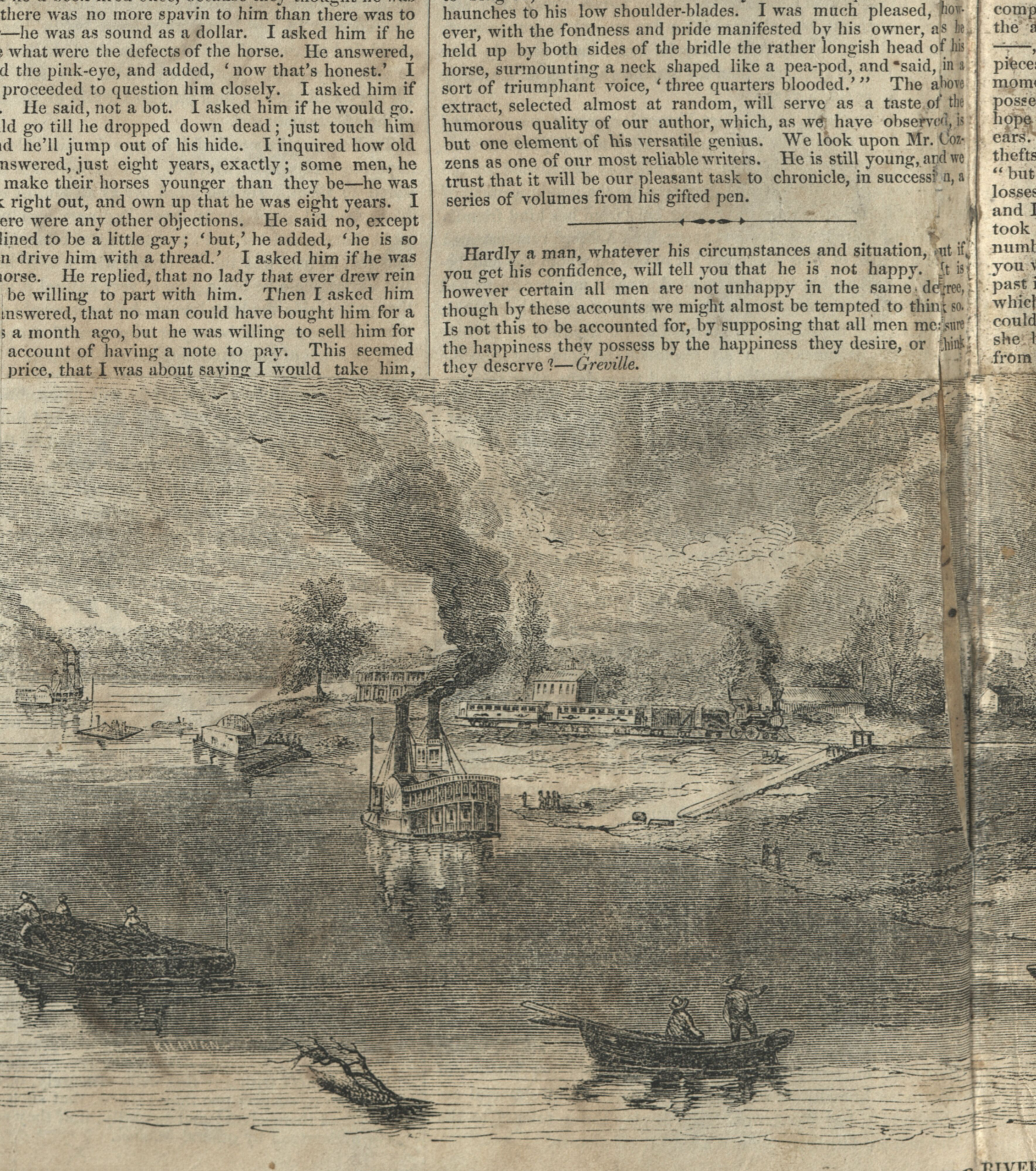
The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for us by Barry, from a painting by Elliott, and is the portrait of a gentleman who has won an enviable position as a humorous writer, and whose name alone is suggestive of a thousand pleasant reminiscences. To be named as the "author of the Sparrowgrass Papers," would insure a warm reception from almost any circle within these broad United States; for both in its serial and book form, that happy compound of genial humor, acute observation and good-humored satire, cemented by eloquence, and even pathos, has penetrated every nook and corner of Uncle Sam's territory, disarming criticism, and provoking Homeric laughter in its triumphant progress. Mr. Cozzens hails from New York, and is one of the many men who have demonstrated the possibility of uniting commercial with literary pursuits. He is at once a man of business, a wit, a poet and humorist. Like many other literary New Yorkers, he has made his home on the banks of the classic Hudson; and it is from actual experience that he has presented us with the comic phases of a country life—those phases which develop themselves with peculiar richness to the man of the city when he becomes smitten with the love of green fields, and exhibits a corresponding verdancy in his first experiments of rural life; when he finds that urban sharpness is no match for the sharpness of rustics, and that Arcadian simplicity does not bear entire and controlling sway in the "rural districts." In his sparkling journal, the "Wine Press," Mr. Cozzens had given many proofs of his genius, his sparkling wit, his playful fancy and his quaint lore before becoming a contributor to Putnam's Magazine, in which he made a reputation by the "Sparrowgrass Papers," that will prove enduring. There is the greatest variety in these papers. Humor enters largely into the fabric, but there are the golden threads of poesy, and sentiment, and pathos, intimately blended and interwoven with the whole. The story of the "New Godiva" is a specimen of some of the higher-toned episodes in the book. But above all, the truthfulness of all its pictures of life is particularly praiseworthy. What amateur that has ever dealt in horses, does not acknowledge that the following sketch of the horse-trading portion of humanity is to the life?

"I have bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manege* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very abundant soon after my consultation with the stage proprietor upon the topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horse. He told me, if his horse had a blemish, he wouldn't wait to be asked about it, he would tell it right out; and if a man didn't want him then, he needn't take him. He also proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the animal was returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he'd been fired once, because *they thought* he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than there was to a fresh laid egg—he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, 'now that's honest.' I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not a bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly; some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be—he was willing to speak right out, and own up that he was eight years. I asked him if there were any other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; 'but,' he added, 'he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thread.' I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied, that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him nswered, that no man could have bought him for a s a month ago, but he was willing to sell him for account of having a note to pay. This seemed price, that I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered, that I had better *see the horse first.* I confess I was a little afraid of losing my bargain by it, but out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. 'No man,' he added, '*ought to buy a horse unless he saw him.*' When the horse came down, *it struck me that*, whatever his qualities were, his personal appearance was against him. One of his forelegs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle; and the remaining three legs, about the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brag of; and his back had a very hollow sweep from his high haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness and pride manifested by his owner, as he held up by both sides of the bridle the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like a pea-pod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, 'three quarters blooded.'" The above extract, selected almost at random, will serve as a taste of the humorous quality of our author, which, as we have observed, is but one element of his versatile genius. We look upon Mr. Cozzens as one of our most reliable writers. He is still young, and we trust that it will be our pleasant task to chronicle, in succession, a series of volumes from his gifted pen.



FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

Hardly a man, whatever his circumstances and situation, but if you get his confidence, will tell you that he is not happy. It is however certain all men are not unhappy in the same degree, though by these accounts we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for, by supposing that all men measure the happiness they possess by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve?—*Greville.*



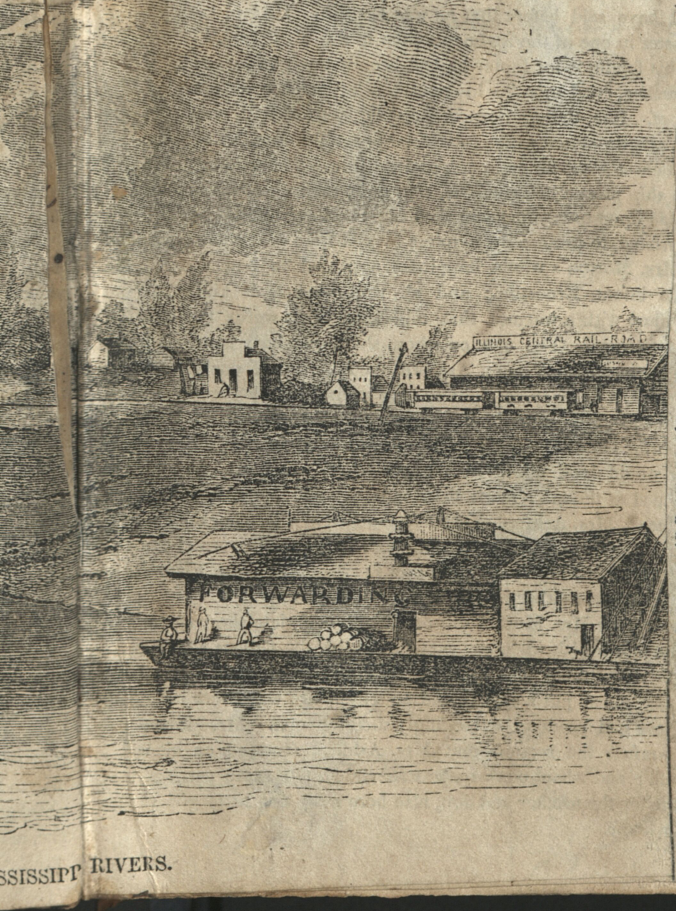
VIEW OF CAIRO, JUNCTION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPP RIVER

THE CITY OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

The city of Cairo, Illinois, of which we herewith present an accurate view, drawn recently for us by Mr. Kilburn, is situated at the mouth of the Ohio River, and at the junction of that stream with the Mississippi. This is a place much sought after by travellers on the river—more from the celebrity of what it was to be, than what it is at the present time. Great disappointment will, therefore, be felt in taking the first view of Cairo, and learning that it has a population of less than two hundred souls. The levee or bank in front of the town is several miles long, and artificial, and is said to have cost a million of dollars. The Rothschilds, the celebrated bankers, were deeply interested in the success of this place. There is no question but this is a most admirable site for a large city, being in the centre of the great Mississippi valley, about a thousand miles from Pittsburg, at the head of the Ohio, and the same distance from New Orleans and the Falls of St. Anthony. The great obstacles that hinder the growth of Cairo are the extreme lowness of the ground, and the consequent unhealthiness of the place. It is greatly in danger of being overflowed, the Ohio having been known to rise sixty feet. It is the southern terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, the depot of which is seen in our picture. The state of the water was moderate at the time of our sketch; at high water it rises to the top of the levee or bank.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

For some time past, Mr. Isaacs, a dealer in dry goods, on the corner of John and Nassau Streets, New York, has been annoyed at intervals by the disappearance from his establishment of pieces of costly ribbons, silks, satins, velvets, and other rich goods. A few days since, one of his customers—a lady "of the highest respectability," residing in Jersey City—called in her carriage, accompanied by a little girl, and, after making a number of purchases from one of the clerks, was on the point of leaving, when another lady, who was in the store at the time, informed Mr. Isaacs, who was busy in another part of the store, that she had seen the Jersey City lady purloin and secrete three pieces of costly ribbon. A short time previous to this, Mr. Isaacs had discharged an employee for accusing this same lady of theft, and he was consequently considerably startled at this new charge against her. He was still doubtful, however, and addressing his informant, he said: "You must be mistaken. It cannot be possible that Mrs. —— would descend to so low a crime as theft! Why, she belongs to one of the first families in Jersey City!"—"I can't help that," said the *informant*, "I saw her secrete the ribbon."—"Will you accuse *her to her face*?" asked Mr. Isaacs. "Certainly; I am never ashamed of the truth." Approaching the Jersey City lady just as she was about entering her carriage, Mr. I. touched her upon her shoulder, and requested her to step back into the store for a moment. She unhesitatingly complied with his request, and when they reached the spot where the accuser stood, Mr. I. said, addressing his customer, "Mrs ——, this lady accuses you of having purloined and secreted thre pieces of that costly ribbon at which you were looking." For a moment the lady seemed startled, but instantly regaining her self possession, she replied, "Well, Mr. Isaacs, I *did* steal them, but hope you will not expose me." Isaacs could scarcely believe hi ears. He then accused her of having committed numerous forme thefts of a like character. "I have," said she, bursting into tears "but don't expose me, and you shall be compensated for you losses. The desire to steal has become a monomania with me and I cannot help it." Then, placing her hands behind her, sh took from the opening of her dress the ribbon, together with number of other articles, saying, "Here is your property, and you will say nothing about it, I will pay you $1000 to cover m past indebtedness." Mr. Isaacs told her he only wanted the good which she had stolen. These she agreed to restore as far as sh could do so, and accompanying her to her home in Jersey City she brought forth goods to the amount of $700, which she ha from time to time stolen from him.—*New York Despatch.*



SSISSIPP RIVERS.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—Lord Ellesmere, in a speech in the House of Lords recently, made the following remarks upon Florence Nightingale:

"The vegetation of two successive springs has obscured the vestiges of Balaklava and Inkerman. Strong voices now answer to the roll-call, and sturdy forms now cluster round the colors. The ranks are full, the hospitals are empty. The angel of mercy still lingers to the last on the scene of her labors, (hear, hear,) but her mission is all but accomplished. These long arcades of Scutari, in which dying men sat up to catch the sound of her footsteps or the flutter of her dress, and fell back on the pillow, content to have seen her shadow as it passed, are now comparatively deserted. She may probably be thinking how to escape, as best she may, on her return, the demonstrations of a nation's appreciation of the deeds and motives of Florence Nightingale."

THE FOURTH GENERATION.—Among the speakers at the indignation meeting in Quincy, young John Quincy Adams, the eldest son of Charles Francis Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams, and great grandson of John Adams, made an eloquent speech in behalf of the rights of Freedom. It is a gratifying fact to record in these columns that we have not yet seen "the last of the Adamses." It is a glorious name, and we hope it will ever be a prominent one wherever the liberty of man is assailed.—*Boston Transcript.*

GERMAN HEALTH.—The Germans are seldom affected with consumption. The reason of this is said to be that their lungs acquire strength by exercise, in vocal music, which constitutes an essential part of their education.

To this is also to be added much muscular exercise and frequency in the open air. It is a sort of religious duty with the German to spend a portion of his time in the gymnasium. The volume and strength of his lung is attributable quite as much to his muscular as vocal exercise. Whoever has large and strong lungs need never fear consumption, whether he be German or not. There is much, however, to be learned from the Germans in a physical point of view. They are a social, unselfish, jolly race, and yet are substantial and thoughtful.

☞ A man entered the boarding-house a Mrs. Batchelder, in Boston, a few days since, but as seen by a lady in the house, who suspected that he was thief, and gave information. A gentleman boarder under-ok to make a search, and, seizing a lamp, proceeded boldly stairs. In one of the chambers he had kneeled down, d was on the point of taking a look under the bed, when was saluted with a vessel and its contents, thrown with ch force and accurate aim that the man neither saw nor membered anything more until he was conveyed to his own om, and hydropathic remedies applied. The thief, taking dvantage of the effects of the *camouflet* he had fired, escaped om the house without being recognised.

☞ We see noticed a recent contrivance in rance, to economise fuel, an article which is enormously ear in Paris and other French towns. It consists of a mere ipe of thick sheet iron, into which logs of wood are thrown, nd beneath which the fire is lighted. After warming the oom during the day, the logs are withdrawn as charcoal, nd will sell for double their original cost as wood. This is ut a modification of the American air-tight stove, about which an old woman declared that in the morning she put hree cents worth of wood into it, which kept her room warm ll day and night, and that next morning she had six-pence worth of charcoal to sell.

☞ A youthful "grass widow," of Louisville, whose domestic troubles occasioned a separation last year from her liege lord, has recently been investing a young gentlemen of that city with striking cuts (from a cowhide) illustrative of her feelings, the cowhidee having spoken disrespectfully of her. After a few blows, he was disposed to retreat, but the lady protested against this, stating that no gentleman would back out under such circumstances. He protested his innocence of the charge, and took the flogging with the meekness of a lamb.

☞ A distressing case of hydrophobia occurred, last week, in Chester co., Pa. A Miss Witman was bitten by a dog belonging to her father about nine weeks ago. The animal exhibited no symptoms of madness at the time, but he was tied up, and during the night he strangled himself with a rope by which he was secured. Two physicians of the neighborhood examined the dog and pronounced him not mad. Notwithstanding this positive opinion, however, a few days afterwards the young lady was taken ill, and afterwards was seized with violent convulsions, and died in the greatest agony.

☞ A young lady in Chardon, who has just received a large healing plaster for her broken heart, in the shape of a verdict of $10,000 damages against the gay deceiver. It was proved that the "courtin" began when she was "sweet seventeen;" that it continued regularly for fourteen years, interspersed with three several appointments of the happy day and the usual country preparations for such an event, such as white dresses, new bonnets, quilts, dried apples and embroidered *chemises.* He then went to New York, and returned with a wife!

☞ A young girl from New Hampshire, only 17 years old, was afflicted with a nasal inflammation, and being treated by a quack doctor, had her nose abbreviated to such an extent that it presented the appearance of a repulsive deformity She subsequently consulted a surgeon of Boston, and has now a porcelain counterfeit nose that looks so much like real flesh and blood that but few persons, and those of the most inquisitive kind, will ever discover whether nature or science has provided her with a graceful and well-proportioned proboscis.

☞ A most cruel and deliberate murder was committed in New Orleans, a short time since. An old gentleman named Fix quarrelled with another named Collins. They had a fist fight, but were separated. Collins then went to his house, returned with a double-barrelled gun, and, coming up to the old, grey-haired man, placed the muzzle within a few feet of his head and fired. The load literally tore off one side of his face, and scattered portions of his skull and brains over the street. The murderer was arrested.

WITH EDITORIAL SPRINKLINGS

☞ The loss of the steamship Louisiana by fire, in the Bay of Galveston, Texas, is fully confirmed. She had just started for New Orleans with a full freight and a large number of passengers, many of whom perished. Col. Bainbridge, of the U. S. army, was of the lost—a brave and gallant officer, who had served long and arduonsly in the army. He leaves a widow in Springfield, Mass., one of four sisters, who all married officers in the army, one of whom (Captain James Barnes, of Springfield) left the service many years ago for the railroad business, and the other three are now dead. The present wife of Dr. Chaffee, the representative in Congress of the Springfield district, is one of these ladies.

☞ Mr. McGrath, a workman in the lunatic asylum, Worcester, Mass., recently went into one of the galleries frequented by patients, having his hammer and saw with him. One of the inmates, named James Gibson, seized the opportunity, as McGrath laid down the hammer, to snatch it and bury it in his skull. Another blow was repeated before the homicide could be arrested. The blows were fearful, one breaking in the table of the brain over the temple, and the other over the eye, and both tearing through the dura mater, so that pieces of the skull bone were picked out of the brain. McGrath could not be removed to his home, but receives every attention that medical skill can suggest in the wards of the hospital. He can hardly survive.

☞ We have the particulars of a probable murder in Starkboro', Vt. The affair was the result of an affray between two farmers, named Norton and Briggs. The original cause of their disagreement was a real or supposed injury received by Briggs, by reason of a fire kindled by Norton on his own land, which had run over a portion of Briggs's. All efforts to settle the consequent trouble proved unavailing, when Briggs proceeded to Norton's house and called him up, he having retired for the night. Norton came to the door, and, as he did so, Briggs passed one arm around him and commenced stabbing him in the abdomen, face, and various parts of his body. He left his victim in a dying condition, but was arrested, and is now in Middlebury jail.

☞ The Ogdensburgh (St. Lawrence co) Sentinel says that on Monday morning of last week, the village of Brasher Iron Works in that county, containing a thrifty and busy population, was destroyed. Before night, the whole village, the foundry, machine shops, saw mills, and every dwelling place, with the exception of six, were swept off as with the besom of destruction. A fire that had previously raged in the woods was driven by a wind from a point or two south of west, like a hail storm, upon the doomed village. In one hour, forty-three buildings and from $75,000 to $100,000 worth of property were reduced to ashes, and forty families made homeless and houseless, without food or clothing, and without the means of employment.

☞ The Cincinnati Gazette says: "Christopher Noble clung on the rear portion of a car on the Great Western railroad, last Tuesday, in such a manner as to be concealed from sight, and, while the train was going at full speed, let go his hold and got off, intending to proceed to his house close by. The consequence may be anticipated. He fell on his head: the momentum of the train then threw him up seven feet in the air, and on reaching the ground he was thrown up a second time; the body was then hurled a distance of forty-one feet from the spot where he first fell, and he was picked up dead."

☞ One of the present inmates of the Suffolk county (Mass.) jail is David Morrill, who as long ago as November, 1855, was convicted of the murder of his wife by shooting her with a pistol, from motives of jealousy, soon after his return from California. The Supreme Court was at one time ready to try the case, but consented to a postponement, in order to allow testimony to be procured from California of the insanity of the accused, and since that time it has not been again brought up. Merrill, though exhibiting no present sign of insanity, professes to have no remembrance of the occurrences which ended in the death of his wife.

☞ A young girl named Mooney, aged fifteen years, was burned to death near Cleveland, Ohio, last week. While laboring under a fit of insanity, she left her home without being observed, and did not return. Nothing was seen or heard of her till the next morning, when a young man who went into the fields of his father's farm to see to some brush heaps which had been burning during the night, discovered some portions of torn and half-burnt clothing near the fires. On looking up he saw the dead body of the girl half burnt up, and presenting a most horrible sight.

☞ A large rattlesnake, having nine rattles, was killed recently, by Mrs. Margaret Powell, residing on the road between Blackwoodtown and New Brooklyn, Camden co., N. J. It was endeavoring to effect an entrance into the house, and had already intruded one-half its body, when it was dispatched by the lady. On the same day, and near the residence of Mrs. Powell, three rattlesnakes, one having thirteen rattles, were killed by a boy named William Cheeseman.

☞ The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror says that an eight-week old calf is now on exhibition in that city, which weighs 330 lbs.! It is of the Dudley breed of Pembroke, and belongs to Mr. Head, of Hooksett. It is of a bright bay color, without a white hair on it, well proportioned, strong, lively, and handsome. It is quite intelligent, steps into a box to be weighed, and seems fond of company. Crowds call to see it, some coming long distances.

☞ Edward W. Hawkins, who was hanged at Irving, Ky., on the 20th ult., wrote a letter on the day of his execution to the editors of the Louisville Democrat, acknowledging that he had murdered four persons and married six wives—one of whom committed suicide on discovering the character of her husband. This atrocious villain was not quite 21 years of age at the time he was hanged.

☞ A few days ago, before the Mayor's Court at Wilminnton, Del., the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company was tried on five charges—one for running the train of cars more rapidly through the city than is permitted by the ordinances, and four for not having the train preceded by a man as a "look-out." It was convicted, and fined $100 for the first-named offence, and $30 and costs for each of the latter.

☞ Wm. Wilson, residing just above Mine Hill Gap, Pa., was shot on Monday evening last by his son. It appears that Wilson was too apt to indulge in the cowardly and inhuman business of "wife-beating," and while doing so, on Monday last, his son, who could not stand and witness such a brutal attack upon his mother without avenging her wrongs, took hold of a pistol and shot his own father, whose recovery is doubtful.

☞ James H. Aiken, of Troy, N. Y., wanted to get married. Catharine Maria Roberts, a lass of 14, attending school at Troy, was the "other party," and she was agreeable. Accordingly, James ran off with Catharine Maria, and they were married at Petersburgh. They then proceeded to Grafton to spend the evening, but a grim officer was on their track, and James was speedily arrested for abduction, and lodged in jail at Troy. "The course of true love," &c.

☞ Probably the greatest leap on record was made at Helena shot-tower, Wis., some time ago. A horse 12 years old jumped from the bank over a perpendicular precipice of *one hundred and eighty feet* into the river below, and came out safe and sound, after swimming nearly half a mile to a suitable landing-place. The water at the point where the leap was made was from twenty to twenty-five feet deep.

[Written for the True Flag.]

A THREAD FROM LIFE'S WO

BY JERVIS NORWOOD CARTER.

The wind howled through the broken pane
And through the unbarred door,
And heavily the sleet and rain
Beat on the streaming floor;
Yet there alone, unrecked, there lay
One, watching life ebb slow away.

Oh, but her face was strangely fair,
And whitely gleamed the brow
Through the parting of the raven hair
That lingered on its snow;
Oh, but those locks were damp with death
And icy cold the brow beneath!

The brow so damp, but to the tongue,
The restless, burning, fevered eye,
No moistening drop, no tear there sprung
To soothe that scorching agony;
She strove to sleep, but maddening pain
To torture called her back again.

Dying, alone, so young—so fair—
No lip to cheer, no hand to save,
But three, all horrible, stood there
To urge her onward to the grave.
How were they named, those fearful three
Stern Want, and Care, and Infamy.

There was a mark set on her brow,
A shadow on her name,
And the pure and cold shrank even now
From the child of guilt and shame.
So scorned they in the bye-gone time,
When bowed with grief and young in crime

None, none on earth to aid her then,
The lost one loved and scorned;
No voice to cheer and counsel when
From shame she would have turned,
And who was guiltier, she or they,
High Heaven will judge—man may not say

TO THE QUEEN'S HEALTH.

I.

I drink—I dare not say to whom!
A Queen!—not England's Queen, but mine!
I drink to one whose pure young lips
Are richer than the wine!

II.

Unto her hazel eyes I drink,
And to her nut-brown hair,
And to the cheeks that wear
The sea-shell's faintest pink!

III.

I would that I might breathe her name,
My humble song would grow divine,
Even as these molten rubies turn,
When spilt for her, to holy wine!

☞The Secretary of the Treasury has, on appeal, decided that shaved shingles, being manufactured by other process than hewing and sawing, are not embraced in timber and lumber, admitted free under the reciprocity treaty with Great Britain, but subject to a duty of 20 per centum. He has also decided that walnuts and limes in salt and water, are each chargeable 15 per centum.

☞The great Cook legacy has been actually received at Brandon, Vt., and $80,000 has been paid to the heirs in that town and vicinity.

☞John Brown of Foster, R. I., dug over a small spot of earth in his field, and took therefrom twenty-three black snakes that measured ninety-three feet.

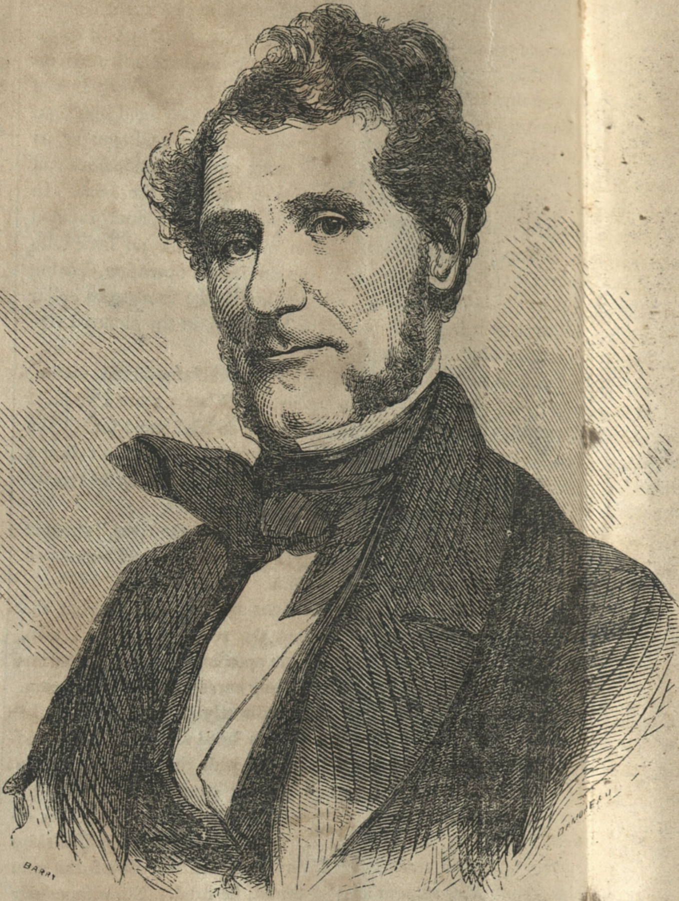
☞The New York Express states that the Collins steamers Atlantic and Baltic were sold to the California and European Steamship Company for $800,000, of which $200,000 is to be paid in cash.

☞Private advices from Savannah indicate that the yellow fever in that city assumes a more serious type than is admitted by the press.

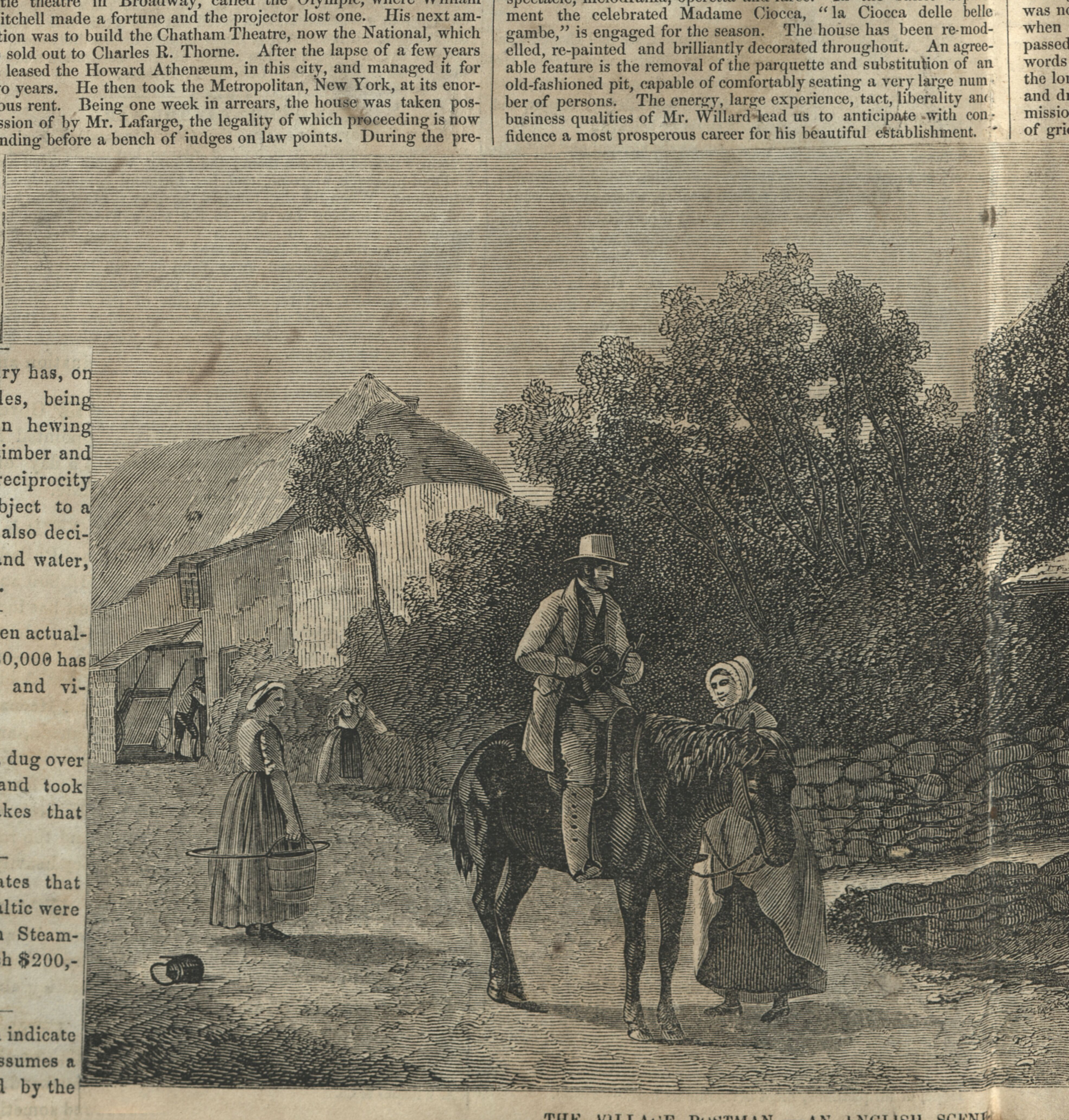
HENRY WILLARD, ESQ.,

LESSEE AND MANAGER OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, and is a striking likeness of the energetic and enterprising manager of our National Theatre. Mr. Willard is a son of the late Dr. Moses Willard of Harvard, Mass., a gentleman of great respectability, and a patriot of the Revolutionary War. The subject of our sketch was destined for mercantile life, and at an early age was placed in a counting-house, in which he rose from a sweeping-boy to confidential clerk, in which capacity he served long and faithfully, and a brilliant future apparently opened before him. A disastrous revolution in mercantile affairs, however, brought on the failure of the house to which he was attached, and diverted his energies into another channel. In 1828 he became associated with the late J. J. Adams as theatrical manager and lessee, Mr. Adams then having charge of the southern theatres. In 1828 and 1829 Mr. Willard introduced for the first time to the Charleston, S. C. public, Miss Kelly, Clara Fisher, Mrs. Barnes, Booth, Cooper, Hamblin, Conway, and other theatrical stars of magnitude. In 1830 he was the lessee of the Richmond Theatre, and James H. Caldwell, while playing a star engagement with him, was so much pleased with his energy and tact, that he induced him to accept the situation of prompter at the St Charles, New Orleans (Caldwell's theatre), and also engaged the whole of Mr. Willard's company, who were accordingly transferred to the stage of the crescent city. There was a boy attached to the Richmond company whom Mr. Willard advised to return to his home in New York because he exhibited no talent for the stage. The advice was adopted, and the individual, now grown to man's estate, has reason to be grateful to Mr. Willard, for he is now mayor of the city of New York. Mr. Willard remained one season at Caldwell's Theatre, and then, removing to New York, was engaged as prompter to the Richmond-Hill Theatre, then building for Mr. Richard Russell. In 1833 Mr. Hamblin sent for him and gave him the en-ire control of the treasury of the Bowery Theatre. He emained at the Bowery until 1836, when he leased the hen Opera House in New York, and fitted it up in plendid style, making it the best house in the city. At his time he brought out in the ship Europe, James Wal-ack, Jr., William Mitchell and wife, Charles Howard nd Bengough, the great scenic artist. The theatre pened in August, and for the first twenty-six weeks the eceipts amounted to $96,000—the largest amount of money taken y any theatre in this country during the same period of time. he property being sold by the stockholders to Messrs. Mauran nd Hackett, was leased by them the following season to James Vallack, Esq. Mr. Willard's next step was building the elegant tle theatre in Broadway, called the Olympic, where William itchell made a fortune and the projector lost one. His next amtion was to build the Chatham Theatre, now the National, which sold out to Charles R. Thorne. After the lapse of a few years leased the Howard Athenæum, in this city, and managed it for o years. He then took the Metropolitan, New York, at its enorous rent. Being one week in arrears, the house was taken possion of by Mr. Lafarge, the legality of which proceeding is now nding before a bench of judges on law points. During the present year Mr. Willard leased the National Theatre in this city, which he opened on the second Monday in September with a fine company, under the stage management of Mr. Henry Wallack. The *corps dramatique* embraces a variety of talent, adequate to the representation of the whole range of the drama, tragedy, comedy, spectacle, melodrama, operetta and farce. In the ballet department the celebrated Madame Ciocca, "la Ciocca delle belle gambe," is engaged for the season. The house has been re-modelled, re-painted and brilliantly decorated throughout. An agreeable feature is the removal of the parquette and substitution of an old-fashioned pit, capable of comfortably seating a very large number of persons. The energy, large experience, tact, liberality and business qualities of Mr. Willard lead us to anticipate with confidence a most prosperous career for his beautiful establishment.



HENRY WILLARD.



THE VILLAGE POSTMAN.—AN ENGLISH SCENE

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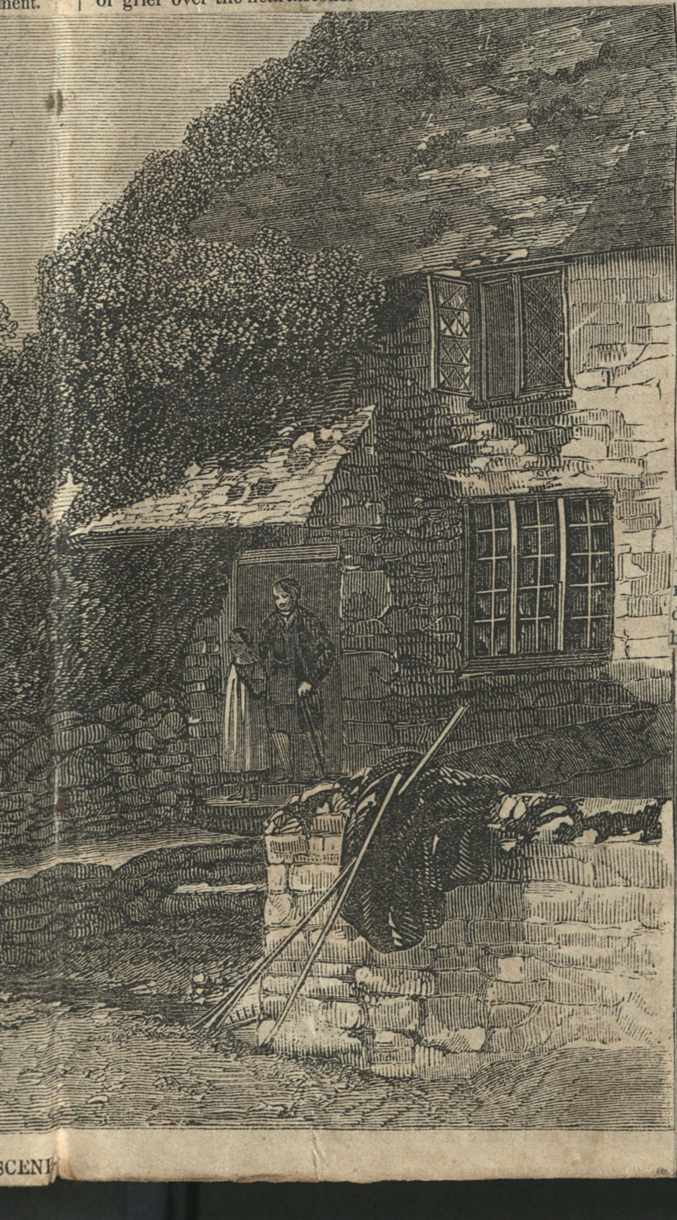
THE PENNY POSTMAN.

The accompanying picture is unmistakably English in the atmosphere, the buildings and the people. The central figure, the penny postman, has arrived at the dignity of a pony, more fortunate than most of his brethren who perform their rounds on foot. The milkmaid pauses to glance at him curiously as he sits in his saddle, taking forth a letter for the good dame who has come out from the moss-grown cottage, at the door of which her husband shows himself resting on the shoulder of a grandchild. In his left hand the Mercury of the post-office holds the horn whose notes give token of his approach. There is no one better known in his district than the village postman. "A stranger to those parts" knows him as they pass each other on the road to be a man of important charge, although his coat be of fustian and his leggings of leather, cut in the most yokel fashion. His gaudier fellows of the cities do their spiriting unnoticed and unknown to any one but the lacqueys and servant-maids who open the door, and wish them now and then at the centre of gravity. Not so the village postman. Every one has a cheery "good day" for him and he has for every one. He is as well known and welcomed at the hall as he is at the cottage, and the mug of home-brewed is never denied to the postman. It is quite as well to be on good terms with him, for no one knows more of what is going on in the village than he does. Do you think if pretty Miss Fanny at the manor house receives six days a week a letter directed in a bold, manly hand, the envelope not "adhesive," but properly sealed with a mild-looking griffin as a crest, that he is not aware she has a lover? To be sure she has, or why does she sit every morning in the old bay-window which commands the path leading from the high-road; and, though affecting to be embroidering a pair of slippers for nobody knows who, never takes a stitch but her pretty hazel eyes look for the advent of the postman? Or, if poor Susan stands at the cottage door each morning as he passes, and still looks after him with glistening eyes if he has shaken his head in token of having no letter for her, or, what is better, if she has run down to the garden gate, with her face one smile, to receive a packet on which her name is rudely scrawled, and sealed with a patch of wax as large as half a crown, impressed with a pair of scissors open to indicate "We part to meet again," do you think he does not know that Tom Brown, who was apprenticed to Jackson, the village butcher, is still faithful to his early love, despite the smart caps and pretty faces of the London servants? Or it Mr. Pauperton, the genteel nobody who came to settle in the village last autumn, has many letters with only gum or wafers to fasten them, and the superscription engrossed to look as severe as possible, do you think that he does not know that Mr. Pauperton is in the toils of the lawyers and will very soon be devoured? During the past two years of war the English postman's task was not always a pleasant one. How many hearts beat quicker when he came! How many paused in their throbbing when he passed by! The well-known hand brought joy before the writer's words were heard or read. The strange, unknown character on the long-expected letter told the story within that all was over, and dreadful war had slain the loved one. The postman's commission often made him the bearer of tidings that threw the pall of grief over the hearthstone.



SCENI

AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION.

While it is unquestionably true that the Italian States are ripe for a rebellion against the existing priestly government, with the Pope at its head, it should be remembered that this deeply rooted anti-Papist feeling does not imply the reception of Protestant doctrines, although it may favor their propagation. The subject is thus treated in a letter from Italy, which we find in the Edinburgh *News of the Churches.*

"And perhaps it may be as well to notice one point which some of our friends in England do not sufficiently consider. Abuse the Pope and the priests, and you will have as large an audience in Italy as you can desire. Tell the people that they have been deceived by an usurping priesthood, that their personal liberties have been interfered with, and that the whole papal system is a lie, and they will hear you readily enough. But tell them of a great salvation for men who are dead in sin, of the need of repentance from dead works, and faith in Christ, and your audience will diminish.

"The Vaudois clergy in general are too cold for the fervent Italians. Their cold Alpine valleys have not developed a warm imagination; their preaching is not so much an attack on the Papacy as a declaration of the truth; they are not sufficiently radical and leveling. Let them enter the field against a society of Italian converts from the Papacy, and the latter are almost certain to leave them far behind; and because of this slow progress, when contrasted with the success of a dashing onset against priestcraft of every kind, some of our English friends begin to say, 'The Vaudois clergy are not the men to do the work in Italy. Perhaps not; but for myself I avow my unshaken conviction that the best mode of supplanting error is to implant the truth; and I have more faith in the simple preaching of Christ crucified, however small its effects may be at first, than in the rapid gathering out of Romanism of hundreds of mere anti Papists. *One-half of Italy*, if it dare avow itself, is anti-Papist. God forbid that I should speak against these converts from Romanism and assailants of the Papacy. They are doing a great work in this land, overturning, and breaking up, and removing the stumbling-blocks out of the way. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was, in the mass, a great intellectual awakening, rather than the result in each individual case of a deep conviction of sin, and of the need of a Saviour. So we may expect it to be again; and all who help on this intellectual awakening, we accept so far as fellow-workers. But still the great matter is not Pope or priest, but salvation for the lost; and if this be a less popular doctrine in the meantime, it is the surest in the end.

"Among the hundreds who have been gathered out of Romanism, there are, doubtless many whose minds have been enlightened while they have had no deep spiritual convictions; and hence, like the seed springing up on the rocky ground, when 'the sun is up' they wither away, having 'no root in themselves. Offences will come—must come. Many may fall away; the true work may be slow, and the truest workmen may see but little fruit of their labors, and the zeal of their friends may wax cold on that account. But I for one protest against this system of judging from mere outward success and popularity, without inquiring further into the substance of men's teaching and its effects on the life and conversation of those who receive it."—*Presbyterian.*

◆

Place where You Couldn't Starve.—Illinois is the very lot of land that was spilt out of the horn of plenty. Four is selling in some parts of it at two dollars a barrel, butter at eight cents a pound, eggs at five cents per dozen. You could not starve in that region, no matter how hard you might try to accomplish it.

A semi-official of Madrid, Spain, announces that the affair pending with the Holy See had received a satisfactory solution.

Sam L.—"On several occasions at the breaking up of parties which I had attended, I have asked a young lady of my acquaintance if she would have any objection to my accompanying her home, and her reply has been, '*I suppose not!*' Would you infer from that reply that my company was acceptable, or that it was not?"——The young lady might have made her replies in good faith, through ignorance of what courtesy demanded. Ask her what she meant by such equivocal answers. She is the only one who can tell you her meaning.

J. H. W.—"When a lady has had a daguerreotype taken for a friend, and has permitted the artist to keep a copy for exhibition, is it right for a gentleman to obtain that copy, without the lady's consent?"——No; nor has an artist any business to part with a daguerreotype under such circumstances. The only way to avoid such disagreeable occurrences is never to have any dealings with people who are lacking in sentiments of honor and delicacy, or in gentlemanly feeling.

"Have You Seen Schell?"—"Have You Seen Wood?

These constitute now the gabalistic formula of fun among democratic politicians in the street. Ex-Mayor Wood, it appears, is not disposed to remain politically defunct. He kicks vigorously for a corpse. His great object at present, however, is to secure a good kick at the sachems of Tammany, who so remorsely "laid him out." To accomplish this feat, he has been instrumental in the formation of six different "regular"-ly irregular organizations. The most serious seems to be a secret oath-bound one, in the Tammany Society itself, designed, like the blow-fly, to corrupt the body in which it creeps. Our Washington correspondent very naively relates, in his letter to-day, the means employed to inveigle Tammany members, engaged in the custom-house, into an association with this band of democratic Carbonari. They go to "see Schell," and after being sworn to secresy, only see "Alderman" Wood or his instruments, and are tampered with accordingly. Quondam policemen and others, supposed to be friendly to the "Great Mogul," go to "see Wood," and when sworn in have not always the moral courage to retrace their steps and refuse to do his bidding. Wood will not get a majority of the sachems at the next election in April by such intrigues, it is evident. The members of Tammany are pretty well aware, now, of the whole "Won't-you-walk-into-my-parlor-says-the-spider-to-the-fly" sort of arrangement, and as Collector Schell distinctly disowns all association with these political bravos, "Have you seen Schell?" has become a pretty good joke outside, and "Have you seeu Wood?" is the laughable key to its illustration.

◆

Mr. Branch's Sorrows.—Mr. Stephen H. Branch has "opened" upon Mayor Tiemann in one of his most characteristic epistles. The comptroller, he states, is willing to pay his claim, at once, as passed by a resolution of the Common Council; but the mayor will not assent to its payment at any time without a personal investigation into its details. This determination Mr. Branch resents in the strongest language. He stigmatises the executive as a gentleman who "has two livers and no heart, and a zig-zag brain," while he alludes to certain "ex-aldermanic pupil reptiles" as persons "whose odious names" he has resolved to "inscribe on the sacred skies, close beside the meridian sun, for the great procession of nations to behold with scorn, until their bones are consigned to an infamous sepulchre." Mr. Branch is a master of rhetoric decidedly. But, we really thought his claim was settled long ago. It should have been. It is no credit to our city that a bill legitimately endorsed, after so tedious and patient a scrutiny, should still stand unliquidated. The *object* of Mr. Branch's services never met our approbation, by any means; but "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and on the reckless squanderers who employed him should rest the onus of the expenditure.

◆

Thrilling Subject of Discussion.—The daily papers have been severely exercised the past week upon the subject of delivering up, under the extradition treaty, Mr. Alsopp, the alleged Franco-English conspirator, should he chance to be arrested in this country! "First catch your fish," says good old Mrs. Glass, the *cuisiniere.* They remind us of the ancient spinster who committed suicide for fear, if she should happen to grow young again, and chance to get married, and was to have an infant afflicted with strabismus, and it were accidentally to bite its own nose in mistake for a leg of mutton, she might grow insane with grief, at a time when all the asylums might be closed for the summer season!

◆

On Dit.—That the Young Men's Democratic Union Club insisted, last Friday night, that the political health of its president, Stephen D. Dillaye, was entirely too delicate for the further "regular" performance of the duties of his office. Stephen, unlike the saint who bestowed upon him his name, is not remarkable, we believe, for the quality of resignation. "Have you seen Wood?"

◆

Too Cunning Entirely.—Some rascal has been making money in the interior of this state by affecting to be Lola Montez' agent, taking rooms and disposing of tickets of admission to a lecture announced to be given by that lady. His name is Mason. Mr. Heman Burr is her legitimate man-of-business.

Enquirer.—Certainly; a man who would use an author's name without his consent, and attach it to a bogus story or book, would not be apt to hesitate at committing any action, however mean and despicable. Property *in a name*, is just a sacred as property in houses or land.

Adaline A.—"Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.," is not an assumed name; it is the genuine name of a genuine good fellow.—You had better apply to Fanny Fern herself for the information you desire in regard to her age, maiden name, present name, etc.; as we do not like to gossip about our contributors.

T. W. S.—"What would be the best course for a young man to pursue, who entertains a strong attachment for a worthy young lady, but is too diffident to visit her?" —He must pluck up courage enough to brave an interview. Girls are not at al dangerous.

Flora.—You did right, and should persevere as you have begun. A man who would make dishonorable proposals to a girl whose love he had won, is a villain, and cannot be trusted in any respect

Turkish Bewitcheries.—The latest "agony," in the way of ladies' fashions, in this city, since the arrival of Rear Admiral Mohammed Pasha, is wide scarlet trowsers, *a la Turque*, brought together in a band at the ancles. We have not seen any yet *en promenade*, but judge that they would look, in muddy weather, both piquant and picturesque.

◆

Migratory Editors.—Mr. M. M. Marble, late of the Boston Traveller, has associated himself with the Evening Post of this city. Mr. Elon Comstock, late of the Springfield (Mass.) Argus, is now connected with the Journal of Commerce, and Mr. H. S. Gay, formerly of the Anti-Slavery Standard, here, is attached to the Tribune.

◆

Gone to the Diggings.—Brotherson, the Union Bank peculator, and Alsopp, the English conspirator in the Napoleon murder case, have both gone to California, it is said. The "Rogue's March" will be the only tune to play on that route by and by.

◆

Gelid Luxury in Store for Us.—The ice is being gathered in pretty actively in this quarter. It is not so thick, perhaps, but it is good, pure, and transparent. At Green Bay, Wis., it is nearly two feet in thickness. That's the place for frigid enjoyment, just now.

THINK NOT WE MEET NO MO

BR MRS. HELEN RICH.

Think not we meet no more, beloved,
  Say not we met in vain,—
The Lily still is sweetly moved,
  Though Wind comes not again:
E'en so a heart, by love breathed o'er,
  Like the Lily still must quiver;
Though thou hast said "we meet no more,"
  We part, belovéd, *never*.

Think not with one farewell to hush
  The voice within thee sighing,
As well might Dew-drop seek to crush
  The Rose-heart where 'tis lying.
For Dew-drop still was made to bless
  The Rose's heart, and *never*,
Though thou shalt *strive* to love me less,
  My soul from *thine* shall sever.

Think not to find in all the earth
  A bosom purer, fonder;
The lake still hails the Starling's birth,
  Though far he thence may wander;
Thus *I* to *thee* have been the deep:
  Thy being *once* so shaken,—
Belovéd, though I wildly weep,
  I *cannot* be forsaken.

WINTER FISHING.

Fresh water fish are probably more perseveringly persecuted than any other eatable creatures. There are certain seasons when all the varieties of game are exempt from assassination, but for the shining tenants of our streams and ponds there is no truce, no safety. One might suppose, that when winter had roofed them in with his frigid masonry, and the nets and summer angling tackle were put by, the aggressions of their enemies would be intermitted. But no: the ax is now brought into play, and the transparent partition, which nature seems to have intended for their defense, becomes the medium of their destruction. Hungry man, going about like a roaring lion seeking what he may devour, descries them as they lie with their backs to the ice, trying to warm themselves in the reflected sunbeams and wondering, perhaps, when their "Crystal Palace" will be opened. Down comes the heavy head of the ax upon the natural window-glass, right above the spot where the unsuspecting fish is sunning himself, and he rolls over in a state of paralysis. His nervous system is shattered and the only sign of life to be seen about him is a slight twiddling of the dorsal and pectoral fins. The "stunner" having taken effect the edge of the ax comes into play, and in a few moments the fish is cut out and "landed" on the ice in a state of insensibility.

His prey thus secured, it might be expected that the ax-man would move on in quest of more victims. But, if he be a provident person, and familiar with this kind of sport, he takes from his pocket a fishing-line and a bait-box, impales a worm, drops the baited end of his line into the hole he has just made, ties the other to a bush or a block of ice, and then moves forward on his destructive pilgrimage. The beauty of this double-headed system of fish-murder is, that the "operator" takes one fish from every hole as he goes out, and another—if he is in luck—as he comes back.

This killing of fishes under the ice is a breach of privilege. The shield which Jack Frost interposes between them and their human foes ought to be respected. But what *does* man respect where his appetite and his love of sport are concerned. The amusement, as we have described it, is rather barbarous, slightly unfair, and a trifle cowardly, yet we confess to having enjoyed it. Many a pike and pickerel have we *axed* out of the ponds of New England, and many a big muscalonge and black bass have we shocked to death in the Northern lakes.

The epicure's logic, that it is lawful to kill all sorts of creatures that are particularly good to eat, will, perhaps, hardly avail in favor of this winter fishing; for the fish taken from under the ice are not in season, and are generally lean. But the sport is exciting and bracing for all that; especially when the man with the ax is mounted on a good pair of skates.

Of course the man of feather-flies and feather-weight rods, who delights solely in the coach-whip exercise, denominated fly-fishing, will turn up his nose at the man of the ax and drop-line; but we can tell the "uppish" whipper of the waters, that ice-fishing is glorious fun, although he may choose to call it mere "pot-hunting." On the score of morality it is certainly preferable to that system of taking in the "finny tribe" with "false tokens," yclept fly-fishing. If any of our city piscators, who prefer bamboozling the fish with "bogus" insects to knocking them on the head out and out, are dissatisfied with this view of the subject, let him go to the country and argue the case with the farmer boys.

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856. $3,00 P
6 CENT

TUFTS (UNIVERSALIST) COLLEGE, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The accompanying engraving presents a correct representation of the Universalist College in Somerville, with the adjacent buildings, sketched expressly for us at the time of the recent celebration of its first anniversary. It has opened under favorable auspices, and no efforts will be spared to render it one of the most flourishing and effective institutions in the country. It owes its existence mainly to the liberality of Charles Tufts, Esq., of Somerville, while other individuals have contributed largely to its establishment. Rev. Mr. Chapin, in his address at the anniversary, spoke in fitting terms of Mr. Tufts's well-directed generosity. He said:—"Dollars are worth nothing till they are sent forth on their mission of love to mankind. Providence has made Mr. Tufts deaf, so that he cannot hear the praises of men, but he can listen to the praises of angels. Who would not hear the inward voice speaking to his noble heart? The desire of all men is to project themselves into the future, to build the bridge and span the arch from themselves to immortality. Some sought historic fame, others pride themselves upon wealth, but more wise is he who lays up in future ages an immortality by building up columns in God's temple, by assisting to rear the edifice of eternal truth. He who touches the springs of thought, sets in motion an agency immortal in its consequences." From the treasurer's statement, we learn that the property of the College consists of sixty-eight acres of land, the gift of Charles Tufts, Esq., of Somerville; a bond given by Silvanus Packard, Esq., of Boston, upon which the income, one thousand dollars per annum, is paid quarterly; the college building, erected at a cost of $38,000; the boarding-house, erected at a cost of $9700; the president's house, which cost $3600, of which was defrayed by special subscription, $1849, making the cost to the college, $1751; a bond of the Passumpsic Railroad Company, $1000; besides notes amounting to $3700. The whole amount subscribed to the first of August last, exclusive of the land, is $77,000, including Mr. Silvanus Packard's bond for $20,000. The total ordinary expenses of the college are $4450; the annual income is $3400, leaving about $2000 to be made up annually at present. Mr. Packard has offered to give $10,000 annually for three years, *provided a like sum is contributed from other sources.* Messrs. George W. Gage, of Chicago, formerly of Massachusetts, William Savery, of South Carver, Jesse Murdock and Thomas A. Goddard, have pledged themselves to contribute a large sum each, making $5000 already secured. B. B. Mussey, Esq., has offered to give $10,000 the third year. Mr. Packard has intimated that if his proposals are accepted, he will continue to contribute till he has reached the sum of $100,000. The Universalist denomination, within the past ten years, has raised nearly half a million of

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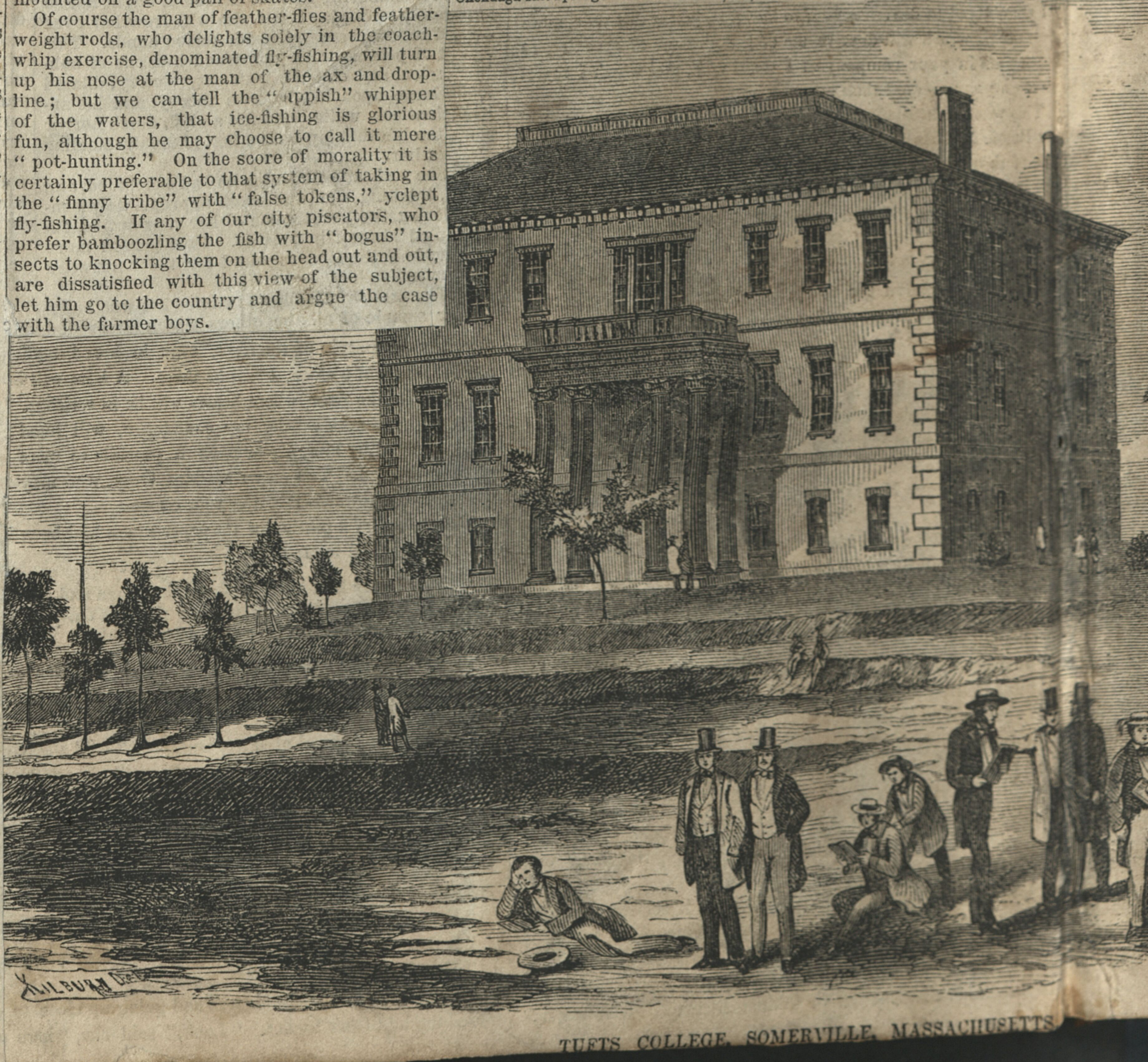
Snow has fallen in the city of Mexico for the first time, during the present winter. The inhabitants did not know what to make of it.

A little boy, some eight years old, was found in Brooklyn, near the Hamilton Ferry, a few mornings since, frozen to death.

The amount of salt produced last year at the Onondaga salt springs is stated to be 5,968,810 bushels.



TUFTS COLLEGE, SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

$3,00 PER ANNUM.
6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XI., No. 15.—WHOLE No. 275.

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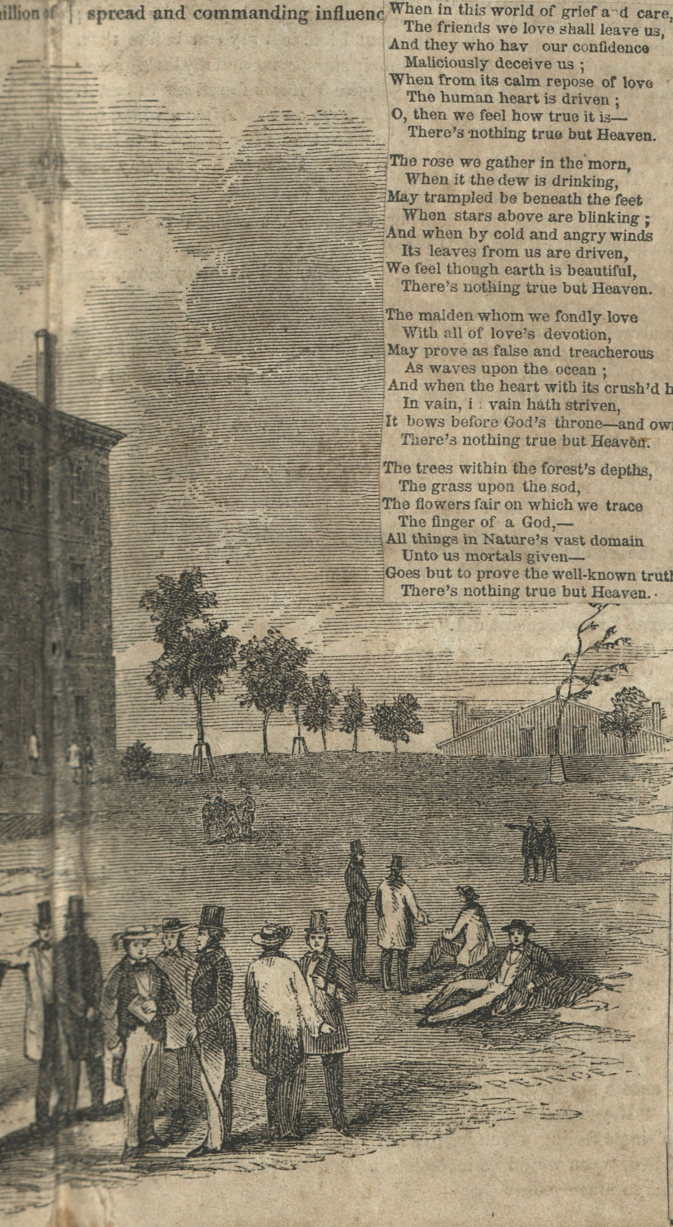
dollars and devoted it to the cause of education. The establish ment of this college, the purpose of which is to give a thoroug classical and practical education to the students, is a great step i advance. The president, the Rev. Dr. Ballou, is universall known and respected as a man of high character and attainment and particularly well fitted for the post he occupies. He is aide by earnest and cultivated men, who are determined to bring thei institution to the front rank. The site of the college is well chos en. It stands on a lofty eminence, commanding an extensiv view, and, notwithstanding its vicinity to a great city, is far enoug removed from the noise and turmoil of business. We cannot bu think that a brilliant future is before it. The large and increasin denomination of Universalists feel the deepest interest in its wel fare. The number of students already gathered within its wall is large for an institution in its infancy, and there is every reaso to suppose that it will be soon crowded even to its utmost capacity But as the demand increases, so will the means of supplying it b multiplied. We have already seen the liberality that has bee manifested by individuals for its support, and their example wil be followed by that of others. Before many years have elapsed Tufts College, fostered by the liberality and zeal of its friends and the energy of its president and professors, will exert a wide spread and commanding influenc

When in this world of grief a d care,
The friends we love shall leave us,
And they who hav our confidence
Maliciously deceive us;
When from its calm repose of love
The human heart is driven;
O, then we feel how true it is—
There's nothing true but Heaven.

The rose we gather in the morn,
When it the dew is drinking,
May trampled be beneath the feet
When stars above are blinking;
And when by cold and angry winds
Its leaves from us are driven,
We feel though earth is beautiful,
There's nothing true but Heaven.

The maiden whom we fondly love
With all of love's devotion,
May prove as false and treacherous
As waves upon the ocean;
And when the heart with its crush'd hopes,
In vain, i vain hath striven,
It bows before God's throne—and owns
There's nothing true but Heaven.

The trees within the forest's depths,
The grass upon the sod,
The flowers fair on which we trace
The finger of a God,—
All things in Nature's vast domain
Unto us mortals given—
Goes but to prove the well-known truth,
There's nothing true but Heaven.



ETTS

"BEGUN CROOKED."

ONE cold morning last week, I heard the following conversation between a child and a friend who spent the previous night in the family which she belonged to. Said the girl to the visiter—"Were you cold last night?" The visiter replied that it was very cold when he put his feet down in the bed, and he had to lie very crooked all night." Immediately the child replied. "*That was because you begun it crooked.*" Probably most persons understand the truth and fitness of the remark; who have slept in a cold room and a "spare bed" on a winter's night.

But the remarks, so expressive as originally applied, is capable of a still wider application, and is suggestive of some moral lessons.

Look at the youth who is irregular in his habits, and crooked in all the path which he marks for his feet, and who is even now so near destruction as to be past recovery. He has lost his regard for his parents, lost his self-respect, lost the confidence of his friends, lost all reverence for sacred things, and has approached to the very verge of ruin. And as you look, do you ask the cause of all this? We answer, *He begun crooked.*

There are straight men—the Bible calls them upright men—so erect in all their moral bearing that a plumb-line would touch them all the way from head to foot. They begun straight and have continued as they began. Very much depends upon the beginning. And you may know, when you see in any department of life crooked men and women, it is *because they begun crooked.*—*Zion's Advocate.*

ROBERT.—The inscription over the grave of Lord Byron's dog is, in part, in the following words:

Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18th, 1808.

ISABELLE.—It might be proper enough for a married gentleman to escort a married lady who was going the same road through the storm and darkness if she was timid and desired it. But setting aside this particular circumstance, for our part, if we were a lady, we should prefer facing the storm and darkness, though it might shower hail-stones the size of an egg, to meddling with another woman's husband without her consent. Thunder and lightning would not be a circumstance to it! We like good, old-fashioned, faithful connubiality, on *both* sides; it has a *smack* like old wine.

LUCY.—We confess to a democratic horror of the word "servant," as applied to our "help." We always *cringe* involuntarily, when a guest uses this word at our table in their hearing. It may do in some countries; but who knows when you do this, that you are not outraging the feelings of our next President or his wife? It is ticklish business to call names in this country! Fortune's wheel runs round too fast; there's too much running up and down the ladder of republicanism to make it safe!

MACHINIST.—To become accomplished in your trade as a maker of locomotives, you must become a good arithmetician and draftsman, and get a clear insight into geometry. These, *first.* There are works expressly treating of locomotives, which you must read, by and by. Read, also, the Lives of James Watt, George Stephenson, Robert Fulton, and other great machinists. Thus you will learn how *they* learned their trade. Your short note contains four mistakes in spelling.

LISBON.—It was certainly *not* proper for the young damsel to whom you are engaged to go away with another ntleman and remain till one o'clock; and you say she nas done the same thing before. She is either teasing you, or else she does not care for you at all. Strong love on your part and a teasing disposition on hers, will be certain to make you unhappy. We would advise you to come to a speedy reckoning with her ladyship.

NETTIE & LIZZIE.—If you are in doubt as to whether the young men you fancy are in love with you, we advise you as a means of gaining their affection *not* to throw yourselves in their way; or in any manner to invite their attention. Young men set very little value upon girls who *run after them.* The more you seem not to want beaux the more they will *want you to want them.* We charge you nothing for this bit of advice.

M. K. sends a correct answer to a former problem, and appends another, which may amuse those of our readers who have not seen it before: "I have an eight-gallon jug, a five-gallon jug, and a three-gallon jug. The eight-gallon jug is filled with water. I wish to put four gallons into the five-gallon jug, without using any other vessel but the three named. How shall I do it?" No answer need be sent, as the solution proves itself.

RED HAND.—Return to your wife, if she is sincerely repentant. If an offending *brother* who repents should be forgiven seventy times seven, should you be less merciful to the wife of your bosom?

SWEETWILLIAM.—There is no need of your being afraid of the girls. They won't hurt you. Take every opportunity to mingle in female society, and your bashfulness will soon wear off.

P. C. W.—You could send the ring and breast-pin to the young lady through the post-office. Be careful so to envelop them in your letter as to preserve them from injury.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.—You, like most people, are ready to be very public spirited at everybody's expense but your own. The LEDGER is not published as a political or polemical engine.

M. P.—You cannot be permanently injured by the malicious gossip of your neighbors. A man who is inflexibly honest is safely shielded against the darts of detraction

BOOK-KEEPING.—A friend, who has suffered largely by lending books, begs us to state that the reason people never return borrowed books is, that it is much easier to retain the volumes than what is in them.

The Last Expose of Plunder.

Defaulting is the order of the day. One more bank officer has absconded, showing a deficit of over a hundred thousand dollars, concealed by fraudulent entries, and wasted at the gaming-table if not in riotous living. How cruel must come the knowledge of such guilt to the confiding bosom of the culprit's innocent family! How their hearts must be wrung with unutterable anguish! How they must hang their heads with shame, and look upon him, and his name which they bear, with mingled fear and loathing! And what are now his own feelings as he contemplates his long-continued and persistent thefts? With what a spirit of self-abandonment must he conjure up the picture of that gaming-table in Ann street—that altar of Moloch on which he has sacrificed not only his own name, (even if he escape the penitentiary,) but the happiness of all those who are endeared to him by the most indissoluble ties and tenderest attachments! We doubt, too, that, notwithstanding the extent of his peculations, he has any amount of money with him in his flight, while he has left his family, they say, to suffer, quite penniless, the ignominy of his disgrace. What would he now give to renew his original integrity? What would he not give could he restore to his position his lost good name? Who shall know what sleepless nights, what wretched days, he must pass in his concealment to escape the search of his pursuers! "Every fool," it may well be said, "knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool," and when he discovers it, what remains, as in this case, but death itself, or what is worse, the curse of a living shame and a living remembrance!

The Spring Has Come.

The spring weather has at last introduced itself, after its first rough greeting, in the most amiable manner. The sky is clear, the walking not unpleasant, and Broadway wears one of its old-time looks of gaiety as its crowd of well-dressed men and women promenade its pleasant pavement. The belles are already casting their eyes earnestly in at the windows of our fashionable stores for seasonable novelties. Business commences promisingly indeed. The dry-goods and other dealers, as our columns to-day testify, are on the alert to gratify all the caprices of fashion, as well as the less exacting demands of taste and household necessity. The trade auction-sale are being well attended, and a general disposition to purchase is manifested that contrasts well with the apathy we witnessed a while ago, and with the general dullness some of the quidnuncs predicted. The retail business, we are assured, is likely to present a more permanent appearance this time than usual. In addition to the ordinary city demand, customers from abroad arrive in unlooked-for numbers, and with wants of so long standing, on account of the late panic, that it will require full as well as handsome assortments to satisfy them. The dealers, therefore, naturally look pleased, and exhibit the most creditable degree of enterprise and activity. We never knew them better prepared in every respect for trade, and we suspect that a capital opportunity is at present offorded for bargains of every description.

◆

THE SUN AT A MASQUERADE.—To-morrow we shall have an eclipse of the sun, and it will be visible here to all who may rise sufficiently early in the morning to secure a view of the sublime spectacle. The "orb of day" will rise on that occasion a little past seven o'clock with a visor over a portion of his face—just as if he had been to one of the interdicted masquerades over-night, and was going furtively home *en costume* about the time in question. In an hour afterwards, he will remove the "burnt cork," array himself in his usual business countenance, and look as innocent of everything but his diurnal duty as if nobody were aware of his evening visit to the antipodes, and the flushed frontispiece with which he always comes to his work a little after daybreak!

◆

THE ROTTENNESS IN DENMARK!—The commissioners of emigration seem solicitous to remain as "mum" before the Legislature of the state as before the Legislature of our city. When called upon by our Common Council in relation to alleged abuses at Castle Garden, they refused to answer, on the ground that they were "state" officials. When brought before a committee at Albany, the active managers refused to be sworn unless represented by counsel, on the plea that they appeared as criminals, not as witnesses. Does this resemble the course of honest integrity? What is it they do, or have done, that demands so much secrecy? Out with it!

◆

REVOLUTIONS BY THE NEST-FULL.—Mexico is in the throes of another revolution. We forget whether this is the three hundred and sixty-fourth or fifth of the season They rather enjoy *pronunciamentos* in that quarter, and expect as many as the French have different ways of cooking eggs—and *they* pretend to possess one for every day in the year.

◆

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Next Wednesday is the day upon which they do homage to the tutelar saint of Ireland. The "Young Friends of Ireland" have their fete t the Apollo Saloon.

Be a Woman.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty,
"Strive, my dear to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human;
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brighter star.
If ye in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that light and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, the soul, the body,
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady—
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

Torches for Death and Hymen.—The Germans are a very singular people. The German students have a custom of burying their dead at night, and march to the funeral by the light of torches. They also get up torchlight processions by night on occasions of ceremonious congratulation, as they did at Berlin lately in honor of the arrival of the Prince of Prussia with his English bride. It is a strange fancy that can thus link death and marriage. The torch of Hymen we have often heard about; but surely the gentlemen on the white horse, the "bony of all Bonies," as Hood calls Death, has no claim to a fancy light of the same character.

A TUNNEL FOR SERMONS.

"Sermons," said a pastor, now gone hence, "are listened to as if through a tunnel. And some men hold the large end of their tunnel toward the pulpit, while others present the small end, to receive the spiritual shot and shell.

"The men that hold the small end of the tunnel towards themselves catch the whole force of the sermon, and its concentrated strength strikes hard upon their heart and conscience. Those, on the contrary, who hold the *large* end of the tunnel towards themselves, are hardly touched at all—the charge from the pulpit hitting on the outside of the tunnel, scatters in all directions, and is distributed among their neighbors."

Again he said: "There are two ladders by which men climb up in this world. They are called 'Principle,' and 'Expediency.' The first is God's ladder; the second is the ladder of the devil.

"Every round of the ladder of Principle is firm and sure. There is no danger of falling, though the climber go never so high. He may be able to ascend but slowly; his upward efforts may be attended with throes of pain; and he may feel a sinking of heart, overwhelming of the brain, as he pauses to observe his situation and the steepness of the way. But he is safe, if he *hold on;* and the higher he climbs the more will he possess the sense of his security; and it will not be long before he shall see whereon the top of the ladder resteth, and Whose is the mighty Hand that holds it to its place. *Then* shall he rise with winged footsteps, and leap off with shouting from the top-most round; for 'Principle' is that ladder whose top reacheth unto Heaven.

"But the ladder of Expediency, though it seems to be strong and firmly placed, and though the ascent is without difficulty or distress, has always one rotten round in it. But no man ever can tell where that round is, until he steps upon it; when he is *certain* to fall through. And the *higher up* this rotten round is, the more fatal it is for the climber; for the thus greater his fall, and the more his destruction."

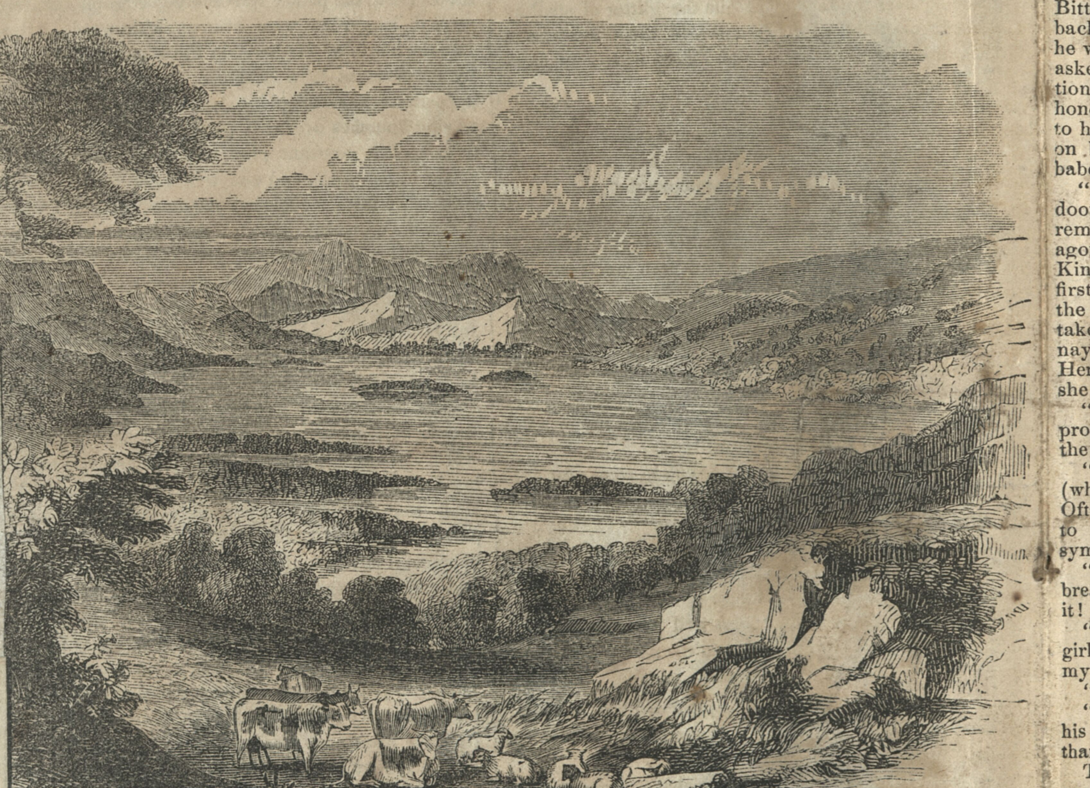
A. M.

whose whole soul was absorbed in the fur trade, and who regarded his only daughter as a saleable commodity, ready for the wealthiest bidder when she should become marketable. The poor girl was consequently dressed, decorated, and led into such scenes of fashionable dissipation as the province afforded, where her wealth and her charms attracted hosts of suitors. Their very language flowed into a kind of metre as they caught the light of her golden smile; all nature was searched for images to which her charms might be compared, and nature was found wanting—at least she was told so. Even the butterfly officers who came bankrupt from the French court assured her that neither at Versailles nor Trianon had they ever seen such a peerless creature, and she at last began to believe them.

"At times, the young girl's heart would tell her that she was formed for better things than these frivolities, and she would long for some suitor who could command her respect, as a vine seeks some sturdy oak to clasp for support. At last her fancy was arrested by a young and enterprising Bostonian, who had come to Quebec as supercargo of a merchant vessel, and was entertained by her father, in the hope of getting good prices for the return cargo of furs. He, without ceremony, attempted to carry her heart by storm, and the first opportunity that presented itself, declared himself in love with her. This audacity on the part of a stranger displeased her, but his perseverance at first tranquillized her, then interested her, then won her affections. Thinking that he loved her, she loved him, and bright were the dreams that hovered around her pillow.

"While matters stood thus—for he begged her not to inform her father,—the old gentleman one day told her that a formal proposition had been made for her hand by a wealthy Canadian, who bore one of the first names in the province, and was as celebrated for his learning as he was for his extensive estates. The young girl's dismay was beyond description, for she dreaded the arbitrary paternal power, yet felt that she could never consent to marry one man while loving another. She asked for a week to consider the matter—a long, wretched week, and at its close, emboldened by agony, she stammered out a confession of her attachment to the Bostonian.

"The old gentleman very coolly inquired if she had seen her captivator that day. 'No, nor the day previous.' With a chuckle he opened a large pocket-book, from which he took a paper, and requested her to read it. At first she glanced her eyes over it mechanically, but then saw—O horror!—that it was a regular business agreement, by which her pretended lover, for twenty pounds sterling, relinquished all claim to her hand, and pledged himself not to see her while he remained at Quebec.



This selfish treachery on the part of one to whom she had given her pure heart, made her desperate, and she consented to be led passively to the cathedral, decked like a victim to the sacrifice. There, at the holy altar, her father bestowed her hand and her dowry on her wealthy suitor, who well knew that he was not the object of her love, yet persisted in his selfish purpose. He obtained her hand, but her heart remained her own.

"Her father was now at the height of his ambition, for he saw his daughter the wife of a noted and a rich man, who was at the head of the hereditary aristocracy of the province. Magnificent was the house fitted up for her reception, gorgeous were her monthly importations of fashionable attire from Paris, dazzling were her jewels. All the troubles and the cares of life seemed far removed from her, as she presided over her well-appointed establishments, in the city and in the country; yet there was not a menial in her service that was not more happy. Her husband, piqued at her previous preference for a mere clerk, and vexed at the coolness with which she continued to treat him, had the meanness to constantly insinuate what was unfortunately the fact—that she had carried her beauty into the market, and sold it as her father would sell a bale of buffalo robes. Now she regretted the sacrifice which she had made, but it was too late to retrace her steps. She had promised to love, honor and obey, the first her husband did not now care for, but with great decision he enforced the latter. Indifference was impossible; she was required to choose between a qualified submission and open warfare.

"Providence, as if to cheer her path of life, blessed her with a daughter—a lovely babe, my dear Estelle, who, if living, is about your own age. The child seemed to act as a bond of union, and for a while they lived more happily together. But just then, as if designed as a punishment for her former heartlessness, her old lover returned. She despised him, yet he persisted in visiting her—in intercepting her walks—in serenading her at night. At last, the craven dared to speak of love, and to propose an elopement. When she first heard his degrading proposals, she was too much astonished to reply. At last, words came to her relief, and she sent him sneaking away like a scared wolf, disappointed of his prey, yet, with the tenacity of that animal, resolving still to accomplish the base purpose on which he had set his soul. Vowing revenge, he became a spy on her actions, hovered around her house at unseasonable hours, and spared no means by which he could blacken her reputation.

"Soon his diabolical scheme began to have its desired results; the public began to shun her, and at last the jealousy of her husband was aroused.

A PRAYER.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."—*Psalms* lxv. 2.

Father divine! to thee,
In this, the holy, solemn, autumn time,
My soul, anew, would consecrated be;
My aims, my hopes, my wishes, all be thine.

Let every storm be stayed;
Each throb of selfish care forgotten be;
My heart, no more of earthly ills afraid,
Resigns its all to thee!

Calm dawn of peace,
O bless my soul once more, a welcome guest;
Bid each rude chord of worldly passion cease,
And sorrow bring no more its dark unrest.

Thou! before whom
The purest angel veils his radiant face;
To Thee, the High, the Holy One, I come,
Pleading for strength, for mercy, and for grace.

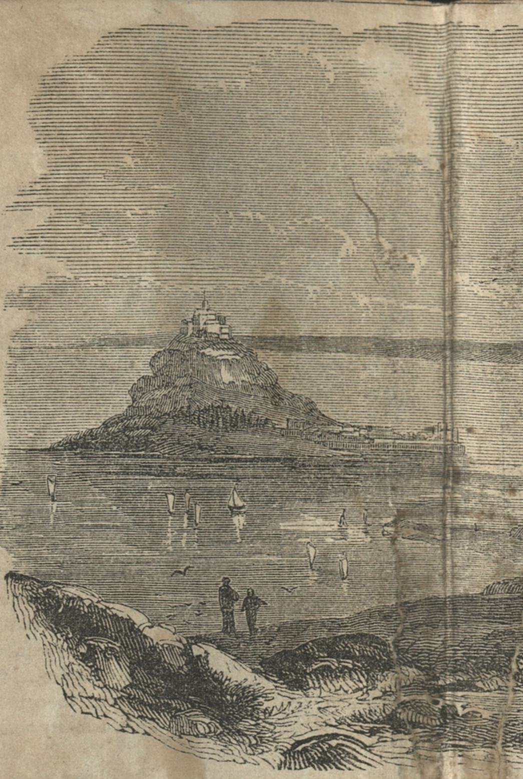
Thou! who dost see
The agony a human heart can bear;
In lowliness I yield to thy decree,
In loneliness beseech thy hand to spare.

Weary of life, the wounded spirit faints,
Yet bows in confidence beneath thy rod;
The hour will come, when, freed from earth's restraints,
My soul shall know thee nearer, oh my God!

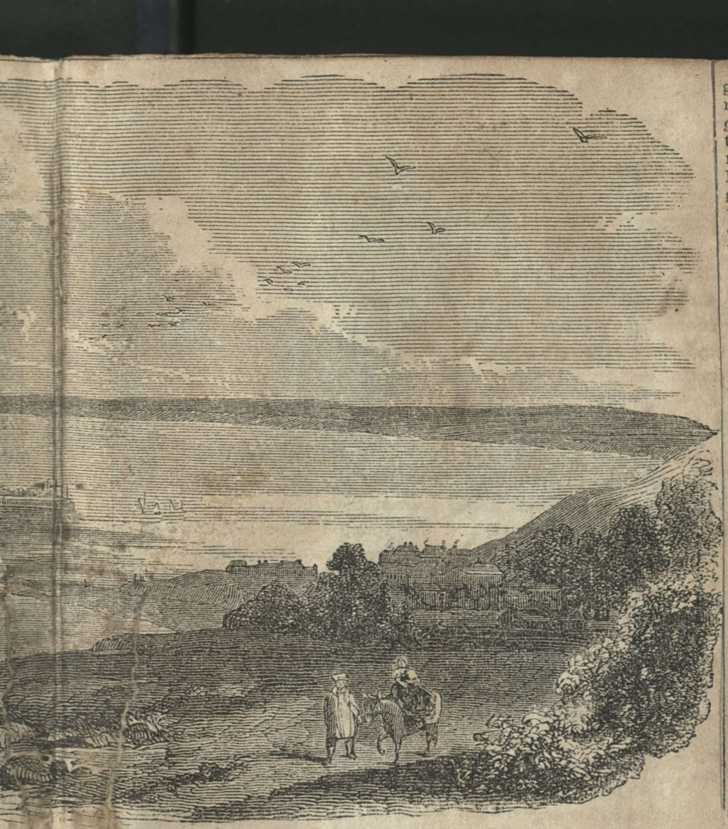
A little way
Still reaches onward in this human strife:
Press on, my soul, for an eternal day
Shall consummate the close of mortal life.

Imperfect though my prayer,
My heart its future state resigns to thee;
If but thy favor I may seek to share,
My lot, whilst here, can never hopeless be.

Faint not, nor weary be;
All sorrow ceases when the goal is won;
I would, with joy, be what thou makest me;
Father, in earth, as heaven, thy will be done.



PILCHARD FISHING IN



FISHING IN MOUNTS BAY, CORNWALL.

Bitterly and coarsely he accused her, and she, with pride of heart, cast back his foul charges, until he felt the more confident of their truth. As he went out, he met the tempter, who professed great embarrassment, and asked pardon for offences that only existed in his own miserable imagination. But he had gone too far; for the husband, thinking himself dishonored, drew his sword, and inflicted a wound that the wretch will carry to his grave. That night, taking his child, with her nurse, he hastened on board a vessel just starting for France; nor has he, or the innocent babe, been heard of since.

"This attempt at dishonor, with the loss of her child, awakened the doomed wife to a sense of her position. Ever ardent in her feelings, her remorse was bitter, and had death at that moment released her from the agony of self-reproach, it would have been welcome. But the inexorable King of Terror will not come at a mortal's wish. Now it was, for the first time in her life, that she began to turn her thoughts seriously towards the Holy Church as the only source of comfort. Gladly would she have taken the veil, but there was no certainty that her husband did not live—nay, she never would admit that her child had perished in the waves. Her father's death made her the possessor of enormous wealth, and that she might offer some atonement for her offences, she—"

"Ah," interrupted Estelle, "I see—I see it all! It was this sorrow that prompted you to devote your life to the redemption of us poor children of the forest, plucked as brands from the burning."

"You are right, Estelle, and you, being about the age of my dear child (who I feel is preserved by Providence), have received my especial love. Often have I wished to look back into the tablets of memory, and confide to you my heart-sorrows of the past, for I was confident of your sympathy."

"O, madame," exclaimed Estelle, weeping as though her heart would break, "it needed not this recital to obtain it, for you have ever possessed it! Would that I could supply your daughter's place!"

"Thanks," replied Madame de Frontenac, embracing the affectionate girl. "But I have not told you all. I have to-day seen the author of all my sorrows—the sordid, revengeful violator of my domestic happiness."

"What! that hideous monster who so insulted me?"

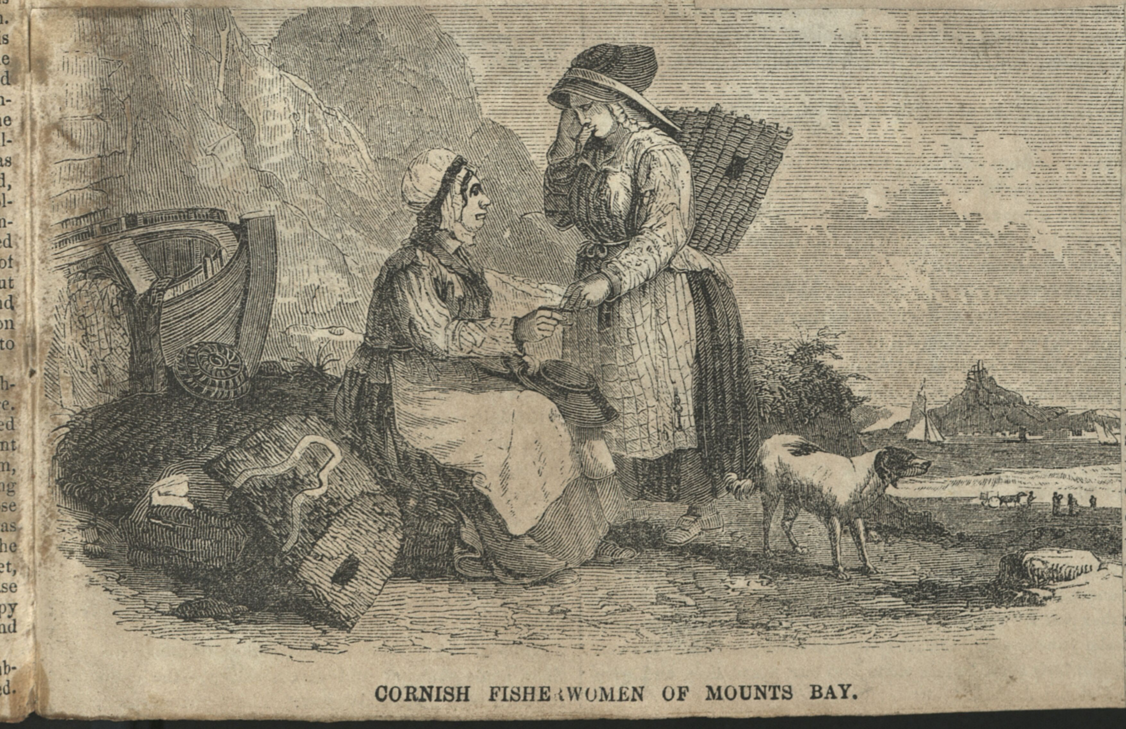
"The same. Dissipation and other unbridled habits have sadly changed his form and features, but the body is now far more worthy of the mind than it was before."

The boom of a cannon startled them, and it was soon followed by another and another report.

"Can the enemy have landed?" exclaimed Estelle.

"I cannot say," replied Madame de Frontenac; "but it will be best to retire into the city by the subterranean passage. It branches off to the castle and the cathedral."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CORNISH FISHERWOMEN OF MOUNTS BAY.

ZELLA has a friend, a lawyer, who "is very religious, and goes to church three times a day; and takes the sacrament regularly—thinks playing cards a sin, and dancing not *altogether* proper; aud still he is a lawyer." Now, Zella wishes to know "how a lawyer can be an honest or truly religious man?" It would require a lawyer to answer this question. It is no easy matter for any man to be truly honest and religious. The ways of the world are not at all in harmony with such exalted virtue; and lawyers are professedly men of the world, who follow the letter that killeth rather than the spirit that giveth life. Zella also asks if Lord Byron was an atheist. No; atheism is too unpoetical and illogical for Lord Byron to profess it. Even Shelley, when in the hardihood of youth and independence, he wrote "There is no God," qualified the meaning of the words by saying that he believed in the spirit of Nature, the soul of the universe. But Byron never used such language. On the contrary, Byron professed religious sentiments. "Devotion," says he, "is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the majesty of Heaven; and when I feel the enjoyment of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me." Atheism is an attempt to show that the supreme stupidity of matter is a better creator, governor, and preserver of Nature than Divine intelligence or will. In other words, that non-intelligence is superior to intelligence. It is an eccentricity, something like an attempt to prove that hands are more rational than heads, and that the less a man knows about music or dancing, the more likely he is to perform both to perfection.

L. P. M.—The comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" was written by Goldsmith, and is founded on a laughable incident that befel the poet on his last journey to Edgeworth's town, previously to his entrance at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Ardagh at nightfall, where it was necessary for him to sleep. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of literal Irish comprehension, or waggery, was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had no thought of a mistake, and, being readily admitted by the servants, who, from his confidence, concluded that he was some well-known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shown into the parlor, found there the owner of the mansion at his fireside—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune, and somewhat of a wit. Oliver began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and his host having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to enjoy an evening's amusement, humored his guest, caused wine, and whatever else Oliver chose to order, to be brought him, accepted, with his wife and daughters, an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention, strict injunctions to have a hot cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill before quitting the house, that the abashed school-lad discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained at the residence of an old acquaintance of his father. The adventure was subsequently made to furnish the main incident in the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

DRISCOLL.—You must have forgotten the teachings of your history and geography. Portugal does not contain as many square miles as the single State of New York. It was anciently a province of Spain, was conquered by the Moors in the eighth century, and held by them for nearly three hundred years. The Moors were driven out in the eleventh century by the Christian warriors of Castile, and the country was then awarded to Henry of Burgundy, for his assistance and bravery. He married a daughter of Alphonso, King of Spain, and founded the kingdom of Portugal. It was afterward twice conquered and annexed to Spain, but in 1340 the Portugese shook off the Spanish yoke, and chose for their king the Duke of Braganza, in whose family the crown has ever since remained. The royal family, in terror of Napoleon, emigrated to Brazil in 1807, and did not return until the year of his death—1821. Though the Portugese are now a miserable and ignorant people, they had the honor of leading the way in all the discoveries which were made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They were the first that doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and for a considerable period they were, next to the Spaniards, the most brilliant and wealthy people in Europe; but, like Spain, Portugal is a monument of the evanescent nature of wealth arising from foreign possessions, showing that industry and not adventure, that agriculture and manufactures and not mines of silver and gold, are the true and permanent sources of national prosperity.

BARTHOLOMEW.—There is no wrong in discreet charity, but promiscuous and haphazard alms-giving is a great evil. In our opinion, it is a bad thing for any respectable person to receive alms, inasmuch as his manliness and self-respect must thereby receive an almost incurable wound. A man in good health who will *beg*, is a most pitiable object.

A BACHELOR.—You must not suppose that the sentiments and tastes of a crusty old curmudgeon like yourself could be safely adopted as a standard for the public at large. Love is the very essence of life; and as long as the sun shines and human hearts throb, will love stories be demanded by intelligent and *human* people. The trouble with you is, you have no heart—only a fungous under your ribs. The "milk of human kindnes" in your nature is all turned to bonny-clabber. You are fast going to the dogs. You are an object of compassion. Some of the "weak-minded women" you speak of so contemptuously, will have to take you in hand and prepare your gruel for you. You should keep your feet warm and dry and your head cool, and in future abstain from all attempts to give advice; the excitement of such efforts will prove too much for your decaying system.

MAN'S LIFE.

But man is neither stationary and unchanging like the rocks of the moor, nor liable to decay like the tree, nor subject to the intrinsic depreciation and factitious importance of the works of his own hands. We speak, indeed, familiarly of the prime of life; meaning thereby the season when the body is most vigorous, the passions most ardent, the intellect most active. And because increasing years enfeeble our frame, and cool our temperament, and bedim our perception, we speak also of the decline of life. But it is a narrow significance that we give to *life*, in these and the like proverbial expressions. They refer only to the portion of our existence which is visible here; the journey from the cradle to the grave; the life of the body. This is not the life that wins us reverence by its length, when we manifestly approach its close. The affection that smooths the pillow of sickness, or supports the footsteps of infirmity, is called forth on behalf of the youngest.

Life has a far wider meaning than this. We are not, indeed, those who muse fondly of a pre-existence, and endeavor to trace its memories in the dreams of the infant visionary. That fanciful theory is hard to reconcile with the consciousness of identity, which is absolutely essential to any hopeful scheme of immortality. It seems to subject spirit to the very same kind of change which is visible in matter, dividing it into particles, and passing it through modes, giving it no perception of the transformations; making it fear in a future state the same oblivion which now envelopes the past. The shades of the prison-house are, in fact, the beginnings of knowledge. The babe upon its mother's breast has no acquaintance with space or time. It lives in the midst of an empty and unreal infinity. For it, there is no external world. But every day and hour bring it nearer to reality; hunger and thirst, light and darkness, are its earliest teachers; they and their kindred awake the energy of its God-given intelligence, and by slow degrees make it acquainted with its inherent strength and weakness.

Life, say we, needs no theory of this kind to exalt its importance. Let its origin be whence it may, a new and special creation, or an emanation of a more general existence, faith and reason combine to tell us, that from its beginning it is invested in the individual owner, that it loads him with a vast responsibility, and that for him on earth it must be a time of continuous progression, in which there can be no rest, and whose every moment modifies an eternity. Nor let it be lightly thought that this progress is arrested by any bodily infirmities, such as those which commonly attend increasing years. In this life, the mind is dependent upon the body, no less for the communication than for the acquisition of knowledge. The loss of mental power which seems so often to affect the old, is probably an incapacity to teach rather than to know. It is the implements that fail, not the workman that is disabled. And so subtle is the connexion of body and soul, so completely hidden are the limits of their mutual influence, that no apparent mental imbecility, not even madness itself, can be accepted as proving certainly a real failure of the intellect. On the other hand our elders have had more time than we for the acquisition of wisdom, and we must presume them to be wiser; they are nearer than we to the portals of the sanctuary; the time by which we may survive them will to them be as done; some gleam of the light eternal may even now irradiate their spirit; we are unacquainted with the secrets of the tomb.

A Wife is the Main Thing.

Oh ! I'm a poor unlucky wight
As ever there was born, sir,
There's nothing in my house that's right,
'Tis lonely and forlorn, sir,
I've cash enough and pay it well
To keep my house in order,
But ne'er can get a decent meal
Though plentiful my larder ;
'Tis overdone or underdone,
Perhaps not done at all, sir ;
No man had ever such a home
In all this weary world, sir.

My coat is at the elbows out,
I ne'er can get it mended ;
My shirt is scorched in ironing,
My vest to ribbons rended.
My stockings down unto the ground,
I ne'er can keep a garter,
And if they e'er get washed at all
It's sure in dirty water,
There's nothing done that should be done,
And if it's done at all, sir,
It better never had been done.
Than done so very ill, sir.

Go, get a wife,—the old man said :
Nor sit ye here complaining ;
Of wedlock never be afraid,
A prudent wife's the main thing.
She'll keep your house, she'll mend your clothes
And chat and sing the while, sir ;
And when at eve you hasten home,
She'll meet you with a smile, sir ;
And all that's done will be well done
And done without complaining ;
If e'er you'd have a pleasant home,
A wife—a wife's the main thing.

Jack quickly took the sage advice,
And woo'd a farmer's daughter,
And never did he rue the day
When home, a bride, he brought her.
His clothes are always clean and neat,
His house is like a palace ;
His cooking, that a king might eat,
And do it with a relish.
And now he is a happy man,
He never goes complaining,
But with a joyous smile declares
A wife,—a wife's the main thing.

WORK AND REST.

Man was never intended to be *idle*, even in Paradise. "Six days *shalt thou labor*, and do all thy work." Labor in itself is not an evil, and ought not to be considered as such, and all ought to be working either with hands or head, if able for work. But if God gives us six days for our own use, he has surely a right to expect our cheerful acquiescence in his own claims on the seventh. Is not this a fair illustration: A poor man, in much distress, comes to ask you for help. Touched by his poverty and misery, you say, "I have only seven dollars of my own, but here are six for you; I will only keep the seventh for myself and family." What would you think of his character and conduct if, not satisfied or thankful, he broke into your house at night, alarming and injuring some of the household, and took the seventh dollar?

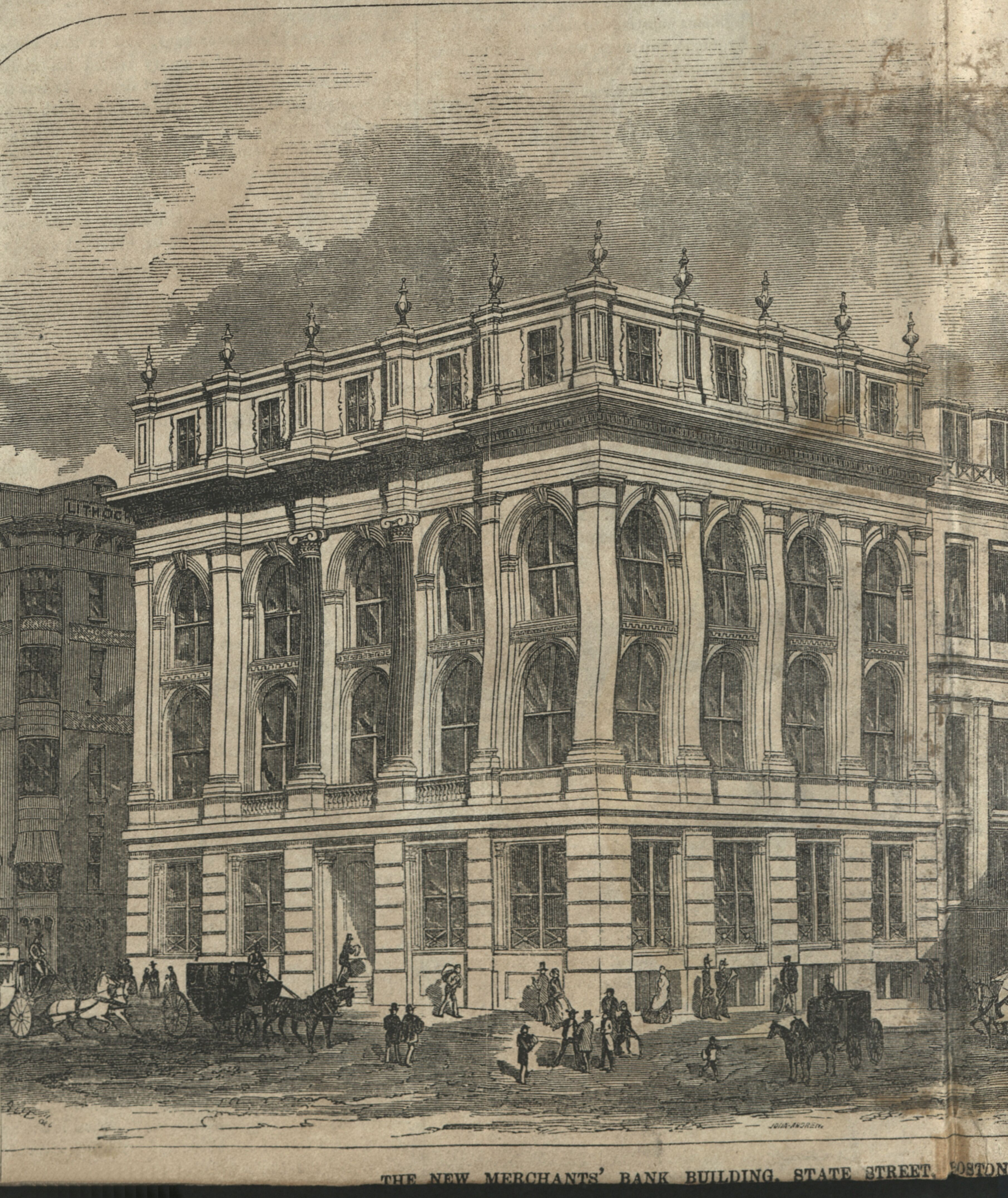
BAD MERCANTILE CUSTOM.

The *Commercial Bulletin* and *Boston Herald* are down upon the penurious and pennywise system of mercantile salaries in this city and the discouragements to which clerks are subjected. We like the tone of their articles. Some years ago, while editing a paper in this city, we had much to say on the same topic, and have had no cause to change the view which we then took of it. The fault is not so much with the retail as it is with the wholesale merchants. Firms, whose business amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars per annum, and whose annual profits exceed the entire fortune of what is usually called a rich farmer or mechanic, rarely pay the boys in their stores over $50 per annum, with a trifling increase each year, until twenty-one years old; at which period they commonly get rid of them to make way for their juniors, whose pay is not so *large!* Yet, we remember reading in a quarterly review, published in Philadelphia, a statement that, as a general thing, the clerks who left the Northern States to seek their fortunes in the South and West, had been guilty of irregularities, or something worse, at home, or they would have staid there! A more unjust and cruel misrepresentation was never made, and the young men so aspersed gave the lie to it, by becoming the most enterprising and prosperous merchants in the cities where they had settled. But is it to be wondered at that their memory of our mercantile communities, in which they met with such ungenerous and sordid treatment from their employers, should be disagreeable and unfriendly? How many Bostonians, now located in the South and West, speak well of Boston merchants?

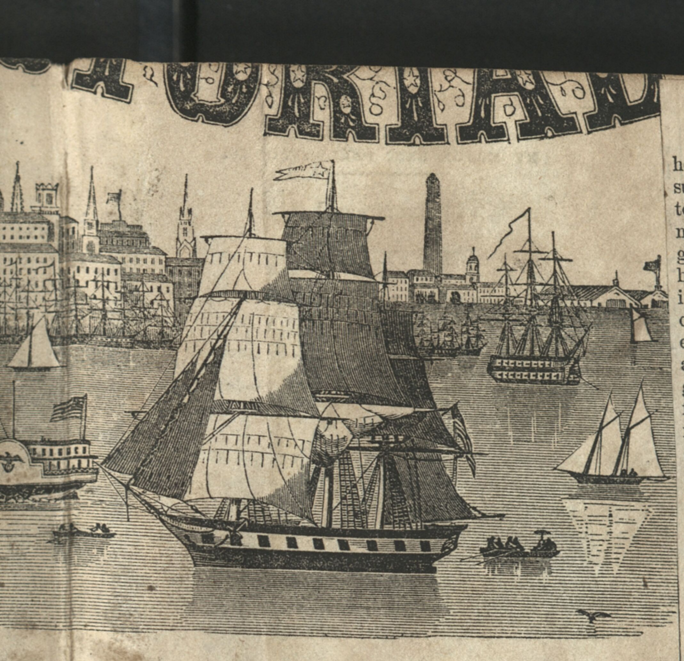
M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1856.

MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING, STATE STREET.

We present below a very fine view of the exterior of the Merchants' Bank building, corner of State and Exchange Streets, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, and mathematically correct in all its details, besides having a fine artistic effect. The building which occupied the site of the new edifice was massive and enduring, but it was removed to give place to a more commodious and splendid structure. The old columns of Chelmsford granite, the most conspicuous feature of the old bank, have been recut and fluted, so that the whole front now present a uniformity of color. The first story and a portion of the basement above the sidewalk are combined to form a plain and solid substructure for the second or principal story, and the third story, which are formed into an arcaded order. On the State Street front, this is divided into five compartments, the two angle compartments projecting somewhat beyond the three central. These have two attached columns of the Ionic order, and the whole is surmounted by an attic with projecting pedestals over the columns below. On these pedestals are urn-shaped finials. The offices of the Merchants' Bank are on the second or principal floor. The new façade on Exchange Street consists of four compartments, treated similarly to those at the angles of the State Street façade. The whole of the work is executed in Concord granite, a material which, as regards color and durability, is not excelled by any building-material yet found. It is nearly white, having a very slight tinge of warmish gray, contrasting favorably with the bluer Quincy granite. The completed building reflects great credit on all concerned, and will be a conspicuous ornament to State Street. This street has changed astonishingly within half a century, the only landmark of the olden time, when it was King Street, being the Old State



THE NEW MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING, STATE STREET, BOSTON



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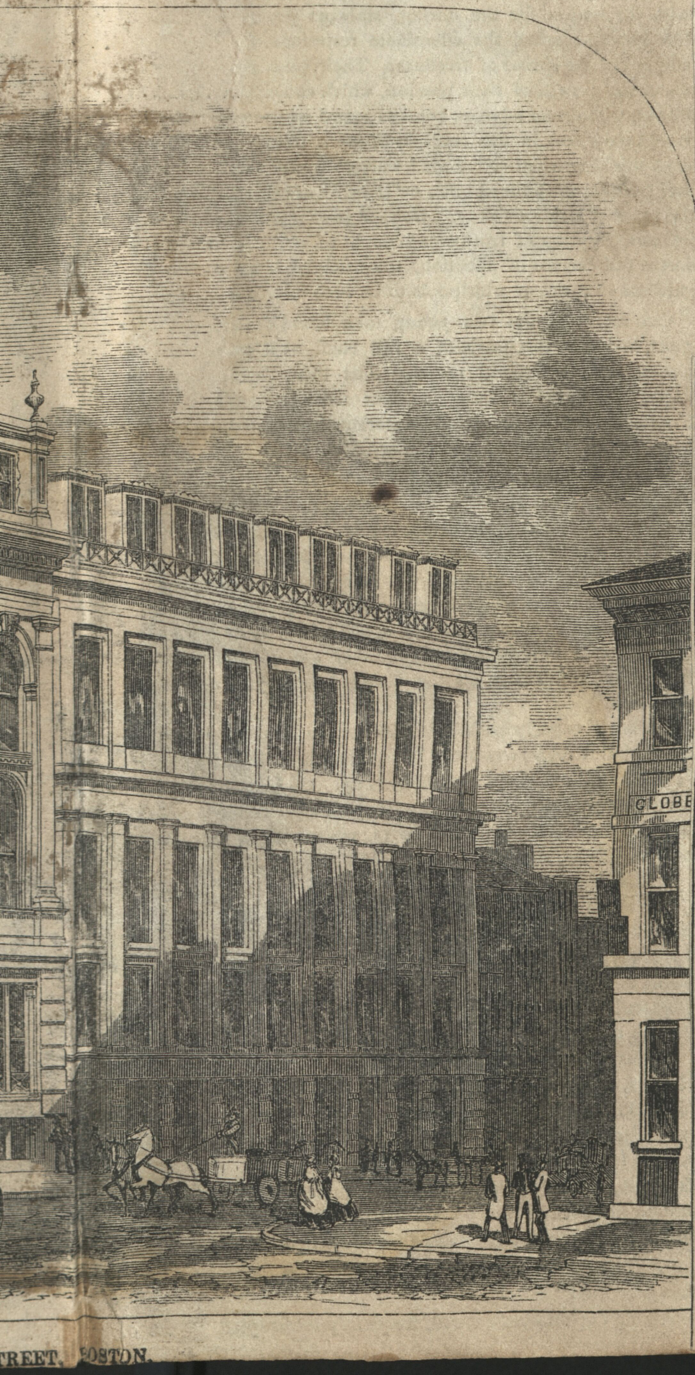
House. Long may it be before that veteran sentinel is removed
though we dare say there are innovators who would be glad
see it cashiered. As it is, it divides the stream of travel, a
compresses it into two very narrow channels on the north a
south. But though modern exigency is imperious, there are c
tain exceptional cases which ought to be conscientiously consider
The Old State House is identified with the history of the city a
the nation; the silent and venerable witness of deeds recorded i
imperishable annals,—deeds that will reverberate forever throug
the arches of time. It has looked down on many a patrioti
meeting,—on many a scene of danger, glory and triumph. At i
base was poured out the life-blood of the people, on that memora
ble moonlight winter night of 1770, when the British troops an
the people of the city came into collision. It has survived man
a trying political and financial crisis.



TREET, BOSTON.

THE ANXIOUS.

It is the secret wish of every man to lift up his head proudly above his neighbor's. He would supplant them, not to insult and despise them, but to be the certain, worthy, and admired possessor of much wealth, tantamount honor, and equivalent glittering appendages of life. And when men have this wish—and in this great city, God knows it is a very common one—to gain large fortunes, or high place, powerful friends or extensive interest, they must be extremely dexterous in managing all their concerns, upon every occasion, to the greatest advantage. These are the men who suffer most anxiety. For only consider how they must extend their thought into the future, consider contingent things, calculate casual events, lay long trains, chain one circumstance to another, skilfully apply their secret purposes, and confidently reckon upon adjusting everything and finishing their whole scheme as they frame it in their heads. Such men never lull themselves to sleep in security and give themselves up to disorder. Aware of the uncertainty perpetually attendant on all the affairs of life, required by the nature of things, and determined so by the will of Providence, they never set destiny at defiance and future at nought. They watch cautiously the long course of events, and dream constantly of every possible interruption. And as event succeeds event, and as their prosperity is advancing on to some real and solid good, what increased anxiety is theirs lest this state of things should not continue! or if it continue, lest it should not continue for the better! And if they should find themselves mistaken in their account—if the treasures on which they have fixed their hearts should elude their grasp—what wretched disappointment is theirs!

Grandmamma.—It is a difficult matter to decide the question in dispute between you and your daughter. As the mother of her children, and the head of her household, she should of course be obeyed by them and by her servants, and no one has a right to interfere with, or annoy her in, the exercise of her functions as such mother and head of the household. Although you are her mother, and the children your grand children, you have really no *rights* in the house. You are there by courtesy. Of course you should have exercised towards you the most delicate politeness, the most affectionate respect, the most becoming consideration; but, on the other hand, you should exhibit a wise forbearance in regard to the affairs and government of the family, and treat your daughter, her husband, and the children with such respectful kindness, as would tend to excite in them sentiments of profound regard and admiration for yourself.

Distracted Lover.—Your case is truly a hard one, but it does not warrant the plans you have formed for wreaking vengeance upon the young lady, her affianced husband, and her friends. Revenge is always ignoble, and never justifiable, and is apt to prove more disastrous to him who wreaks it than to his victims. Your best course would be to rise above the temptation and the predeliction to vengeance, and forgive those who have so deeply wronged you. Such a course would bring to you contentment, if not happiness; the other could only end in misery.

C.—When a young gentleman invites you to accompany him to some place of amusement, and you accept the invitation, the evening is fixed upon, and he does not come for you, nor afterwards call to make an apology, or send a written one, all you can "do about it" is to do nothing. If you like him so well that you wish to continue his acquaintance notwithstanding the offense, you must wait until he calls, or you encounter him accidentally, and then act as though nothing of the kind had occurred.

As an instance of remarkable candor, we will state that the New York editors freely confess that the streets of that city are not exactly what a person might call clean.

* * *

"Deal gently with the 'erring," is the caption of an article upon herring in a New Bedford paper.

* * *

We can always supply any or all the back numbers of this paper, at four cents per copy.

News from Abroad.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia had met with a distinguished reception at Aralta. The event is noticed as a significant one, and as being the first real interchange of courtesies between England and Russia since the termination of the war.

The *Daily News* says the acceptance of Prince Napoleon's retirement was dictated by temporary considerations, and will not be followed by any material change in the ultimate aims of the external policy of the French Government.

Advices to Jan. 19th from China, say the war vessels Turcos and Cruiser, left behind by the Elgin expedition in the Yang tze Kiang, had been enabled to get out, owing to an unexpected rise in the river.

The prospects of the war party, so far as France is concerned, do not look very bright, thanks to the force of public opinion and the spirit manifested abroad.

The Turin correspondent of a London paper reports things more hopelessly warlike than ever. The king and his ministers want war at any price.

The Turin correspondent of the *Herald*, says the note in the *Moniteur* has fallen like a thunderbolt on the Court and Ministry.

The monthly returns of the Bank of France show that the cash on hand has increased nearly thirty-three millions of francs.

Ready-made houses are now made an[illegible] to Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas, with the [illegible]onchalance as boots or cigars. One house in Cincinnati have sent out a hundred and fifty cottages on speculation. They are in small pieces to give facility in handling during transportation, but are so constructed that they can readily be put together firmly on arriving at their destination.

A very wealthy gentleman of this city was recently bitten by his dog—a large Newfoundland—which sprang upon him and tore his right cheek entirely off. The Newfoundland had been bitten some eight days before by a strange dog, but no apprehensions had been felt as to his becoming rabid. The sufferer and his family are now of course in a state of harrowing fear and suspense.

A Wisconsin paper says there is a man in that State named Creele, who is one hundred and thirty years old. He can remember distinctly events which occurred one hundred and seventeen years ago. He is living with a grandson who is over sixty years of age. Mr. Creele is unquestionably entitled to the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

A couple of gentlemen named Herring and Endy went out hunting in Mississippi; and the former getting behind a log, unknown to his friend, commenced imitating the cry of a wild turkey. Mr. Endy thereupon fired at the spot whence the sound issued and where he saw the grass move, and the charge hitting Mr. Herring in the mouth instantly killed him.

Great speculation is now going on among tea and sugar dealers, and it is thought that the prices of these articles will be run up to a high figure. The people, however, can bring the prices down at any time by omitting to use the articles for a short season.

The last news from England brings information that the British Government are determined to prosecute the war against China with the utmost energy and severity, and that they will seize and hold a large portion of the tea-growing district.

The last news from Utah is most harrowing. It seems that women are there constantly and cruelly persecuted by remorseless Mormon "deacons" and "bishops" whose morality would shame a Turk, and the officers of the United States are openly insulted and set at defiance.

There is a great excitement in New Jersey, near Paterson, in regard to the finding of pearls in the streams thereabouts, valued at from tweny-five cents to twenty-five thousand dollars a piece.

One of the newspapers inquires with much seeming innocence, if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages. Somebody answers that it probably depends on the kind of ages selected—those from eighteen to twenty-five being rather hazardous.

We find the violent partisan editors continually talking about burying their opponents. One would think from the industry with which they throw dirt in all directions, that they were trying desperately to bury everybody around them.

"You forget yourself," said a lady of our acquaintance to a rather impertinent gentleman. "Ah, well," added she, after a pause of a few moments, "I suppose you are excusable for forgetting what is not worth remembering."

The Hadley Falls factory property, which cost half a million, was sold, March 12th, to Alfred Smith and others, of Hartford, Conn., for the sum of $325,000, cash in hand. The buyers expect to make heaps of money by the sale of water privileges. The former stockholders realize eighty per cent. only, but consider themselves lucky to get off so.

* * *

Piccolomini and Ullman have had a quarrel, resulting in the breaking of the contract between them. The little prima donna is at New Orleans, and will continue her concert tour with most of the members of the opera company. The *Delta* makes Mr. Ullman a very *ill*-man.

* * *

A lady, named Miss Mary Way, is making balloon ascensions in New Orleans, *generally on Sundays.—Exchange.*

Is that the Way to *rise?* Let her beware of Thurston's fate.

* * *

The Brooklyn Committee on the Water Celebration have decided to extend invitations to the authorities and fire departments of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, Charlestown, Salem, Springfield, New Haven, Hartford, Rochester, Oswego, Buffalo, Baltimore, Richmond, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Washington, and many other places.

The Springfield *Republican* says that even in Massachusetts, where the laws are supposed to be as clear and consistent as in any State, in the attempt to enlarge the legal domain of woman, the statutes are so fixed that a wife is under no legal obligation to get breakfast, sew on a shirt button, or nurse the baby even, unless the husband pays her for it!

The American Association in London, formed for benevolent and social purposes, in 1858, is now in a prosperous condition; a house has been leased at two hundred pounds a year, in which are reading rooms, provided with American publications, and other apartments fitted up in a manner to render them an agreeable rendezvous for resident Americans, but more especially for American travellers.

Capt. John H. Weber, an aged man of 80 years, committed suicide at Bellevue, Iowa, by cutting his throat with a razor, on the 7th ult. At an early day he was United States Land Agent at Galena, and had been agent for the Hudson's Bay Company. It is said that he was the first white man who looked on the Great Salt Lake. He was an infidel, and had for many years declared his determination of taking his own life.

BRILLIANTS.

OUR STATE. (*Massachusetts.*)

The riches of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands,
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.
[Whittier.

GENUINE WIT.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
[Pope.

THE UNKNOWN.

Tell me no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affection. I depart
Unknown, though fame goes with me: I must leave
The earth unknown. [Mrs. Hemans.

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by wide spreading it becometh nought.
[Shakspeare.

STANZAS.

ESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO M

BY A. ALPHONSO CLOYES.

I've heard the song, where Venice sleeps,
Of Adria's gondolier,
And seen his light oar flash and dip,
Along the waters clear.

I've heard the Spanish maiden's song,
In fair Grenada's bowers,
And heard its echo wafted back
From old Al Hamar's towers.

To-night I am not dreaming
Of scenes beyond the sea—
Where Adria's wave is gleaming,
I would not care to be,—

Though winter winds are sweeping
Along the ocean wave,
And wild-wood flowers are sleeping
Within their silent grave.

From these bleak, barren mountains,
I do not sigh to roam—
What are Spain's tinkling fountains,
When *here*, love, is *thy* home!

What are the scenes of splendor,
That rise beyond the sea,
To the recollections tender,
That crowd my dreams of thee!

When Midnight, o'er the rivers,
Her sable shroud has thrown,
Or sunlight on them quivers,
I dream of thee alone!

---

oy's Soliloquy after the First Experiment.

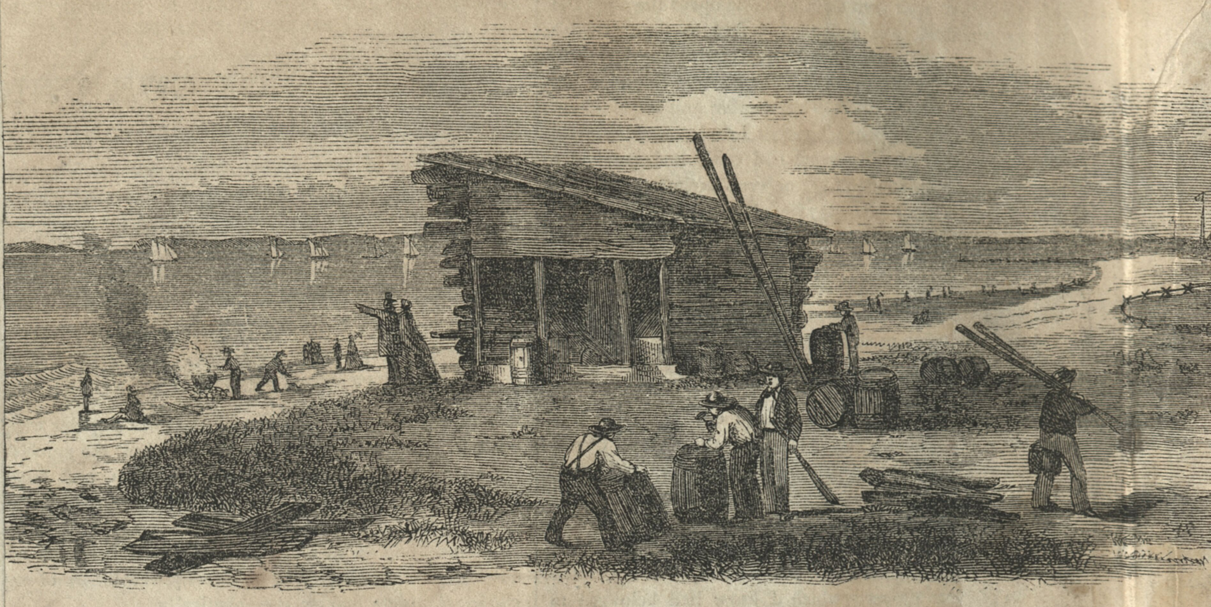
"I love the bright and cheerful sky,
The woodland's shady dell,
The tow'ring monument and rocky cliff,
The dark, deserted cell.
I leve the bold and fearless heart,
A heart that's free from guile,
The merry laugh—but greater far,
I love *true* love's smile.

I love the ocean's heaving breast,
Its sparkling, dashing foam;
The gentle spring, whose crystal tears
Do mark the streamlet's home.
I love them all—but give to me
A *true* and steadfast hand;
An *honest* heart, whose every pulse
Cements *pure* love's band.

I love a girl—yes—God knows truly, but had
Deceit in *her* ne'er been known?
Have those whispered words been of holy truth?
Were they breathed in accents all their own?
Is she a girl who melted other hearts
To deeds of untold love?
And leads its captured spirit on
To joy and peace above?"

Not the "Boy."

ican, Mass., 1858.



OLD FISH HOUSE, END OF CHELSEA BEACH, MASS.

SEASIDE SKETCHES NEAR BOSTON.

Our artist, Mr. Kilburn, on this and the next page, has given us some of the fruits of his professional midsummer rambles. The good people of Boston are not entirely exempt from obedience to that impulse which leads mankind to see the greatest attractions in the remotest scenes. Many hie away to the White ountains and the Kaatskills, who have never climbed Blue Hill or Powder-horn Hill. Persons see beauties in the Bay of Naples, who never detected the charms of our own Boston harbor, or, very like, go into extacies on little strips of British sand, utterly forgetful of such glorious places for rides or rambles as Chelsea and Nahant Beaches. Still, there are enough to appreciate home beauties; and now and then, when the tide of fashionable immigration sets forth to Newport, Coney Island and the Rip-Raps, there may be found some editor bold enough to insinuate that Boston is itself a watering-place, and there are localities within easy walking or riding distance, well worthy of being patronized. Well—with these pictures before us, we again go back, in imagination, to the shore of that sounding sea, which has been falsely charged with monotony, but which, even in a calm, has its dimples, its smiles and frowns—its thousand modes of expression. We listen to the plaintive murmurs of the waves as they die in music on the beach, to the wild battle-music of the billows when the ire of old Neptune is raised, and he sends his crested warriors to storm the barriers against which he wages an undying warfare. Or we loll in some shady nook, the shallow pretence of reading abandoned, and gazing out on the face of the waters, follow the course of the white sails, and giving a loose rein to the fancy, con-

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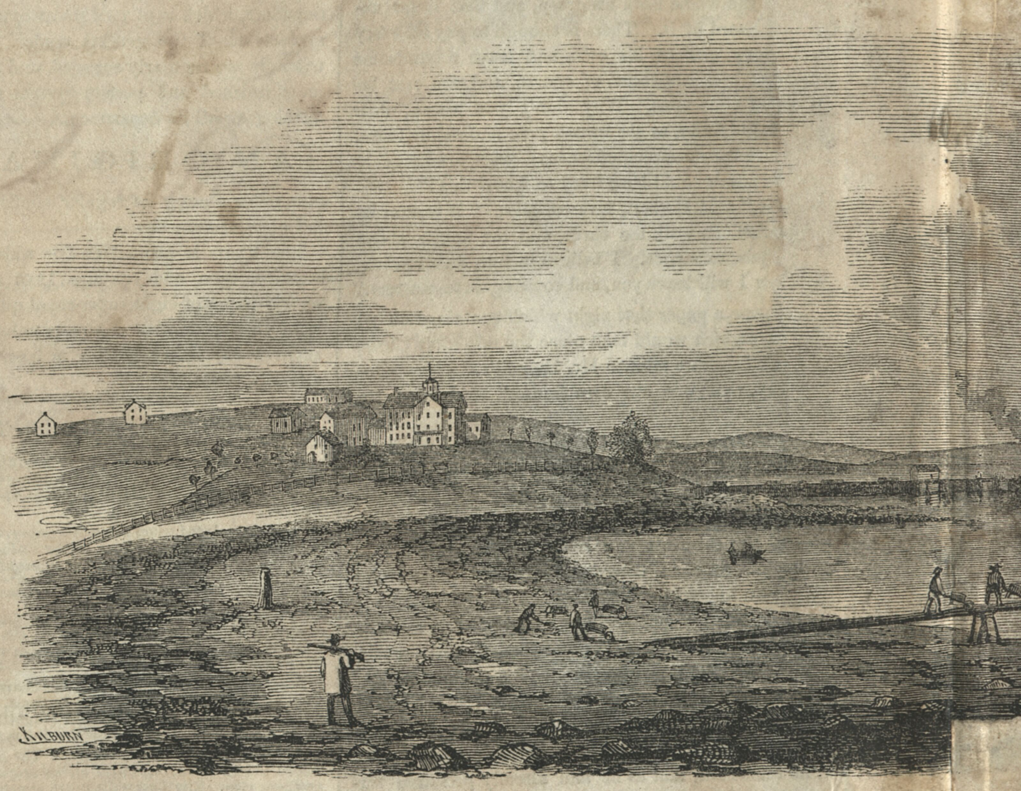
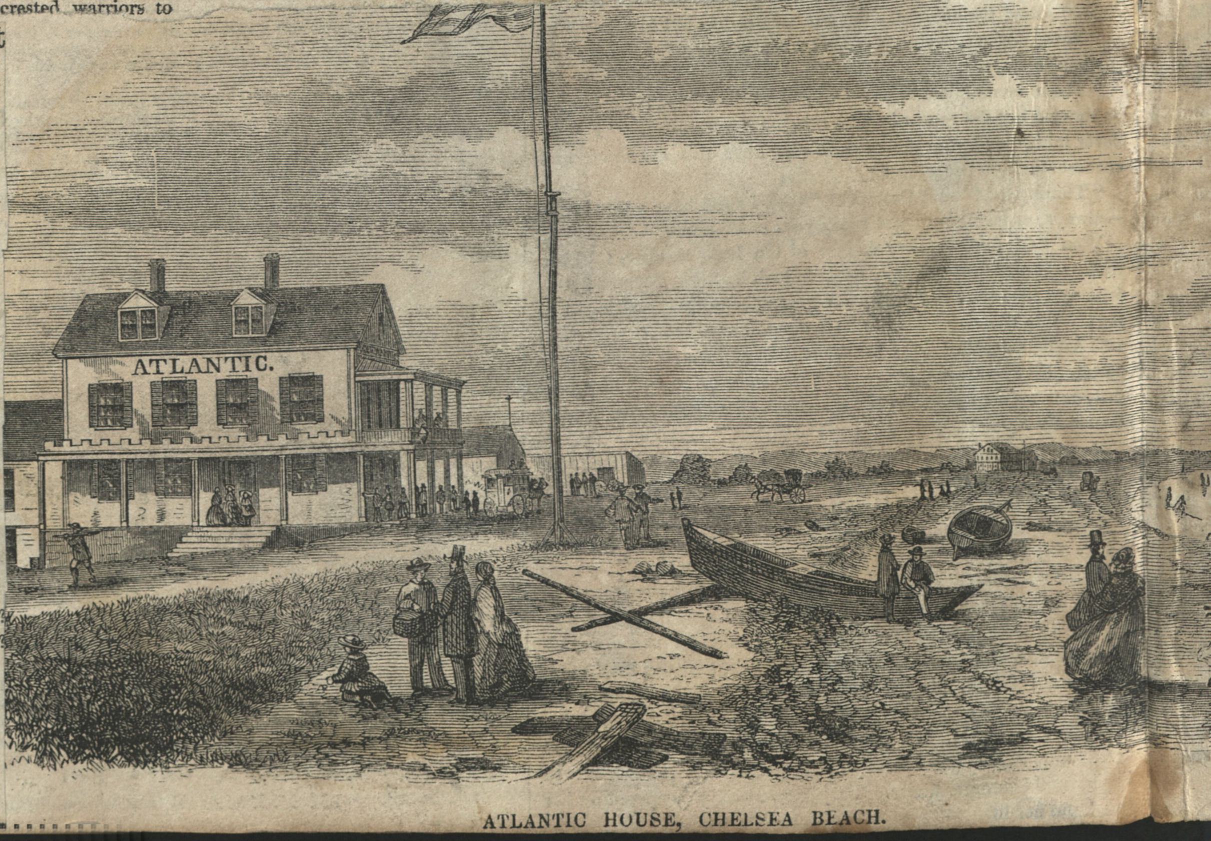
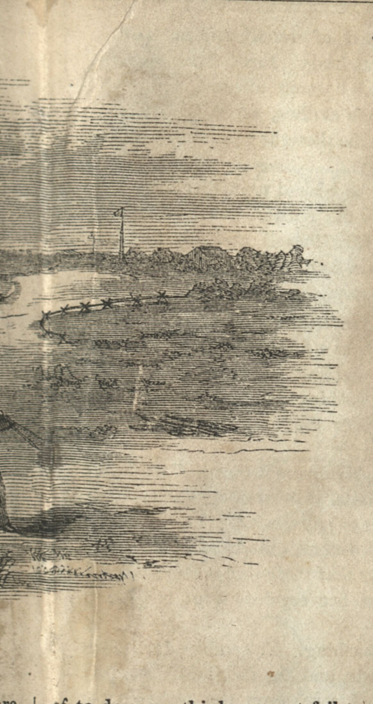


EUTAW HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, BOSTON



ATLANTIC HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.



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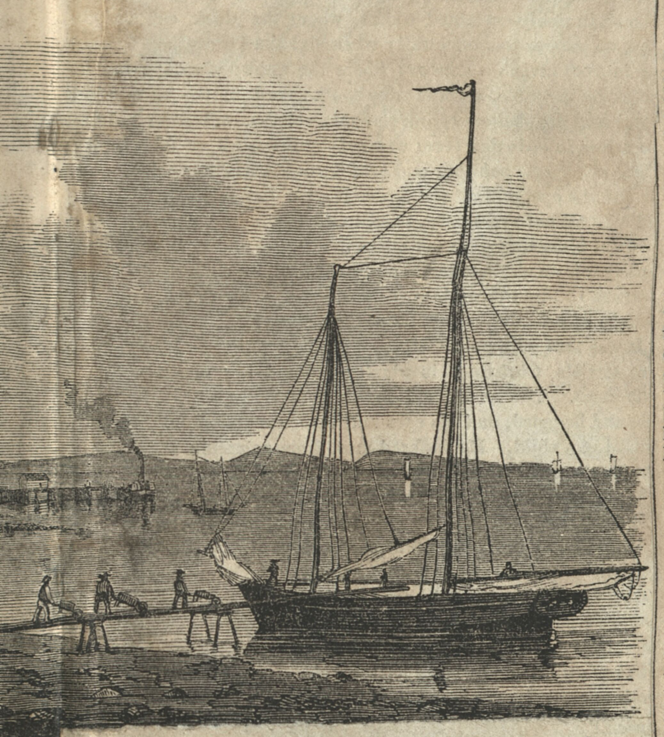
jure up a thousand pleasing visions. We attach ourselves to some white-winged bark, and try to imagine who are on board—what little society thus segregated from the mass of humanity, and seeking a far fortune by a pathway ever perilous. We call up the images of the daring navigators who have gilded the page of history with their great deeds. We think of those fierce Northmen, the Vikingrs, who swept the broad Atlantic with their adventurous galleys, and cast their anchors in the farthest havens. Or we think of the gallant Genoese steering towards immortal fame in a frail caravel, such as the boldest pilot of to-day would hardly venture in. The romance of the sea and of the sea-shore is inexhaustible. They have their superstitions, their legendary tales, their history, and, above all, their poetry. But if there are those whom neither poetry nor association nor beauty move, still against the dear delights of bathing, fishing and fish chowders few are proof. Hence our illustrations of to day, we think, cannot fail to prove acceptable. The first in the series is a sketch of the old fish-house at the end of Chelsea Beach, which, by the way, is five miles long, and one of the longest, if not the longest, sea beach in the Atlantic States. The building in our sketch has certainly an "ancient and fish-like" odor about it, but it, nevertheless, is a spot around which many pleasant associations cluster. In front of it are a group of men coopering casks, while the shore is lively with pleasure seekers. Our second view is of the Eutaw House, Long Island, a commodious building and a pleasant resort. The view is sketched from the headland on which the lighthouse stands. On the right is a schooner, and a party of men are engaged in wheeling ballast on board. The next view is a very pretty scene, in which the most prominent feature is the Atlantic House, kept by J. Moran. It is the first house on the beach, and the stopping-place of the omnibus from Boston through Chelsea and North Chelsea—a very pretty village, by the way. The next engraving represents Long Island Head Light, sketched from the steamboat wharf, a part of which is seen in front, covered with figures. The fifth view delineates the Neptune House, kept by E. Hayes. It is the next house beyond the Atlantic. In front of the house is a swing in full blast. Our last picture is th Robinson Crusoe House, Chelsea Beach, kept by Amos Talton. It is the last hotel on the beach. The boat-house summer-house, and all the surroundings are accurately sketched.



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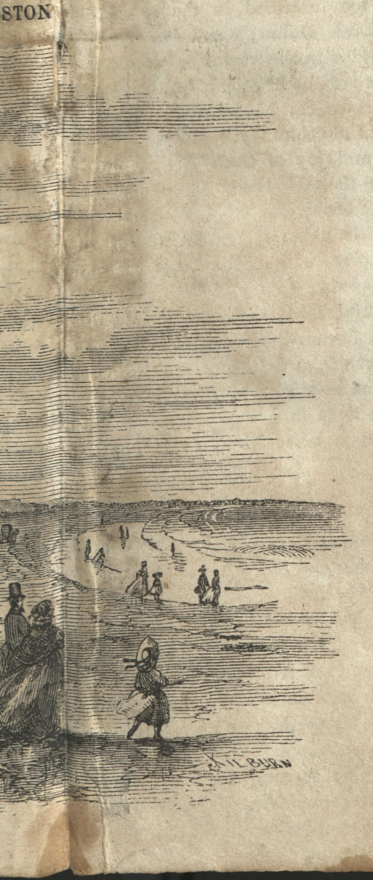


AN ACOMMODATING MOTHER.

Manœuvering mothers are still happily exceptions in American society, and the bent of actual affection has in a majority of marriage contracts, a larger influence than purposes of pecuniary or social advancement. But as our cities grow,—as the fields of employment become more crowded, and the existence of the many the more difficult, while the fortunes of the lucky few are inordinately increased, marriages may become here, as they are abroad, more and more affairs of business. Commerce, as well as courts, fosters refinement and creates luxurious tastes; and the young man or woman, who has grown up enjoying these, is often unwilling to sacrifice their indulgence to any happiness of married love, with small means, great cares and humble position. We shall see in due time, therefore,—and no preaching will prevent it—the business of match-making mammas vastly enlarged, and the means of a suitor or the dower of a girl taken candidly into the account, without any of the reserve or squeamishness which now proves the impulses of the heart rather than the work of the head. How far the opposite practice has existed among the royal families of Europe, is amusingly illustrated by the maternal management of the Duchess of Wirtemberg, who flourished in her own way, during the last century. She had three or four daughters, and the chief point in their education, in which her commands were absolute to their preceptors, was that they should be taught morality, but no religious tenets which could possibly affect their alliance with princes professing any other creed. Thus they would be ready to assume the practice of any faith without abandoning any conviction. This comfortable system succeeded. One daughter married the son of the Empress of Russia, and straightway she joined the Greek Church. Another married the then heir to the Austrian throne, and with equal facility and sincerity became a Roman Catholic. The eulogist of the diplomatic old Duchess naïvely remarks, that while she was thus likely to be the mother of two Empresses, the honors of her family might be still farther enhanced, for the presumptive heir of the Turkish Empire was then a young man, and it was not impossible he might waive a seraglio in order to obtain the third daughter for his wife,—in which event there would be no obstacle to her embracing Mohammedanism. And the reason given is charmingly candid. "The counsels by which the Court of Stutgard is governed, are founded in liberality. The crescent is not a less brilliant ornament to a crown than a cross." Christian republican women! Mothers of American sovereigns! You have yet something to learn in "liberality," or to lose in principle, before you can make her Royal Highness of Wirtemberg your maternal model!

A SUN PICTURE.

What a pity children should ever grow up. The other day, passing through an entry of one of our public buildings, we saw two little boys, of the ages of about six and eight, with their arms about each other's necks, exchanging kiss after kiss. It was such a pretty sight, in that noisy den of business, that one could but stop to look. The younger of the children, noticing this, looked up with such a heaven of love in his face, and said, in explanation, "*he is my brother!*" Pity they should ever grow up, thought we, as we passed along. Pity that the world, with its clashing interests of business, love, and politics, should ever come between them. Pity that they should ever coldly exchange finger tips, or, more wretched still, even exchange glances. Pity that one should sorrow, and grieve, and hunger, and thirst, and yearn for sympathy, while the other should sleep, and eat, and drink, unmindful of his fate. Pity that one with meek-folded hands should pass into the land of silence, and no tear of repentance and affection fall upon his marble face from the eyes of his "brother.' Such things have been. That is why we thought, pity they should ever grow up!—"*Heaven lies so near us in our infancy.*"

QUESTIONS FOR ALDERMEN.

We should like to be informed why Tompkins Square, which is situated in the midst of a dense population of working-people, is a desert, without grass, with few trees, and an empty fountain, while the Squares of Washington, Madison, Stuyvesant, and others which rich people are supposed to frequent, are gardens of delight in comparison?

And why the streets which contain a small family in each house should be kept clean, while the streets which average a thousand people per block are left, week after week, without the touch of a broom?

Do poor people's children object to looking into a pond full of gold-fish? Is the sight of a nice lawn painful to their eyes? Are they afraid of flowers? Are the exhalations of stale dirt-heaps gratifying to their noses and beneficial to their lungs? Is it important that people who live six in a house should have everything salubrious and pleasant around them, and of no importance that people should who are packed twelve in a room? And are there any other cities in this republic which exhibit a most tender regard for the comfort of the few who can leave the city when they like, and show no concern for the pleasure of those who must stay in town all the time?

A NEW YORK alderman said the other day—If you pass that bill the earth will shake under you. The bill was passed, but the old earth snoozed on, like an alderman after dinner.

A MAN killed another the other day, in this city, by throwing a brandy-bottle at his head. The great question at the trial will be whether the deed was done with a "deadly weapon."

A COTEMPORARY threatens to make us see ourselves by holding up a glass to our face. We think his great fault is that he has held up too many glasses to his own.

A RATHER hard-hearted fellow says that the best way of stopping the fountain of a lady's tears is to "dam her eyes."

"I HAVE a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one—why don't you have it *cured*?"

WE know a very ugly and penurious man who works in his own fields in the summer months to save the expense of a scarecrow.

A SOUTHERN politician swears in a late speech, that he will die in harness. Many an ass has done so before.

A GENTLEMAN named Slow, has got a very important mail contract. We hope he is *sure*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

IT is known by frog-eaters that only the hind legs of the frog are eaten; and it has been customary heretofore for frog-catchers to tear off that part of the reptile, to save time, while the frog was alive. This fact has induced the society for the protection of animals, in Berne, to get a special law passed, compelling the frog-catchers to cut off the heads of their victims before detaching the part so loved by epicures.

A GENTLEMAN named Carver, who was hunting in the woods near Glasgow, Missouri, hearing his dog yelp as though in pain, hastened in the direction of the sound, and on arriving near beheld his hound in the coils of an enormous serpent. Quickly taking aim, he fired at the snake's head, in which he lodged a large charge of buck-shot. This so disabled the reptile that the gentleman soon killed him and rescued his dog. The snake was thirteen feet long.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

Young women, and particularly those brought up in luxury and indolence, are too apt to consider domestic concerns beneath their notice. This is a great mistake. Women should from their infancy be accustomed to have the direction of some department in their father's house; they should keep the accounts, learn to purchase the various articles used in housekeeping, and know how each may be employed to most advantage: meanwhile care must be taken that economy degenerate not into avarice; explain the folly of this passion, remind them that it increases with age, that it is very disgraceful, and that a prudent woman should only endeavor by a frugal and diligent life to avoid the shame attached to prodigality and extravagance.

It is necessary to curtail all useless expenses in order to be more liberal in acts of benevolence, charity, and friendship. Frequently that which costs most at first, is ultimately cheapest, and it is a general good management, not a mean parsimony, that is truly profitable. Do not fail to represent the folly of those women, who eagerly save a wax-candle, while they suffer themselves to be cheated in objects of importance.

Teach your daughters to pay great attention to neatness and regularity, and accustom them not to suffer anything dirty or slatternly about their persons or in their houses. Tell them nothing contributes so much to economy as keeping everything in its proper place: this rule, though apparently trifling, is highly important, and should be strictly observed. When your daughters first begin to attend domestic concerns, let them commit some errors, as it is well to sacrifice something to improvement; point out what they should have done to avoid these inconveniences, and teach them what you have yourself learned by experience. Be not afraid to tell them of similar mistakes you committed while young, for by these means you will inspire them with confidence in themselves, and without which they will never do anything well.

CAUSE OF DISCONTENT.

It is certain, that many of our miseries are merely comparative; we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification; and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial inquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

A NEW ENGLAND writer, of a speculative turn of mind, says that "a man cannot be active and quiescent at the same time." Facts prove incontestibly, however, that some chaps, while bustling about terribly, can *lie still*.

THERE are two classes of persons of whom it may be truly said that their word is as good as their bond—those whose word is never broken, and those whose bond is good for nothing.

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer raindrops
Is the air as deeply stirr'd;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answer'd
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Look'd at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gather'd
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirr'd,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirr'd it ever, night or day:
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living:
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have utter'd
Echoes in God's skies.

I'm Saddest When I Sing.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay,
But oh, they all were taught to me,
By friends now far away.
The bird retains his silver note.
Though bondage chains his wing—
His song is not a happy one—
I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive tone for me.
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some withered leaf—
I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears when I bend over it
Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me little think,
I'm saddest when I sing.

E FLOWERS OF THE FIEL

BY PROF. KEBLE.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare!

Ye fearless, in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes;
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day; to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless."

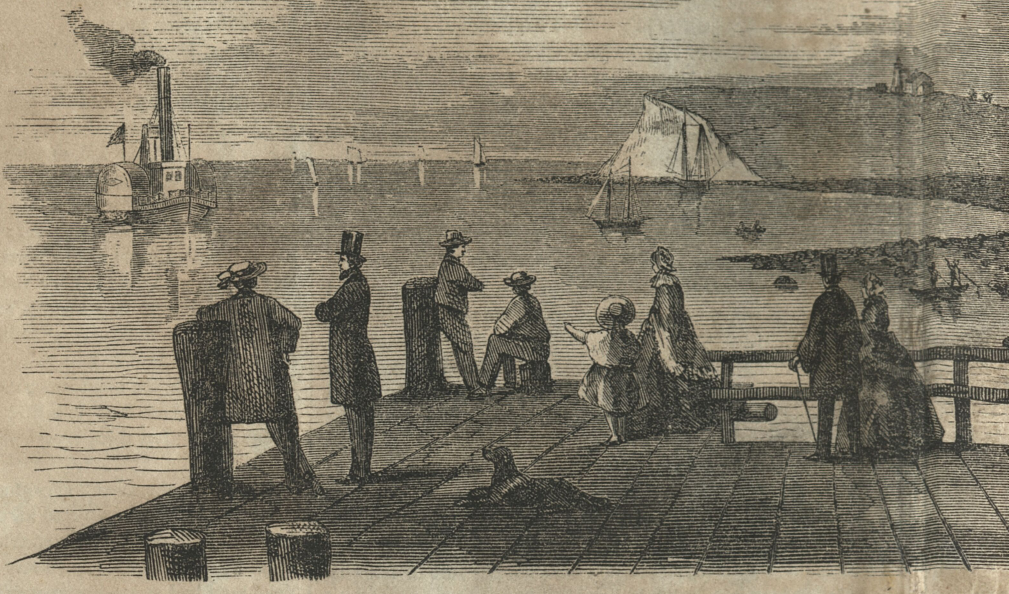
Miscellany

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

A contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1795, thus describes an amusement practised on Christmas Eve, at the mansion of a worthy baronet, at Ashton, near Birmingham, down to the end of the last century. He writes: "As soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall. On it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, a tankard of ale, with pipes and tobacco; and the two oldest servants have chair behind it, to sit as judges if they please. The steward brings servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow-sheet, and lays their right hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body. The eldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly the oldest again. If they hit upon the right name, the steward leads the person back again; but if they do not, he takes off the winnow-sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes a low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant was brought, the younger judge guessed first and third and thus they did, alternately, till all the money was given away. Whatever servant had not slept in the house the preceding night forfeited his right to the money. No account is given of the origin of this strange custom, but it

as been practised ever since the family lived there. When the money is gone, the servants have full liberty to drink, dance, sing, and go to bed when they please." "At York," says Stukely, only a century ago, "on the eve of Christmas-day they carried mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaimed a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of heaven." "In the Isle of Man," relates Waldron, "on the twenty-fourth of December, towards evening, all the servants have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock, when prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren; and after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier; bring her to the parish church, and bury her 'with a whimsical kind of solemnity,' singing dirges over her in the Manx language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins." At Dewsbury, Yorkshire, one of the church bells is tolled as at a funeral, on Christmas eve; and any one asking whose bell it was, would be

"The moral of it is, that the devil died when Christ was born." This custom was discontinued for many years, but was subsequently revived by the vicar of the church in 1828.—*Sharp's London Magazine for December.*



LONG ISLAND HEAD LIGHT, BOSTON HARBOR.

William
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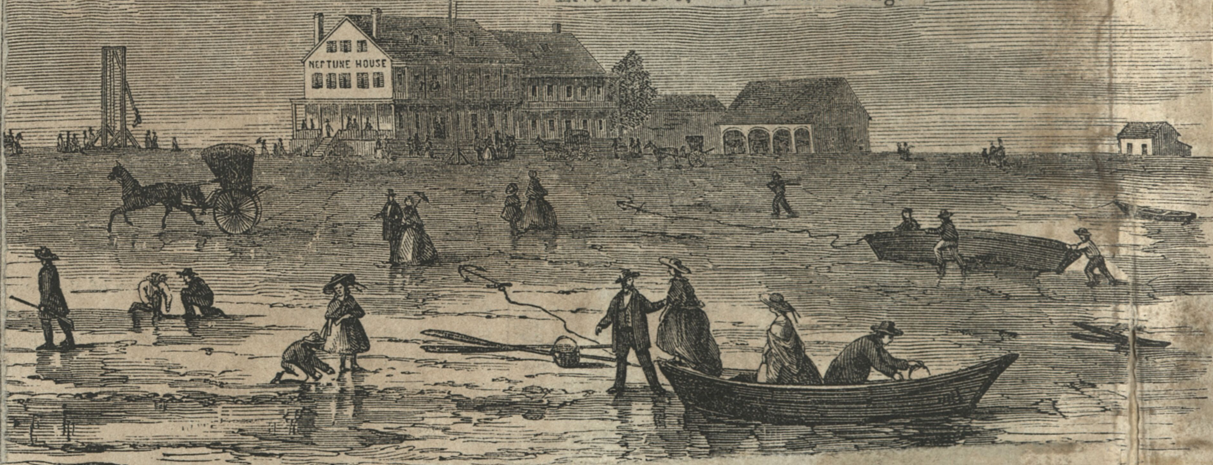
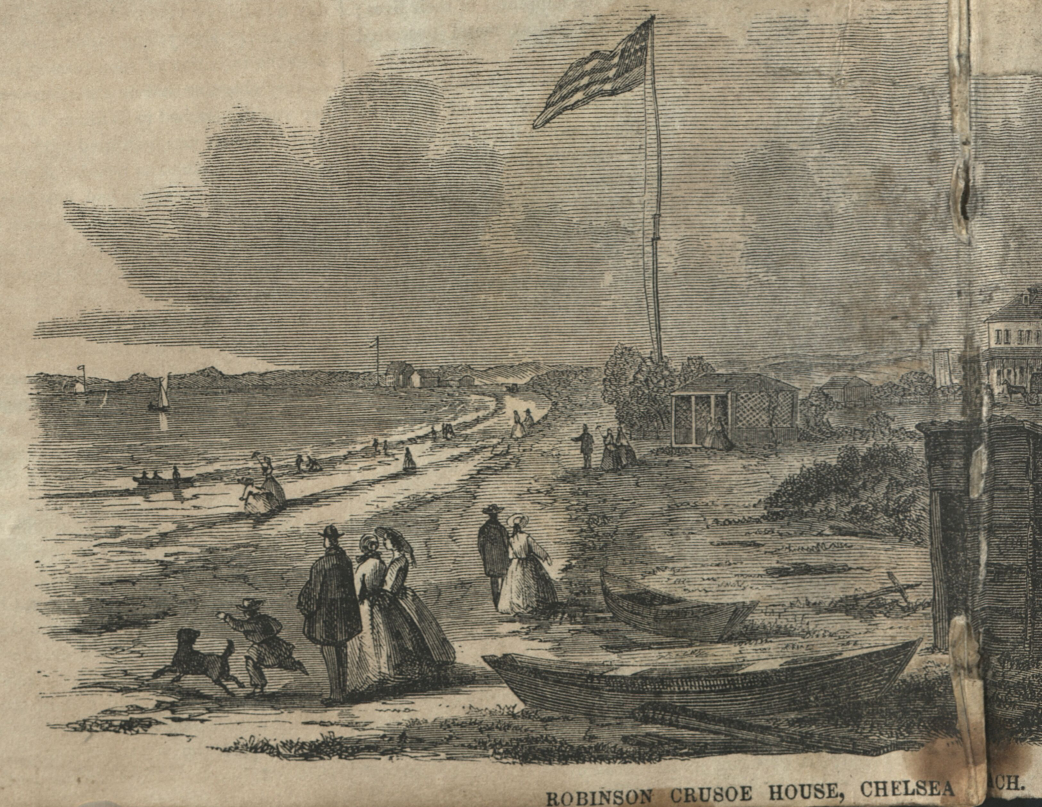
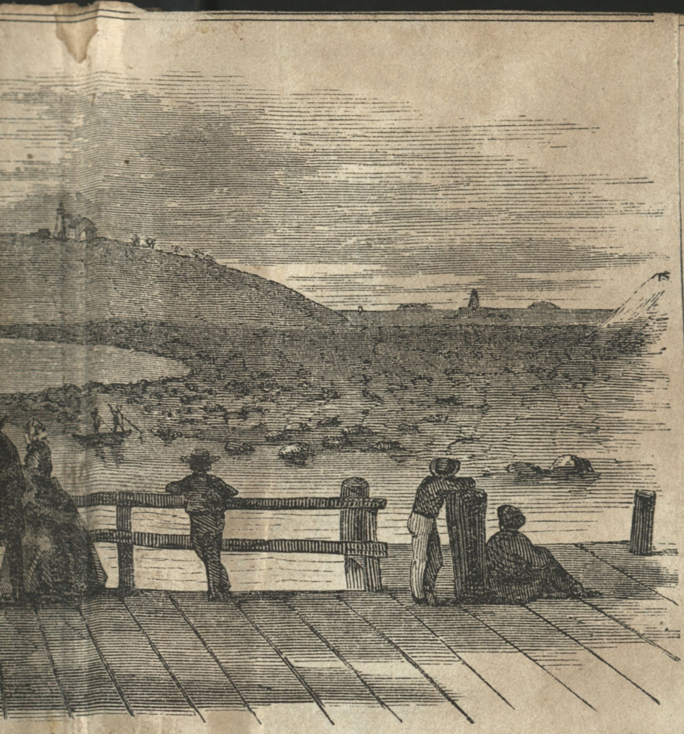
Why be angry with each other?
Man was made to *love* his brother
Kindness is a human duty,
Meekness a celestial beauty;
Words of kindness, spoke in season,
Have a weight with men of reason
Don't be others follies blaming,
And their little vices naming;
Charity's a cure for railing,
Suffers much, is all prevailing—
Courage, then, and be forgiving,
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.'





ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE, CHELSEA CH.



STON HARBOR.

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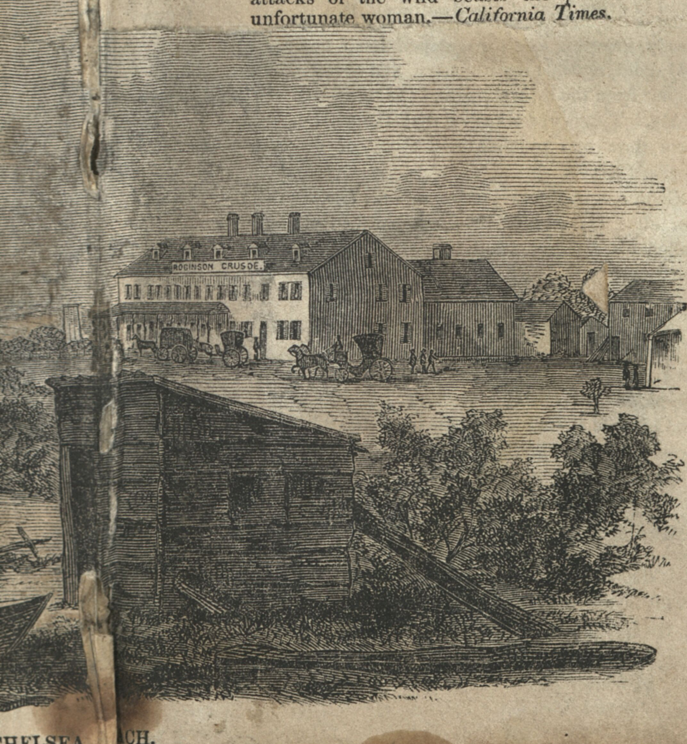
CANINE SAGACITY.

William Dredge lives about five miles from the town of Trinity, Cal., at the base of the mountain which towers north of that place. A short time after midnight on one of the days of the last winter, he was aroused from his slumbers by the howl of a dog. No menace on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal, moaning howling, occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration, Mr. Dredge at last hastily dressed himself and unbolted the door, when a large mastiff rushed in. The dog at once caught hold of his trousers and employed every gentle means to induce the man to accompany him outside. Dredge's first impression was that he was mad; and yet so peculiar and earnest were his dumb entreaties that he finally yielded and proceeded without the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute, now capering and wagging his tail before him, and now returning and gently seizing him by the hand and trousers, induced Dredge to follow him. Their course was up the precipitous side of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through a snow-drift that had settled in one of its numerous fissures. Here comes the wonder. Upon the snow lay the body of a woman, who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in death; but what was the surprise of Mr. Dredge to see that faithful dog ferret out, from a bundle of clothing that lay by the side of the woman, a young child, about two years old, still warm and living. A little inspection, aided by the starlight and the brightness of the snow, enabled him to discover that the person of the woman was nearly naked. With a mother's affection, she had stripped her own person in order to furnish warmth to her exposed infant. The trusty dog had completed her work of self-sacrifice. Mr. Dredge immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and, arousing some of his neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from the attacks of the wild beasts the person of the unfortunate woman.—*California Times.*



CHELSEA ACH.

MORAL COURAGE.

A rare virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command, high sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the bugle's note, as with more than magic sound it bids the soldier dare all for victory—the banner of your country in front, planted there to stand amid victory or defeat. Oh, how young hearts beat to be actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting bravely, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battle-field compared with the moral courage of every day life? Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the occasion, laboring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of an hundred battle-fields, and lead a forlorn hope in each, than bear and brave these things? Why the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a *man* to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—*to do.* when like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security, and life are threatened to be swept away.

Yet who, looking back on the page of history, or forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs—what are they? Chronicled names in all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously and on the scaffold; how fares it with them? Cherished as Earth's noblest sons. The good, who spoke the truth and suffered for it—where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thoughts and love. And yet, what did they? *Like men, they spoke the truth that was in them.* This was their courage. If they had been silent, if, trembling before tyrants and mobs, they had feared to say what they felt and what they knew, they would have lived and died as other men. But they had the moral courage to do all this, and, though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before everything else! It is the only bravery on which humanity may count for any real blessing. Give us moral courage first and last! For it nerves a man for duty, it roots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passions, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.

TRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

A Malta paper says that some parts of Sicily have been lately visited by dreadful tornadoes, which have caused considerable damage to the plantations to the westward of the island, tearing up trees by the roots, and driving everything before them. In a plantation of 25,000 olive trees, only a few dozens are remaining. A similar thing occurred at our island on Friday last, between three and four P. M., at St. Antonio, Balzan, Attard, and other places to the westward. The atmosphere on a sudden became obscured, and immediately afterward blew a perfect hurricane. Some say it was the effect of a water-spout. Trees in St. Antonio gardens and in the vicinity were torn up by the roots. A sentry in his box on guard at St. Antonio was carried away, box and all, which hurt the man very much. A small child, it is said, was actually borne away in the village of Attard, and, we believe not yet heard of. Carts were literally sent into the air. A large quantity of barley prepared in a field for treading out, was all swept away, and not a grain to be seen. Two massive iron bars of the gate of St. Antonio were broken in pieces; the gate was closed, but opened by the force of the wind. The garden of Mr. Clincham adjoining St. Antonio was completely destroyed; trees rooted up, and others broken, about sixteen large stone columns smashed to pieces, and the garden strewed with straw and bits of lavender, brought from some distant place. We have not heard all the particulars relating to this affair, but we are given to understand the damages to be much greater than what have come to our knowledge. In parts of the country rain had fallen in torrents, which made the roads the following morning in some parts impassable.

* * *

"MEANING" AND "DOING" WELL.

It is natural to mean well, when only abstracted ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind, and no particular passion turns us aside from rectitude; and so willing is every man to flatter himself, that the difference between approving laws, and obeying them, is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleases his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himself zealous in the cause of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than as they conform to his own desires; and counts himself among her warmest lovers, because he praises her beauty, though every rival steals away his heart.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Though the fields of a portion of Europe may be desolated, and the garners stripped by the "dogs of war," every farmer on our peaceful dominion who has surplus of fruit or grain in the coming harvest, will doubtless see in his increased profits that some good can come even out of the monstrous evil of war. Setting the humanities aside, and counting as providential all the fish that come to our net, we might well view this Old World conflict as our blessing. Every cannon shot and sabre stroke in Lombardy—the granary of Italy—must lift the scale of values of our breadstuffs. Already the pulses of our markets beat high to the fiery fever of Europe. Our space of earth cannot be sown too broadcast to meet the wants of the future; for to our cornucopias the fighting nations will be forced to turn. Judging by what we have seen and what we hear, our farmers have not been deaf to the stimulating prophecy of war. They have counted the probabilities, and sown and planted beyond their usual measure; their rich money reward for which, we think, is absolutely certain. Much as we may deprecate the evil that breeds good, it would be no service to humanity, but an impeachment of our wisdem, not to pluck the largest possible good from the evil that is beyond our hindering—or even modifying, save by producing an excess of food for the hungry evil-doers. Let our farmers then be assiduous in cultivating their fields, for the tides are already risen which must bear every surplus of our products to extraordinary values.

'Be not harsh and unforgiving,
  Life in love, 'tis pleasant living.
If any angry man should meet thee,
  And assail the indiscreetly,
Turn not thou again and rend him,
  Lest thou needlessly offend him.
Show him that love has been thy teacher—
  Kindness is a potent preacher;
Gentleness is e'er forgiving,—
  Life in love 'tis pleasant living.

Pioneer.—It is a sad thing that your son and his companions fell into the power of the Rocky Mountain savages and were murdered by them; but we cannot agree with you in calling down vengeance and extermination upon the Indians. They have their rights, or, at least, if you will not admit that they have rights, you must confess that they have certain natural instincts and passions which, in their untutored state, it is to be expected they will gratify and obey. If white people choose to engage in rows and contests with savages, they must submit to the exigencies of savage warfare.

Maud.—You should repay the gentleman's "teasings" in the same, or a more disagreeable, coin. He is guilty of gross impropriety in thus pertinaciously annoying you, and should be condignly rebuked therefor. Stick him playfully with a a darning-needle, hang his hat on the gas-burner, rasp his face with a briar or the sprig of a rosebush, or do any other gaily severe thing you can imagine, and then, if he be provoked or angered thereby, say you were only in fun—that you are surprised he can't take a little play, etc., etc. You cannot well be too severe with him.

Romeo.—Your father has no legal or moral right to your services, nor has he had for the last two years—since you arrived at the age of twenty-one. We say this, of course, on the supposition that you have (as you say) worked hard and faithfully for him, since your boyhood. As he is unwilling to make any provisiou for remunerating you for your present and future services, you would be justified in seeking employment whereby you could secure an independent maintenance, and lay up something for a future "rainy day."

CHILDREN'S FOOD.

Physiologists, however they may differ as to the mere theory of digestion, all agree that the stomach as much needs rest from its work as any other organ or part of the body. The reason of this is, that its muscular coat undergoes the process of wear and tear in obedience to an unalterable law of our physical economy, and *itself* requires nutrition.

This being so, where do parents find a justification for the common custom of giving "pieces" to their children? If the digestive apparatus of adults requires repose for the reason stated, how much more that of the child? In the latter the process of growth is going on, as well as that of restoration. Growth depends, not on the quantity of food, but the degree of perfection which marks its assimulation, or conversion into the fluids and solids of the body—the blood, the muscles, the bones, &c. There should always be time fully to dispose of one meal before another is taken. To this end the length of time which elapses between the three meals of the family is seldom too long. It is oftener too short. Children's stomachs need the whole of it to digest their contents, if the proper quantity is not curtailed by the "piece" system, because of the natural appetite being unseasonably pampered. To shorten it, in the way of which we are complaining, is inevitably followed by mischief, because involving a positive infraction of physiological law. For this reason the "indulgence," which the, perhaps, well-enough-*intending* parent practices in this respect, is nothing short of cruelty. As such, no selfish purpose of "keeping the child quiet" can be held excusable. It only renders the cruelty more cruel.

* * *

"Dad," said an incipient legislator to his indulgent parent, who had gratified him with a visit to the galleries of the Capitol, "say do you see any row going on? I don't." "No," said the astonished father, "of course not. Why did you ask?" "Cause the man in the big desk says—'the *eyes* have it!'—and just now he said the *nose* had it—

She sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present, only,
While she thinks of all the past;
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Filled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
Oh! those happy, happy moments!
They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there!

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief;
But her wavering thoughts will wander
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been!
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the voice that hushed the sea,
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
"Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there!

THE EVERGREEN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Love cannot be the aloe tree,
Whose bloom but once is seen;
Go search the grove—the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen:
For that's the same, in leaf or frame,
'Neath cold or sunny skies;
You take the ground its roots have bound,
Or it, transplanted, dies!

That love thus shoots, and firmly roots
In woman's heart, we see;
Through smiles and tears in after years
It grows a fadeless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
Forever may be seen,
In summer's bloom, or winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen!

P. B. R.—Call at the office of the surrogate of your county, state the case to him and say that you want to know if your father's will has been admitted to probate, and what his executors have done. You are entitled to know all about it, and whatever has been legally done will appear on record in the surrogate's office. Should you be dissatisfied with the appearance of things, you can cite the administrator to file his account, and so get at the bottom of the whole affair. Ask the surrogate's advice.

Florence.—If the heat arising from the oven be not too great, there is nothing particularly injurious to health in sleeping over or adjoining to one. Bakers live and thrive in its neighborhood. But dry heated air is generally injurious to the lungs, and produces a huskiness in the throat, which often terminates in cough. The influence of the heat is best determined by the difference of the feelings in and out of the apartment.

J. K. C.—We would say to you what Wolsey said to his secretary—

> "Cromwell, beware ambition!
> By that sin fell the angels."

Better stay where you are. In the circle to which you aspire you would feel quite out of place and miserable.

Bookkeeper.—The best way to improve your handwriting is to write a great deal and with much pains, accuracy, and neatness. You cannot "acquire a good hand in ten lessons," and any man who tells you that you can is a fool or a designing knave.

Mercutio.—You are responsible for all your wife's debts, and the best thing you can do is to pay them without any wrangling. If a man will marry a roving actress, he must be prepared for the turning up of many little responsibilities.

Ophelia.—It will not hurt your hair to wash your head with soap and water, but the white of an egg is much better than soap for the hair, and it is equally cleansing for the scalp.

Lothario.—We don't know what will make whiskers grow on a face which nature has left sterile. We have no faith in the nostrums you mention.

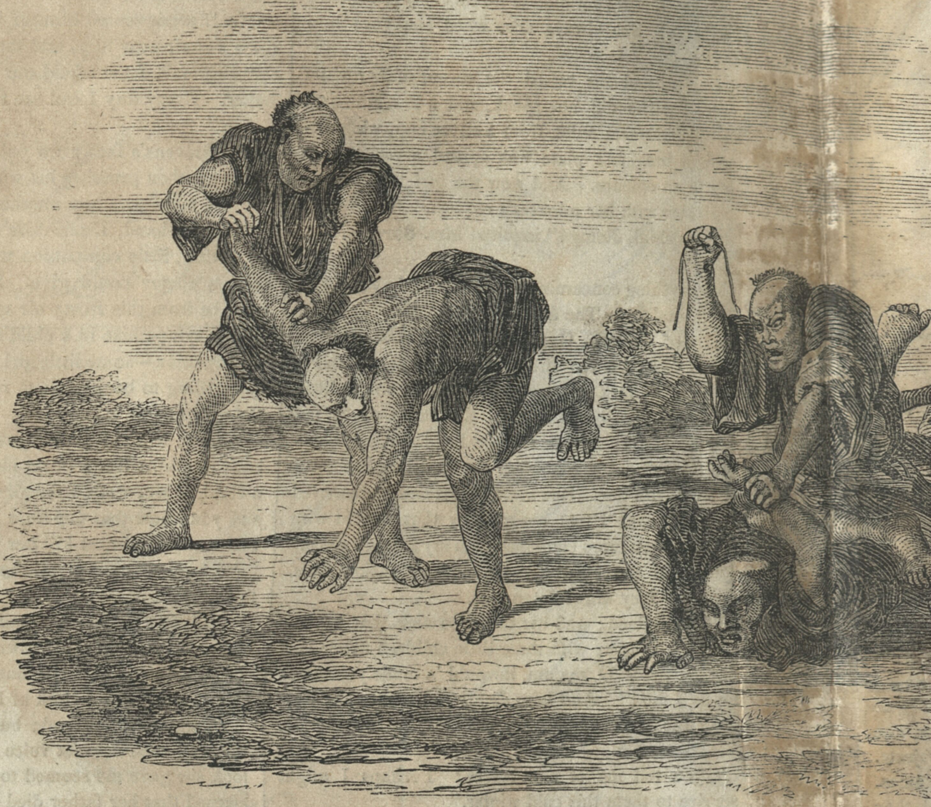
Grandmamma.—A child born of American parents in Spain, or anywhere else, is an American child so far as its citizenship of, and legal rights in, this country are concerned.

One of the Heirs.—An illegitimate child inherits none of his father's property. If not provided for in the will, he must go without any of the estate.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

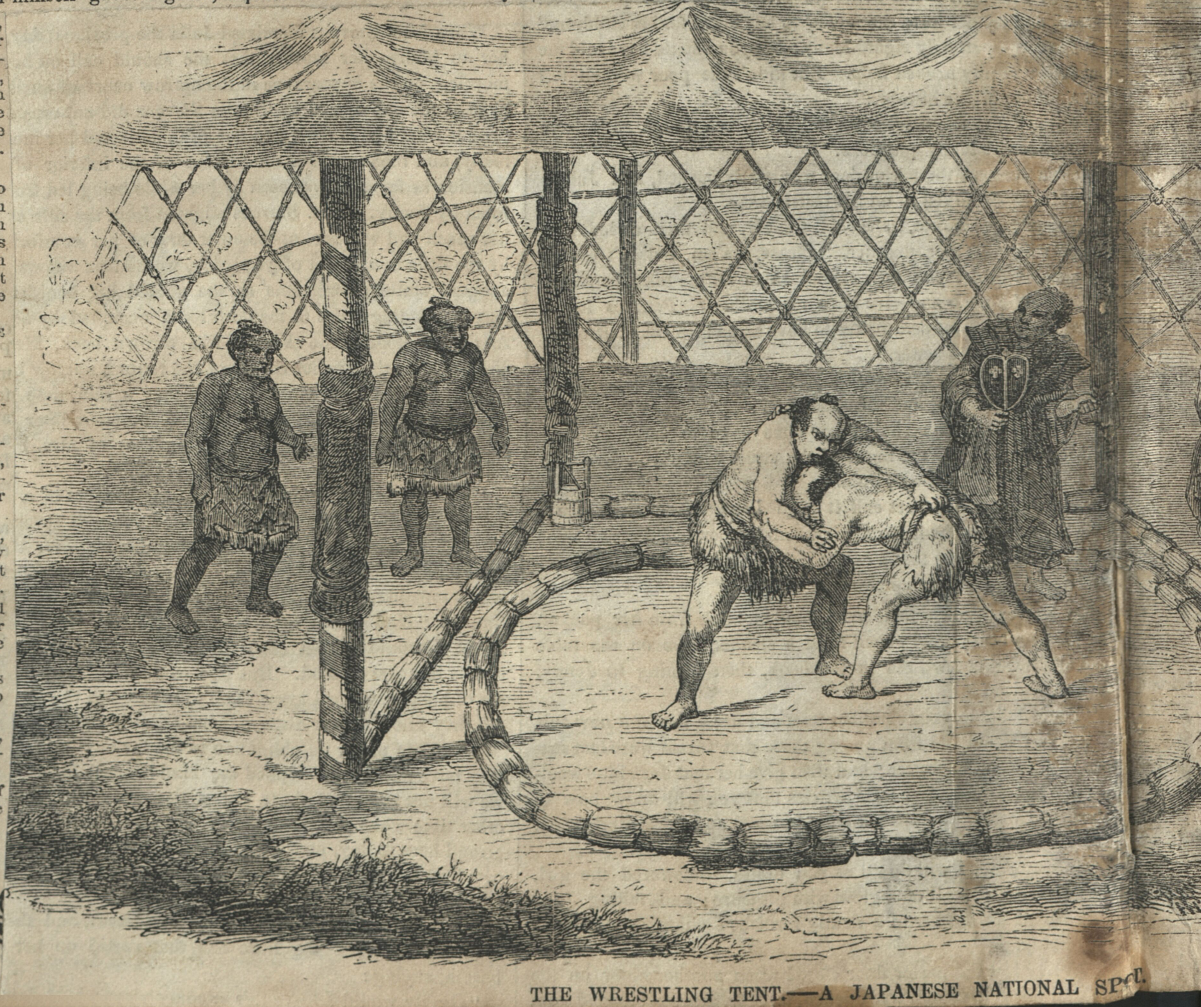
JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

We present on this page two very vivid pictures, representing Japanese wrestlers. The first showing them in training, the second, wrestling within a tent erected expressly for this purpose. They are bulky, but not unwieldy individuals, for they are as famous for their activity as they are for their size. The nobles of the empire keep these men for their own amusement and that of the public, much as Roman gladiators were entertained of old. Their whole lives are spent in developing their muscle, their strength and their skill. The ring within which they encounter is formed by bundles of manilla, and a wrestler is vanquished if thrown within the ring, if forced out of it, or if made to disturb the circle by his antagonist. They are fierce fellows, and death not unfrequently happens in the arena. In the "Americans in Japan," an abridgement of the government account of Perry's expedition, we find a graphic account of the wrestlers at Yokuhama, in the Bay of Yedo. The attention of the commodore and his party was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows who came tramping down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the Japanese princes, who keep them for their private amusement and for public entertainments. They were twenty-five in all, and were men enormously tall in stature and immense in weight of flesh. Their scant costume—which was merely a colored cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes, and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the prince to whose service each belonged—revealed their gigantic proportions, in all the bloated fulness of fat and breadth of muscle. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before the astonished spectators. Some two or three of the huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers of Japan, and ranked as the champion Tom Cribs and Hyers of the land. Koyanagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of these, and paraded himself with conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was brought especially to the commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The commissioners insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The commodore accordingly attempted to grasp his arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the enormous neck, which fell, in folds of massive flesh, like the dew-lap of a prize-ox. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wondrous exhibition of animal development, the monster himself gave a grunt, expressive of his flattered vanity.

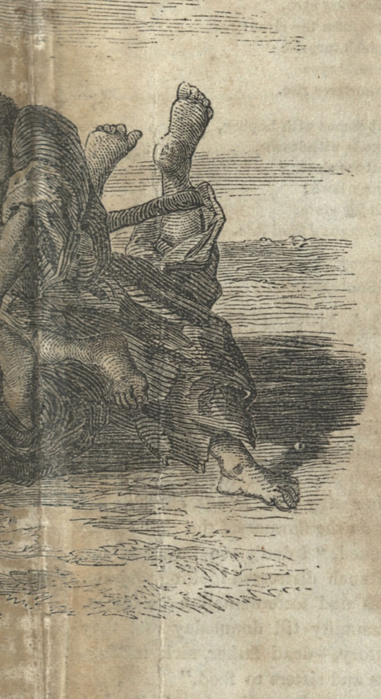


JAPANESE WRESTLERS IN TRAINING.

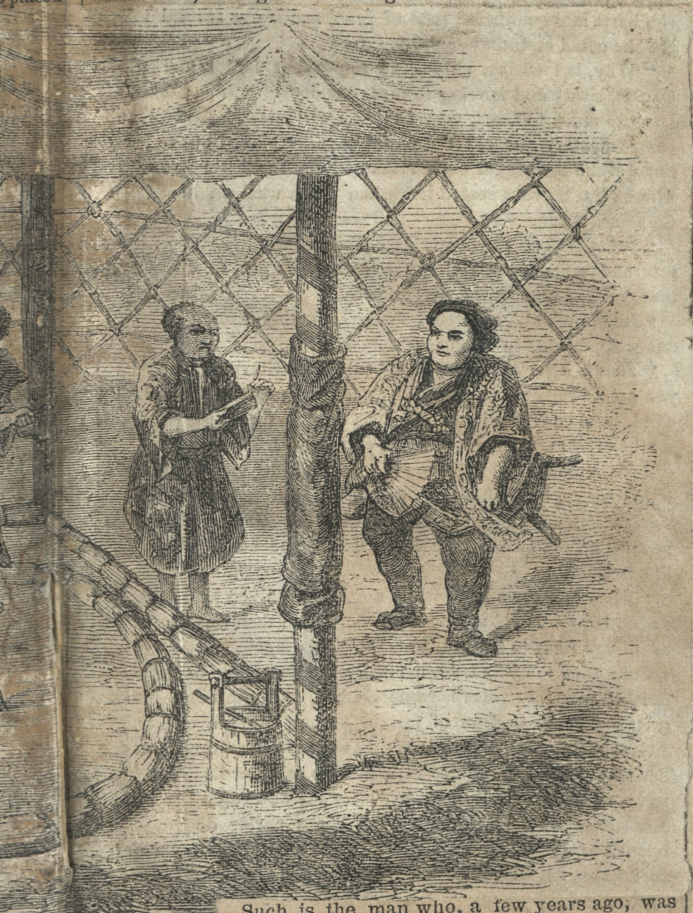
After this, the commissioners proposed that the commodore and his party should retire to the Treaty House, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. The wrestlers themselves were most carefully provided for, having constantly about them a number of attendants, who were always at hand to supply them with fans, which they often required, and to assist them in dressing and undressing. While at rest, they were ordinarily clothed in richly adorned robes of the usual Japanese fashion; but when exercising, they were stripped naked, with the exception of the cloth about the loins. A circular space of some twelve feet in diameter had been inclosed within a ring, and the ground carefully broken up and smoothed in front of the building. As soon as the spectators had taken their seats, the naked wrestlers were brought out into the ring, and the whole number being divided into two opposing parties, tramped heavily backward and forward, looking defiance at each other, but not engaging in any contest, as their object was merely to parade their points, to give the beholders, as it were, an opportunity to form an estimate of their comparative powers, and to make up their betting-books. They soon retired behind some screens placed



THE WRESTLING TENT.—A JAPANESE NATIONAL SP



for the purpose, where all, with the exception of two, were again clothed in full dress, and took their position on seats in front of the spectators. The two who had been reserved out of the band, now, on the signal being given by the heralds, presented themselves. They came in from behind the screens, and walked slowly into the centre of the ring. Here they ranged themselves, one against the other, at a distance of a few yards. They stood for a while eyeing each other with a wary look, as if both were watching a chance to catch their antagonist off his guard. As the spectator looked on and beheld these overfed monsters, whose animal natures had been so carefully and successfully developed, and as he watched them, glaring with brutal ferocity at each other, ready to exhibit the cruel instincts of a savage nature, it was easy for him to lose all sense of their being human creatures, and to persuade himself he was beholding a couple of brute beasts thirsting for one another's blood. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing with impatience, and then stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of the earth, and flung it with an angry toss over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their palms or under their shoulders. They now crouched down low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon one another and watching each movement, and in a moment they had both simultaneously heaved their massive frames in opposing force, body to body, with a shock that might have stunned an ox. The *equilibrium* of their monstrous persons was *hardly disturbed by the encounter, the effect of which* was but *barely* visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together, they had flung their brawny arms about each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, with all their strength, to throw their antagonist. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated faces swelled up with gushes of red blood, which seemed almost to burst through the skin, and their huge bodies palpitated with savage emotion as the struggle continued. At last one of the antagonists fell with his immense weight upon the ground, and being declared vanquished, he was assisted to his feet and conducted from the ring. These wrestlers are often so immense in flesh, that they appear to have lost their distinctive features, and seem enfolded in masses of fat. Their eyes are barely visible through a long perspective of socket, their heads are almost directly set upon their bodies, with only folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found, and from their herculean size are capable of great strength. Altogether they form a curious feature in Japanese life, and, as we have said before, are regarded with high favor.



LOUIS NAPOLEON.

One evening in the Winter of 1836–7, a company of gentlemen, intimately associated by political and other ties, had assembled in one of the hotels of New York, to partake of a supper on the invitation of the proprietor. Daniel Webster was one of them. As they were about to sit down, the landlord entered and mentioned to Mr. Webster that a young foreigner had just arrived—a member of the Bonaparte family; that something in the looks of the youth touched him with feelings of melancholy interest and sympathy for him, and he would be glad, if Mr. Webster and the other guests were willing, to invite him to share the festivities of the evening. Wr. Webster gave his ready and cordial assent, was introduced to the young prince, and presented him to the company, with whom he passed the evening, and formed certain friendships, which not only contributed largely to the benefit of his residence in this country, but, we have reason to think, have left deep and lasting impressions on his mind.

That pale and pensive youth, it is hardly necessary to say, is now at the head of one of the great empires of the world, and the principal commander and presiding genius of a war which, terminate as it may, will make his name imperishable in history, and the present year one of the great epochs of the Nineteenth Century.

The records of the world contain no name associated with more strange and startling vicissitudes than that of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The sober and unquestionable facts of his short history outstrip the boldest inventions of fiction.

He first saw the light at Paris, on the 20th of April, 1808. He entered the world as the heir apparent of an empire which then extended from Rome to Hamburg, from the Danube to the Pyrenees. Seven years after he was the occupant of an humble retreat in a little village near Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. Fifteen years more elapsed, and he was heading a mad insurrection in Southern Italy. When that foolhardy enterprise had been crushed, as it was by the first encounter with the bayonets of Austria, we behold him, for the next few weeks, skulking and dodging from the lynx-eyed police of Rome and Austria, under a disguise and a false passport, making his escape to Paris; driven out thence by Louis Philippe and taking refuge in England; again seeking solitude in Switzerland; shortly after engaging in another madcap attempt at revolution in Strasbourg; then exiled to America, returning to witness the death of his mother in Switzerland; repeating the hopeless experiment of revolution under still more desperate circumstances than before, at Boulogne; then consigned to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham; escaping thence in the disguise of a muleteer; retiring again to England; returning to France after the revolution of 1848; elected President of the French Republic, and swearing to administer it on the principles of "liberty, equality and fraternity;" next perpetuating his temporary tenure of office by an election dominated by an overpowering military force; presently adding the title and crown of Emperor to the possession of despotic power; consolidating the whole by the complete organization of an imperial and hereditary aristocracy; next overturning the republican constitution, and reinstating absolute government in Rome; and finally defying the vast power of Austria, and taking the field with an immense army, in defence of liberty, humanity, and "the people."

Such ups and downs of fortune, such violent contrasts of character, have perhaps never been brought together in the life of one man.

The various *scenes* in which he has acted a part on the stage of the world, have presented him in the most opposite characters.

Paris first saw him an imperial infant, whose first breath was wafted over the continent with the roar of innumerable cannon. She next saw him a fugitive and an outcast, forbidden, though suffering under a violent and dangerous fever, to abide an hour within her limits. Successively she has seen him enact the characters of restored citizen, with "Vive la Republique!" on his lips; Prince President, Imperial Autocrat, rigid oppressor of freedom of speech and of the press, demolisher of Italian Republicanism, conqueror of Russia, and she has just now lighted up all her gas jets for him as Victorious Liberator of oppressed nationalities.

England has seen him a poor and hunted exile, pinched for the means to meet the bills of his tailor and landlord; eschewed and ignored by her haughty aristocracy as a fallen and nameless man; again he has entered that scene in all the magnificence of a great monarch, preceded and accompanied by the booming of cannon from Calais to the Tower, bowed down to by that same haughty aristocracy, who were thankful to receive "orders" and honors from his hand, flattered by her press, welcomed and saluted as a guest and equal by her Queen, and entertained with royal pomp in the halls of Buckingham and Windsor.

By turns, and within a few years, England has despised his poverty, courted his alliance and trembled at his power. In 1847 an English noble would not deign to touch his hand;—in 1855 he kissed the cheek of the Queen, as an equal Sovereign and honored guest, in Windsor Castle.

Such is the man who, a few years ago, was admitted, from a feeling of compassionate interest, into a little party of gentlmen in this city, and who is now "making the earth to tremble, and shaking kingdoms."

THE BIRDS AND THEIR DESTROYERS.

Birds are popular creatures, and, as is often the case with general favorites, their popularity is their ruin. Young America is after them as soon as his barrel hand and trigger finger are strong enough to work a fowling piece, and his dexter optic nerve is steady enough to "draw a bead." His first fatal shot at sparrow or seed-lark is the prospective knell of multitudes of winged things. Thenceforward nothing that can fly receives quarter at his hands. He would shoot one of the cherubim if it came in his way. In season and out of season, he persecutes with a savage zest the feathered tribe, availing himself of ambushes and other unchivalric strategies of war, and knocking over his unsuspecting victims, even when asleep and night-capped with their own wings, without hesitation, pity or remorse. In this sanguinary practice he persists until his beard begins to shoot, when, if he chance to fall into the company of persons of nobler aim, he reforms, and from a mere bush-ranging assassin, becomes a "regular sportsman." Should he not be thus fortunate in his early associations, he matures into an ignoble "pot-hunter," with a desire to "kill, kill, kill," quite as strong as that of Lear in the forest. In his indiscriminate warfare he has many foreign accomplices, principally Teutons and Celts, who regard quantity—without regard to quality or seasonableness—as the measure of success in their ornithological razzias: a turkey or a turkey-buzzard, an owl or an ortolan, being all the same to them.

The consequences of this ill-regulated slaughter are only too apparent. Our song-birds, once the fearless tenants of the woods and thickets around the farmer's homestead, and of the ornamental shrubberies of the citizen's country seat, are rapidly disappearing. The migrant tribes visit us in fewer numbers, and grow more timid and distrustful every season. The half-domesticated warblers that used to build their nests in the farmer's door-yard trees, and sing their morning hymns close by his chamber window, are forsaking the dwellings of man. The red-bird, the bobolink and the thrush are seldom seen flitting through the alders by the homestead spring, and the turtle-doves that once boldly fed with the chickens in the barnyard, are afraid to coo in the far off woods, lest their soft voices should attract some ruthless foe.

Game birds are becoming scarcer every season. Even the multitudinous grouse of the western prairies must eventually be thinned out by the improvident and wholesale *battues* by means of which our markets have been glutted with this delicious wild fowl. In this State, now that a stringent law against the wanton destruction of game has been enacted, the partridge, quail, woodcock and snipe may, perhaps, be saved from extermination. But we need a law for the preservation of the small birds. Utility as well as sentiment demands such a law. The crops, both of fruit and seed, suffer materially from the dearth of insectivorous birds occasioned by the guns of cockney sportsmen and reckless boys. If these sparrow-hunters would only reflect that the destruction of every "string" of insect-killing birds involves the loss of a certain amount of peaches, plums, apples, pears, wheat, &c., possibly they might refrain from robbing the fruit-grower and the husbandman of a friend whose little toll of grain is well repaid by its forays upon the grubs and caterpillars, grass-hoppers, locusts and orchard-insects which devour his crops and decimate his fruit trees.

D. M. T.—You cannot comprehend the legal question referred to without much study and reflection. As for the laws, and "acts" of State Legislatures and of Congress, we agree with you that they are too numerous, and in many cases too ill-considered. "Hasty legislation" is an exceedingly great evil in this country. First comes "An Act, entitled an Act to regulate, restrain, and enforce the collecting of Taxes," or whatever it may be. Then comes "An Act, entitled an Act in Addition to an Act entitled an Act to regulate, restrain," etc. Next we will have "An Act, entitled an Act Supplementary to an Act entitled an Act in Addition to an Act entitled an Act to regulate, restrain," etc. Then on top of this we have "An Act, entitled an Act Amending an Act entitled an Act Supplementary to an Act entitled an Act in Addition to an Act entitled an Act to regulate, restrain, etc., and so on without end, after the manner of "The House that Jack Built." If the Legislatures met but once in five years, and Congress once in ten, and the sessions were each then limited to ninety days, the country would hardly be the loser thereby. We have altogether too much legislation, with State and Federal.

YOUNG BROTHER.—We do not blame you for being indignant at the brutal manner in which your sister's husband treats her, but you could not aid her any by "having a row with him." He would probably abuse her still more, should you attempt any interference. A man who will swear at his wife so horridly as you say he does, would not hesitate to commit any wrong which he dare commit. Such a man is always a coward and villain, as well as a brute, and is only restrained by fear from the commission of actual crime. If your brother-in-law had some powerful master, who would flog him soundly every day, he might be whipped into a tolerable degree of decency; nothing but bodily punishment, regularly and thoroughly administered, will bring such fellows to a proper sense of their unworthiness.

ECONOMIST.—White beans are among the most nutritious articles of vegetable food. They contain about ninety-five per cent. of nutritious matter; that is to say, in a hundred pounds of white beans there will be ninety-five pounds of nutritious matter, and five pounds of water or waste. Corn meal comes next, having ninety-one per cent. of nutricious matter, and wheat flour has ninety. Cucumbers yield 2 1-2 per cent, 97 1-2 being water. Potatoes, 22 1-2 per cent.; rice, 86; barley meal, 88; cabbage, 7 1-2; turnips, 4 1-2; melons, 3; grapes, 27; pears and apples, each 16; peaches, 20; cherries, 25; apricots, 26; plums, 29.

ecollections of the Past

I'm thinking of the place, Tom,
Where oft we used to roam,
That little cot beneath the trees
We called our forest home.
And well I know you'll ne'er forget,
Whate'er your lot below,
That dear old spot we loved so well,
Just fifteen years ago.

I'm thinking of the school, Tom,
The master, too, so grim,
And how, when he would turn his bac
We twain would mimic him.
The master sleeps death's dreamless sleep
The bright, green turf below,—
Our childhood's home has vastly changed,
Since fifteen years ago.

Last summer-time I wandered, Tom,
To where we used to play;
The school house was not on the hill.
The brook had dried away;
The old mill-wheel had ceased to mov
The cottage was laid low,—
The faces were not those we knew
Just fifteen years ago

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom,
And stepped beyond the wall;
The graves were many, and the grass
O'er them grew thick and tall;
Upon the stones I read the names
Of those who slept below,
And they were names we loved to spea
Just fifteen years ago.

With saddened heart I turned away,
And gained the dusty road,
And from that spot so dear to me,
With rapid step I strode.
I could not bear to look around,
It made me sad to know
That all were gone whom we had love
Just fifteen years ago.

My eyes are wet with tears, Tom,
They're falling while I write,
Friends that I loved are cold in death,
And I am sad to-night;
But, Tom, our sorrows soon will end,
Life's stream will cease to flow,
And we shall rest where first we playe
Just fifteen years ago.

TEMPTATION.

That strange alchemy of the tempted spirit, by which it transmutes pleasant sin into apparent virtue, is skilfully delineated in what follows:

"It is a terrible crisis in a life, when all the principles of right and wrong which seemed as fixed and indubitable as the everlasting hills, break down and are swept away before the stormy gust of temptation, leaving the soul trembling on the brink of crime, against which they had professed to be a strong defence. Then the crime itself no longer looks as formerly, one action standing out black, and large, and clearly defined, bearing upon it the brand of the decalogue: but it seems endued with a strange affinity to human nature, the criminality deepening so gradually,—creeping on like the gentle darkening of twilight into night; until only the last step of all remains, that which stamps the name upon the deed, and it has grown to seem a very little thing, no worse than the thousand acts which have preceded it.

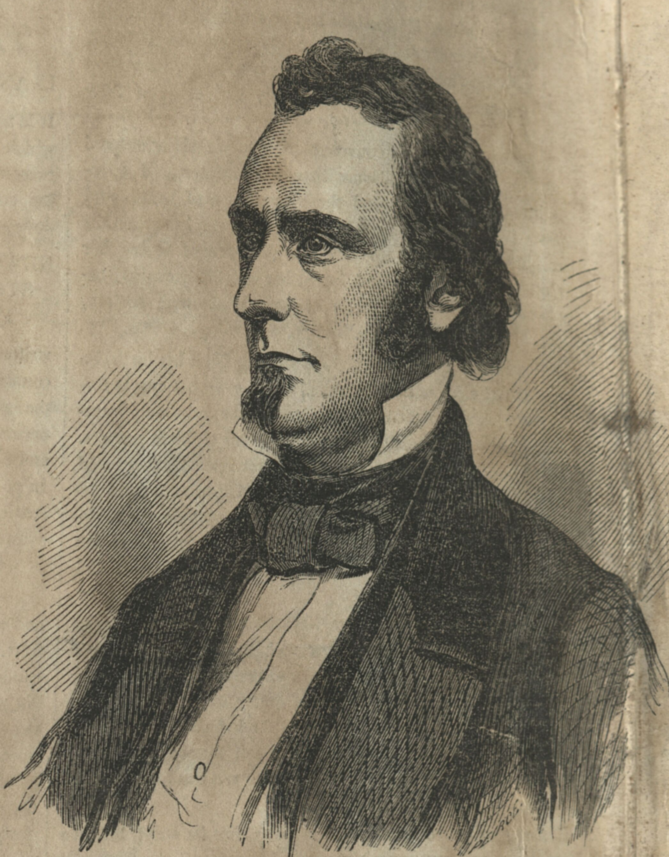
THE ORIGIN OF A BRUTAL CUSTOM.

The origin of cock-fighting is said to be derived from the Athenians. So says the legend: When Themistocles, the Athenian general, was marching his army against the Persians, he espied two cocks fighting; upon which he ordered the men to halt, and addressed them as follows: "Behold, these do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not succumb to the other." This so encouraged the Grecians that they fought with redoubled courage, and obtained a splendid victory; in commemoration of which cock-fighting was ordained by law to be annually practised by the Athenians.

WYZEMAN MARSHALL, ESQ.

AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN.

The accompanying portrait of Wyzeman Marshall, one of our most eminent and popular American actors, was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, after a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city. Mr. Marshall has recently closed a successful engagement at Willard's National, in this city; and the fresh memories he has left render the publication of this authentic likeness timely and acceptable. The subject of our sketch was born in Hudson, New Hampshire, September 26, 1816, but was brought to this city by his parents when an infant, and grew up in our midst. It was at our schools he received some preliminary training, but his education was completed and accomplished by his own naided efforts. Good books, and a determination to rm himself thoroughly in all the branches of an glish education, "supplied the want of school and ege." It was in February, 1836, that, after pursuing ariety of occupations, his theatrical proclivities induced him to appear on the boards of the Lion Theatre, then under the management of the late Wm. Barrymore, Esq., in the inconsiderable character of Vibulanus, in Sheridan Knowles's tragedy, "Virginius." During the remainder of the season, Mr. Marshall was attached to the company, playing small business, but studying his profession diligently, and looking forward to an opportunity of rising. During the ensuing summer, as a member of a company which performed at Providence and Newport, he appeared in such characters as Pizarro, Angerstroff, Buckingham, etc. In the theatrical season of 1836–7, he played at the National, appearing in a variety of parts. On the 27th of February, 1838, he received his first benefit, and acted Pizarro (Mrs. Pelby, Elvira; Mrs. Anderson, Cora) and Lubin, in the ballet of "L'Amour." In the summer of 1838, a part of the corps went to Waltham, Mass. Mr. Marshall re-engaged at the National for the season of 1838–9, receiving two benefits, on the second of which (June 29, 1839) he played "Damon." He wished to introduce Miss Eaton to a Boston audience as Calanthe. Pelby objected, thought she had no talent, etc., and it was only with great difficulty an appearance could be secured for her. The manager opened his eyes afterwards, when, as Mrs. Woodward, this lady became one of Boston's favorites, a popularity which California at present unequivocally endorses. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Otis Marshall, brother of our subject, made his first appearance on any stage as Dionysius; J. Hudson Kirby was the Pythias, and Leman the Philistius. Mr. Marshall organized during the summer a small olio company, with which he did a good business in the country, and returned to the National. February 21, 1840, he played "Virginius" *for his* benefit, with Henry Wallack as Dentatus; and *in the* summer of that year opened Boylston Hall, under *the title of the* "Vaudeville Saloon," where he had a successful campaign of two months. He went back in the fall to the old homestead, the National, where the parts assigned him gradually increased in importance. He introduced James H. Stark, the well-known actor, to the stage, June 17, 1841, as Walter Barnard, in the "Wreck Ashore." That summer, Mr. Marshall again provincialized with a small troupe, and returned, to be promoted to a very singular combination of lines of business—first heavy business and ballet master! During the run of "London Assurance," Mr. Marshall went to Providence for a short time, and in 1842, he ceased his connection with the National. He took the Amphitheatre, corner of Haverhill and Traverse Streets, and opened it June 27, 1842, as the Eagle Theatre. Here Mr. Marshall had a fine company, and the casts of some pieces were admirable. We will instance one of "Hamlet," during a star engagement of the lamented Booth. Hamlet, Booth; *Ghost, Marshall; Gravedigger,* W. H. Smith; Laertes, *McCutcheon; King, Booth, Jr.; Queen, Mrs. H.* Lewis; Ophelia, *Mrs. Booth, Jr.* This *theatre* Mr. Marshall *carried* on till the spring of 1843, in connection with the Providence Theatre. He brought Pelby down in his prices at the National, and Mr. Pelby cut away the roof of the Eagle one fine evening. Mr. Marshall's business had been bad just before, and this untoward circumstance not only put a stop to his managerial operations, but left him without a dollar. Mr. Marshall went to New York, and played a short engagement at the Chatham, then managed by C. R. Thorne, and returned to Boston, but did not act till the fall of 1844, when he supported Macready at the time when the Melodeon was fitted up for his performances. Mr. Marshall then went down East, and starred it. In May, 1845, Mr. Marshall accepted an engagement at the Chatham Theatre, New York, under the management of DeBar, and became a great favorite. In the spring of 1846, he again visited the East, but returned to the Chatham Theatre in the



WYZEMAN MARSHALL, TRAGEDIAN.

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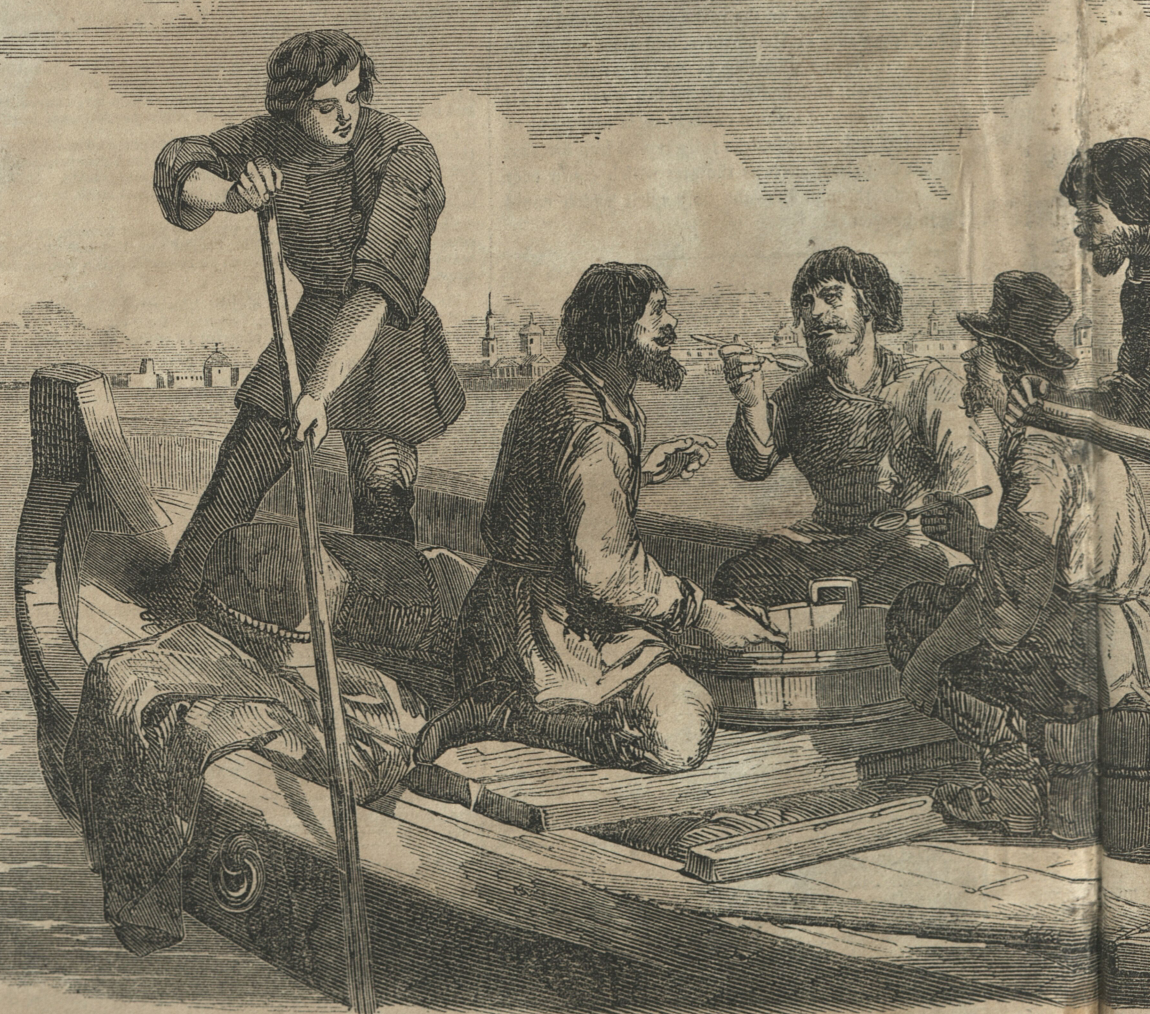
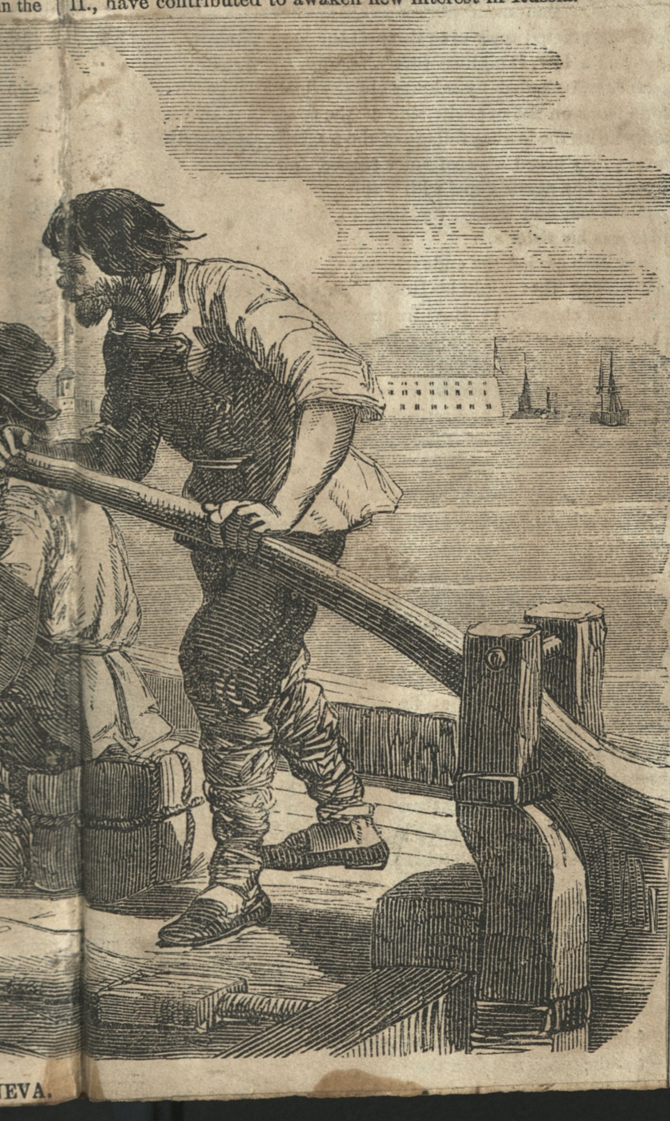


RUSSIAN BOATMEN ON THE RIVER NEVA.

succeeding autumn. After a brief engagement at Welch's National Theatre, Philadelphia, he returned to New York, and closed his engagement at the Chatham, June 17, 1847. This was in consequence of having received a liberal offer from Mr. Hamblin, manager of the Bowery Theatre. He opened as Virginius to Miss Charlotte Crampton's Virginia to a tremendous house, and was received with great enthusiasm. During the vacation he played at Utica, Syracuse and Albany, returning to the Bowery at the opening of the next season. Here he played, in the course of the season, many leading parts to the entire acceptance of the audience. In 1848, he appeared at the Boston Theatre, Federal Street, with complete success. The Evening Gazette says:—"There the improvement and refinement of style brought about during his absence from Boston by intense study and close application to his profession, were most favorably noted. Eschewing the traditions of melodrama, his Shakspearian delineations won praise from the critical. They proved what could be done by a self-educated man, all whose energies, whose sole ambition, were centred in his profession." At the close of his stay here, Mr. Marshall starred in the provinces, played a few nights at the Beach Street Museum, and then went to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening as Macbeth. His engagement was so successful that Burton engaged him as acting and stage manager. Here his Matthew Elmore (Margaret, Julia Dean; Herminie, Mrs. C. Howard) and his Master Walter (Julia, Mrs. Farren; Helen, Mrs. Booth, Jr.) were highly praised. Thence Mr. Marshall went to Baltimore, where he played a star engagement, followed by one with Forbes at Providence, and then returned to his managerial position, where he remained till the opening of 1850, when an engagement at the Baltimore Museum, where he played Tell, in compliment to the Hungarian refugees, who visited this theatre, was followed by one at Washington, which was extraordinarily successful. After fulfilling engagements at Baltimore, Albany and New York, he became manager of the Portland Theatre for a short season, thence he went South, and, in 1851–2, managed the Howard Athenæum, in this city, where he first introduced to a Boston public, Madame Anna Thillon, Laura Addison, Mrs. Warner and Lola Montes. His subsequent career is well known; he has played various star engagements, and everywhere with success. He has also been successful as a Shakspearian reader. Mr. Marshall is much esteemed in private life. He is a good husband and father, a warm friend and an exemplary citizen. We are happy to know that his professional exertions have yielded him a fortune. When not professionally engaged, Mr. Marshall resides in this city.

RUSSIAN BOATMEN ON THE NEVA.

The spirited engraving on this page presents, in admirable grouping, a party of the Russian boatmen who ply on the Neva. Their cumbrous boat is propelled by a man in the bow, while a comrade in the stern manages the heavy tiller. Three others are supping their porridge from a tub placed on a thwart midship. Their faces exhibit the true Russian type. These fellows are good-natured and industrious, but no more cleanly or scrupulously honest than their countrymen on shore. It is fortunate for the subjects of a despotic emperor, that the burthens of life, however heavy, rest lightly on their shoulders. In the distance, the profile of a portion of St. Petersburg is seen against the horizon. The recent war in the East, and the coronation of Emperor Alexander II., have contributed to awaken new interest in Russia.



EVA.

CONTENT.

I saw the evening take her ruffled bower,
And draw her seamless garment from the light;
Holding within her red mouth carelessly
The new moon's slender stem, which, presently,
Half blowing out into a yellow flower,
She gave to night.

Then, through the silence as I musing went,
I thought if liberal heaven should give me power,
To catch th' great sea by his head of sands,
And make him yield his treasure to my hands,
I should but find a burden in my dower;
So, came content.

ALICE CARY.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

No. Twenty-five.

HEALTH AND EDUCATION.

A great amount of information has been spread through the community, in regard to the laws and conditions of health, and there has been a corresponding increase of knowledge. Nor has the movement been undertaken a moment too soon. Wholesome diet, the avoidance of feverish stimulants, pure, fresh air, and out-of-door exercises, are the simple expedients to which we trust. But, in so far as special efforts are required, they should be brought to bear upon the development of sound nervous force. The brain and nervous system are from an early period, in this country, brought under a very great excitement. Our people are constitutionally excitable; the climate is exciting, the customs and habits of society tend to bring forward our children very early; all the pursuits of life, with us are conducted with intensity, and almost unrelieved continuity. Our public affairs partake of this inflammable tendency, and are begun and conducted with frequent and intense excitements of the whole community. In short, the whole character and condition of our people, is such, that the brain and nervous sytem are kept under a very high pressure from an early period in life.

Against the evil tendency of this undue partial development, there have been very few counteracting agencies. Our people have not been given to amusements. They are not encouraged to have holidays. Even those amusements which have maintained themselves have been, for the most part, of a kind that intensified the evil. When a man has all day long fevered his brain in the counting room or office, he goes to a theatre or opera, at night, substituting another cause of excitement, but directed upon the overtasked brain. Others, seriously inclined, attend religious meetings, young men's associations, debating clubs, and other like gatherings, which, in their own way, tax the brain.

Now, what is needed in the community, is vigorous out-of-door recreations, developing the muscles, and aiding digestion, accessible to all, and removed from special temptations to immoralities.

There is no one way of meeting this want. But the public should give encouragement to every wholesome recreation that takes people out of doors, and gives them real bone-building exercise. Yachting is good for gentlemen of property. A yacht is nothing but the *fast horse* of the sea. Lantern trots and the Maria sails, but both of them are designed to run upon the fastest time-bill. But, how many men can own the one or the other? It is said, how truly we do not know, that one of the most enterprising of all gentlemen of the press, in New York, has given ten thousand dollars for Lantern and his mate. If any one will provide us with the money, and another Lantern, we will do the same, and will agree to find a hundred young men that would consent to do it too!

When a man puts his saddle on the back of ten thousand dollars for an evening ride, he may be said fairly to have got Mammon under him! We know that 'money makes the mare go.' But ten thousand dollars, with bits in its mouth, and Jehu behind, to drive, must carry a man at a fearful pace

But, it is not needful to ride lightning in order to enjoy a drive. Ten thousand men in New York and Brooklyn are able to drive out every afternoon with their families, with excellent, and not very expensive horses. Every merchant, lawyer, and business man, that can afford it, would do well to take this most wholesome exercise.

But, only a hundredth, or thousandth part are thus provided for. It is well, therefore, that so many muscular games are coming into vogue. Base-ball and Cricket are comparatively inexpensive, and open to all, and one can hardly conceive of better exercise. Boat-clubs for rowing are springing up in all our towns that have accessible waters. This gives an admirable development to the muscles. But all these are yet but a little for the thousands who need exercise.

There ought to be gymnastic grounds, and good bowling alleys, in connection with reading-rooms, in every ward of the city, under judicious management, where, for a small fee, every young man might find various wholesome exercises, and, withal, good society without the temptations which surround all the alleys and rooms of the city kept for bowling and billiards. It seems surprising, while so many young men's associations are organized, whose main trouble it is to find *something to do*, that some Christian association should not undertake this important reformation, and give to the young men of our cities the means of physical vigor and health, separated from temptations to vice. It would be a very gospel.

But while provision is made for the development of the physical frame, there is much to be learned, and much wisdom to be exercised, in dealing with the *mind*. And we are much surprised, from some little observation, to see how apparently heedless are many of the teachers in our schools for women. The pressure, for the last year, at any rate, upon the girls who are to graduate, is such as imperils their health for life. We know of many young ladies, who are exercised to study night and day, with such unremitting severity, that it seems impossible that they will not be exhausted by it. We have known several instances in which years of feebleness and nervous prostration followed the graduating year. If teachers are so ignorant or heedless of the laws of health, what shall we expect of common people? Parents should look into this. Especially, physicians and gentlemen who are informed on such subjects, ought to exert an influence upon ambitious schools and seminaries. For Education that treads down the constitution of a child is a very doubtful benefit.

INQUIRER.—The much-talked-of "flour riots" of 1837 occurred on the thirteenth of February of that year. About four o'clock P.M., of that day, a concourse of several thousand persons had convened in front of the City Hall, and were addressed by some of the choicest demagogues of that generation. When their passions had been wrought up to the proper pitch, they made a rush for the establishment of Mr. Eli Hart, (then the most extensive flour-dealer in the city,) situated on Washington, between Dey and Courtlandt streets. The doors were smashed in, and the building was soon filled with the rioters. Barrels of flour by dozens, fifties and hundreds were tumbled into the street from the doors, and thrown in rapid succession from the windows, and the heads of those which did not break in falling were instantly staved in. Intermingled with the flour were sacks of wheat by the hundred, which were cast into the street, and their contents thrown upon the pavement. About one thousand bushels of wheat, and four or five hundred barrels of flour, were thus wantonly and foolishly, as well as wickedly destroyed. The most active of the destructionists were foreigners—indeed the greater part of the assemblage were of exotic origin, but there were probably five hundred or a thousand others standing by and abetting their incendiary labors. Amidst the falling and bursting of the barrels and sacks of wheat, numbers of women were engaged, like the crones who strip the dead in a battle, filling the boxes and baskets with which they were provided, and their aprons, with flour, and making off with it. One of the destructives—a boy named James Roach—was seen upon one of the upper window sills, throwing barrel after barrel into the street, and crying out with every throw—"Here goes flour at eight dollars a barrel!" Early in the assault Mr. Hart's counting-room was entered, his books and papers seized and scattered to the wind. And herein probably consisted his greatest loss. Other flour stores were also attacked, and much property destroyed, but the Mayor and police succeeded at last in dispersing the rioters, and order was restored. The military were also ordered out, and the mob was completely cowed for the rest of the season. It is not at all probable that we shall have any such riots and wanton waste of property this winter. If we do, it is to be hoped that the military will not be called out for mere display but for the most active and unremitting ball practice. A little wholesale phlebotomy always does a mob infinite good.

BROOKLYN SCHOOL-BOY.—Your teacher is in error in regard to the christianizing and the character of the ancient "Northmen." Christianity first began to be generally diffused in the North about 900 years ago. Up to that time, the people of the North were mere heathens, who acknowledged a religion which chiefly excited them to conflicts and to deeds of arms. They believed that those heroes alone who fell in the field would go to Odin, the god of the brave, or enter into Valhalla, the abode of the blessed. Here they would pass their time in joy and delight. During the day it was said the fallen giants contended in a forest before Valhalla, until they fell beneath each other's blows, but towards evening they came to life again, and rode back again to Valhalla. Wearied with the fight, they refreshed themselves here by a splendid banquet; and in common with the gods feasted on the swine Sarimner, whose flesh constantly renews itself; nor did they forget to drink plentifully of the choicest beer and mead. As valor was regarded as the highest virtue, so cowardice was stamped as the basest of crimes. From his earliest youth the native of the North sought for warlike fame. While a mere strippling, the Northman practised the use of the sword, which when he had grown to manhood he never allowed to rust in its scabbard. If there were no troubles at home to afford him the opportunity of displaying his courage, he adopted the predatory life of a Viking, and eagerly undertook warlike expeditions, or made descents upon foreign countries, for the purpose of winning both glory and booty. In the winter he sat at home in his hall surrounded by his retainers; but in the spring he again took to the sea, and frequently encountered other Vikings from the North. Joining their forces, they visited with their terrors not only the countries of the Baltic, but also England and France, whose coasts were scarcely ever free from their plundering visitations: and even the countries lying farther to the south, as Italy and Spain; and wherever they committed their ravages they left sanguinary traces of their formidable swords.

FIFTH AVENUE.—It seems to us that your reasoning is erroneous and your reasons merely selfish ones. Are not your children's minds and souls of more importance than their costume, or your wardrobe, or your husband's dinner, even? All these material matters are things of importance, without doubt, but they are not the *most important*; and it is a very erroneous misapplication of time for a woman, who fills the honorable and responsible character of a parent, to waste her days in the frivolous employment of needle-work or the executive minutiæ of domestic affairs, (for which substitutes of equal ability may be so easily provided,) if she be capable of taking an active part in forming the minds of her children. Surely it would be a more profitable disposal of time and money to appoint a housekeeper to perform these concerns of inferior importance, and to discharge in person the tender and essential office of a governess—at least as far as respects principles, religion, morals, and the cultivation of the heart. But let not any mother presume to engage in this sacred and delightful task, without first inquiring of herself, whether she is able to renounce foreign pleasures, whether she can restrain herself from dissipated indulgence authorized by custom for those in affluent circumstances, whether she has courage and perseverance to rise early and watch late, to devote her whole time and undivided attention to this one great object; and finally, whether she can rely upon herself to set such an example of self-government as shall illustrate her own precepts in the most forcible

SPRING.

BY C. D. STUART.

Thou comest, like a truant, gentle Spring,
  Thy breath all spicy from the Southern land,
And o'er the meads and mountains thoud ost fling
  Delicious verdure from thy open hand,
And swift unclasp'sts the rivers, with thy smile—
So firmly bound by Winter's chains ere-while.

With ice-dissolving kisses thou dost come,
  The balm of dews upon thy blossom brow ;
And pattering rain-drops from thy Southern home
  Thou bring'st, and scatter'st on the earth all low ;
And the young boughs of fringed trees, are full
Of joyous birds, at morning musical.

Thou comest, in the softness of a sky
  Where gold and azure have a blended hue
In burning clouds that on the breezes fly,
  In fairer sunshine and a deeper blue,
And reddening shadows, when the sun-set flings
The smile of God upon its closing wings.

Aye, thou dost come ! with tread of violets,
  That shake their tresses when the day-beams pass ;
When the fresh wind with soft embraces frets
  The dewy children of the springing grass,
And meek-eyed daisies, from the blushing sod
Bespeak of thee, thou truant, and of God.

Aye, thou dost come ! and to my heart a thrill,
  From thy dear presence, like a spell, is prest ;
My rising soul with fragrance thou dost fill,
  And wak'st the flagging pulses of my breast,
And kindlest God within my heart, O, Spring,
With love, and truth, and beauty thou dost bring
57.

THE COMING WINTER.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

What will the coming winter bring
  For the favored ones of earth ?
Glowing grates, and cheerful hearths,
  And sounds of joyful mirth.
The musical sleigh-bell's merry chime
  Will ring on the frosty air,
And luxury's mantle will banish cold
  From the great, the rich, and fair.

What will the coming winter bring
  To Poverty's lowly home ?
A mournful wail—a grief untold,
  And hunger's fearful moan ;
A ragged mantle that will not shield
  The form from the frost king's breath ;
Tears and sighs, despairing cries,
  And the icy touch of Death.

Charity folds her shining wings,
  And asks (will she ask in vain ?)
Help from the rich for the starving poor,
  That hope may be their's again.
There are noble, kindly hearts to heed
  The call of her gentle voice ;
They will feel 'tis a blessed thing to give,
  Then go on their way and rejoice.

* * *

ASLEEP.

An hour before she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
    And kissed me all the while;
Then, after some sweet parting words,
She seem'd amoug her flowers and birds
    Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now—
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
    And strew the gravel sweep;
I wander down the gravel walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
    We had beneath the limes;
And, resting on the garden seat,
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
    I think of other times;

Of golden eves when she and I
Sat watching here the flushing sky,
    The sunset and the sea;
Or heard the children in the lanes,
Following home the harvest wains,
    And shouting in their harvest glee

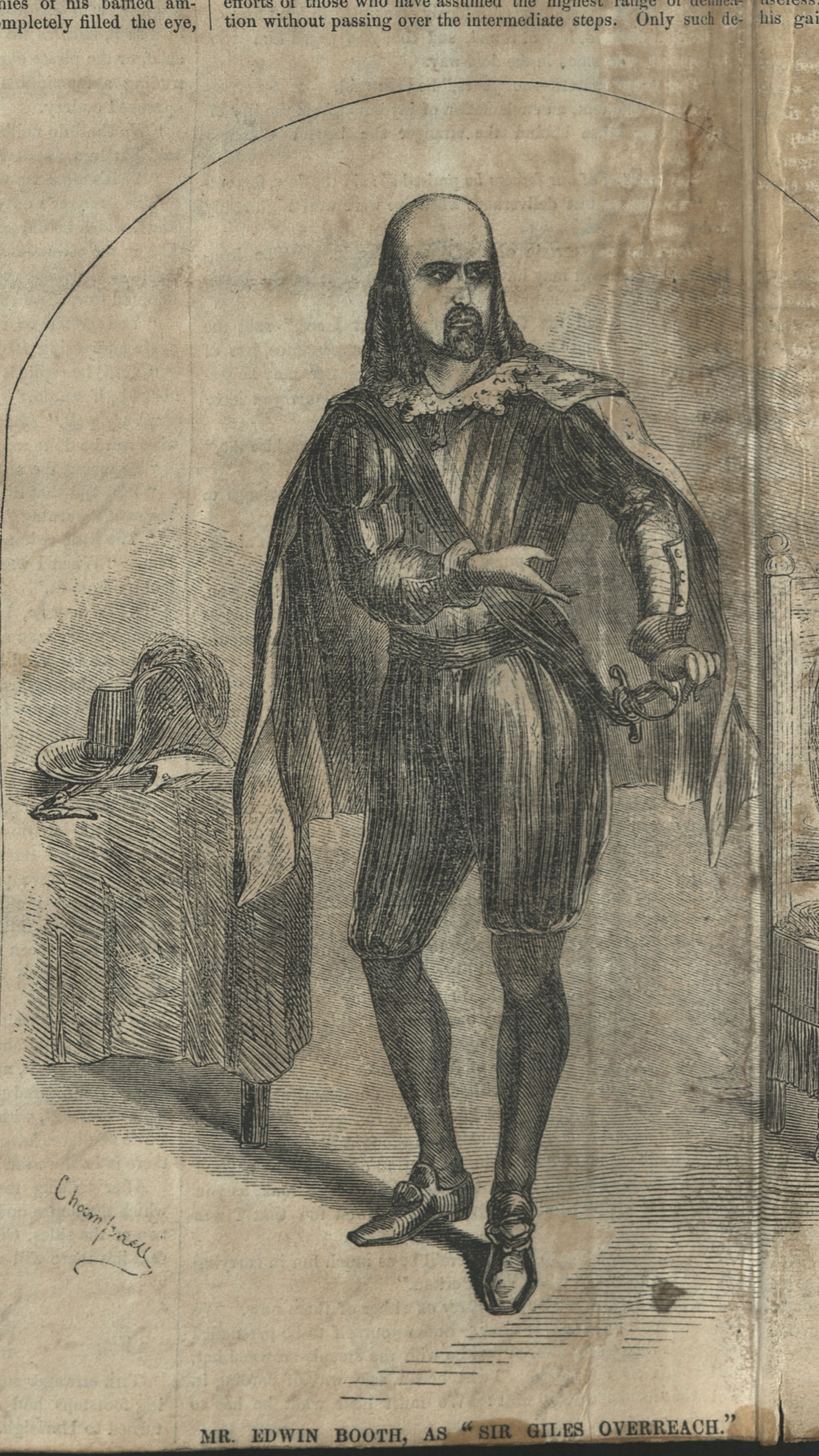
But when the daylight dies away,
And ships grow dusky in the bay,
    These recollections cease;
And in the stillness of the night,
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright,
    Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
    The voices on the shore;
And then, with tears, I long to be
Across a dim, unsounded sea,
    With her forevermore.

M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1857.

EDWIN BOOTH, AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."

We present on this page a full-length portrait, drawn expressly for our illustrated journal, representing the popular young tragedian, Mr. Edwin Booth, the heir to his father's fame, in the character of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's play, "A new Way to pay old Debts," a character which his father almost made his own, for seeing the elder Booth in this *role*, no man of taste could endure another's representation of Sir Giles, during his lifetime. Well do we remember the lurid glare which the genius of that great actor diffused over this whole part—how completely he identified himself with the poet's creation, how electric were his bursts of passion, how convulsive the dying agonies of his baffled ambition, greed and hate, how his form so completely filled the eye, his tones so monopolized the ear, that the entire audience forgot time and place and surroundings, and were the spell-bound thralls of the mighty enchanter. Time has not obliterated our memory of the elder Booth's acting. It is among those things which are daguerreotyped upon the mind, never to be effaced. We remember him at the culminating point of his powers, and afterwards when his star had nearly touched the horizon, and only shone at times with a fitful brilliancy. We confess it was with more surprise than pleasing anticipation that we saw the announcement that a son of this great man, and that son a mere youth, was about to attempt in this city, where his father was so well known, so well appreciated, and so well remembered, the *chef-d'œuvre* of that father's delineations, knowing full well that a comparison must infallibly be instituted. We were well aware that young Mr. Booth came hither heralded by a brilliant reputation earned elsewhere, but we were not sure that it rested on a firm basis. At any rate, the ordeal was severely trying. But it was undergone, and it was a triumph. The verdict of a Boston audience stamped with its signet a reputation proved to be sterling. The triumph was a legitimate one, for as we have more than once had occasion to remark, it is no advantage to an artist to bear a great name. It simply assures him a first hearing, but it taxes his powers to the utmost. We Americans are no believers in hereditary greatness, and we judge more severely the heir of a great man than one who comes before us with no such *prestige*. Edwin Booth was thus, we will not say harshly, but rigidly tried. He was expected to come up to a high standard, and he met the requirement. There was something in his appearance, much in his tone and style, which reminded us of his father, and showed that he had been a close student of that excellent model. But the resemblances were natural. A clever mimic would have given us a much closer imitation of the elder Booth. An actor of talents, but not genius, now no [illegible]re, based his whole style on mimicry [illegible] elder Booth, and was to a degree [illegible]ccessful in his profession in consequence. Before seeing him, we had feared that herein lay the secret of Edwin Booth's success. But a single scene dissipated the error, and his splendid personation of Richelieu, a character that his father never performed, showed young Booth to be possessed of original genius of the highest order. He possesses, too, some physical qualifications in spite of which his father succeeded, as did the elder Kean. His figure is better, and he has an eye we never saw equalled for brilliancy and fire. His voice is rich, melodious, powerful, and held in perfect command. He has not the common fault of young actors, with powerful organs, he never "makes Rome howl" in furious outbursts. He never strains his lungs to their utmost capacity, but prudently keeps within the limits of his powers, knowing that the concentrated tones of passion are frequently far more effective than their highest fury. He is graceful in gesture, and has a facile play of features. Of his mental qualifications for the highest rank upon the stage we cannot speak too highly. He has evidently studied the characters he delineates profoundly, and exhibits a thorough appreciation of the authors whose interpreter he claims to be. A brief but faithful apprenticeship has given him a mastery of all the details of his profession, so that he has little of that crudity noticeable in the efforts of those who have assumed the highest range of delineation without passing over the intermediate steps. Only such de-



MR. EDWIN BOOTH, AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."

$3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XII., No. 22.—WHOLE No. 310

ficiencies are apparent as belong to youth, and a brief period of professional service—a little longer familiarity with the stage will overcome these. That the youthful recipient of so much honor as has been bestowed on him is modest and unassuming is the surest guarantee of his future greatness. The reliable critic of the Saturday Evening Gazette has, we think, well summed up his qualities and characteristics in the following passage :—“ To our mind he possesses every requisite granted by nature to his father, and in addition he has a better stature, and the finest eye we remember to have seen for many years. It is an eye which speaks, and a single flash in many of his characters seems to render words almost useless. He is of medium height, and has that awkwardness in his gait peculiar to early manhood, which will improve as he advances in years. His facial expression is easily moulded by his will, and his gestures are graceful and appropriate. His voice is rich, powerful and flexible, and he manages it with all the skill of a veteran, never gasping for breath, and never exerting himself to a degree when it would seem that he was upon the brink of exhaustion. In his most violent bursts of passion, he seems to keep something in reserve, and there is no perceptible evidence of fatigue in his acting, while the great charm of his style is its entire freedom from that rant, which actors at times adopt either to hide their deficiencies or to win the applause of the groundlings. Mr. Booth does not play for applause—he has studied his characters, and attempts to become the embodiment of the author’s heroes, using his own good judgment in developing the varied phases of their emotions, and bringing out all the beauties of their language. The points he makes—many of them new—come naturally. He does not prepare his audience for an effect by the heaving of his bosom, or by muscular twitchings and turnings, like so many telegraphic messages to the gallery to prepare for a sensation, but his words and actions blend so closely that the point is made and his auditors are warmed to applause by the vigor with which he attains it.” Mr. Booth’s professional career may be related in a very few words. He made his first appearance in this city at the Boston Museum, in the insignificant character of Tressel, in Richard III., his father playing the hunch-backed tyrant. Afterwards as an *attaché* to various dramatic companies, he studied his profession carefully, gradually rising in grade from one part to another. It was in California that his genius was first recognized, and he began to take rank as one of the most promising actors on the stage. During a theatrical campaign in Australia he was equally successful. On his return to the United States he performed at the West and Southwest, everywhere warmly welcomed and heartily sustained. In New Orleans he closed a splendid engagement in a blaze of triumph, receiving an ovation such as is rarely granted to even the veteran favorites of the public. His performances at the Boston Theatre were a series of triumphs. Though a cold storm was raging on his opening night, a large audience assembled to greet him, and his reception was all that his warmest friends could desire. The impression produced on that first night was deepened at every subsequent appearance, and he left us an established favorite, with the best wishes and hopes of a Boston public for his future. Mr. Booth comes before the world at an auspicious hour for himself, just when the prejudices against the stage are being dissipated and the best classes rallying to its support, thus instituting a healthy body of critics and friends to give it tone.

H.”

“I CAN’T,” AND “I’LL TRY.”

‘I can’t!—it is impossible!” said a foiled lieutenant to Alexander. “Begone!” shouted the conquering Macedonian in reply—“ there is nothing impossible to him who will try ;” and to make good his words, the haughty warrior not yet come to weep that there were no more worlds to subdue, charged with a phalanx the rock-crested fortress that had defied his timid subaltern, and the foe were swept down as with the besom of destruction. “I can,” said a daring sculptor to the same warrior, “hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander ;” and so, doubtless, he could, but the Macedonian, satisfied with his faith and will, put him not further to the test.

There is a beautiful and instructive story touching “Robert the Bruce,” who, faltering on the road of kingly destiny, beheld, as he lay despairing, a spider baffle repeated defeats and rise to its desired goal. “I, too, will try,” said the noble Scot, and triumph was the result. “ I’ll try, sir!” What American cannot hear ringing in his mind’s ear that gallant reply of Col. Miller, when asked in the desperate conflict of Chippewa, if he could dislodge and take the enemy’s battery? “I’ll try, sir!”—and try he did, his heroes charging in the face of fiery death, until the ensign of Britain fell, and her discomfitted battalions fled, terrified, from the field of carnage.

With him to whose tongue “I’ll try” leaps instinctively, at every obstacle and peril, the battle is already more than half won. Fortune smiles on such, for they compel her. “I’ll try!”—that motto has spurred the discoverers of hemispheres, and the founders of nations. That motto has won the victory on the tented field, gathered roses in the desert, plucked down laurel and bays from the close grasp of fame, and in all paths that are traveled by heroism, civilization and freedom, made memorable conquests. The adventurer circling the globe, like the contestant for the poorest smile of beauty, accomplishes triumph only by trial. Trial is the crucible from whence all things beautiful and brave issue.

We have no patience with *can’t*, particularly of the “I’” sort. It is a cheap, shuffling excuse for wrong-doing, and doing nothing at all. “I’ll try,” is the model man, accomplishing everything. Even if he fails at times, attempting too much, he loses no honor. What can be done he’ll do—cut Gordian knots and solve the riddles of the Sphynx. “I’ll try!” make that the earnest motto, and no man shall lack triumph.

There are just two classes of mankind—the “I can’ts” and the “I’ll trys.” The one lead, rule, possess; the other follow, obey, and possess not. The one are timid, idle, shiftless ; the other, brave, active, vigilant. The one have their fields choked with weeds and tares ; the other harvest the fairest fruit and grain. The one wish, the other win. The one expect fortune, the other deserve and have it. The “I can’ts” are abundant. Your gay Miss is one of them ; she *can’t* do what her mother has done, for some reason of dignity, pride, or sloth. Your young, fast Master is one of them ; he *can’t* do as his father has done, for he scorns old industry and prudence, and the virtues generally. The man of vice *can’t* reform, because he won’t, and the cheat *can’t* be honest, for the same reason. A false, knavish, or miserable whining “I can’t,” lies at the bottom of most failures. Men can do very nearly what they will. All that is wanting is the “I’ll Try!”

JEALOUSY.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Jealous! are you? Well, you’ve got a *comfortable* guest to entertain, that’s all that can be said for you. You must have a great idea of your husband’s nobility of character, not to mention the *unmistakeable* nobleness and unselfishness of your own soul. Don’t you suppose he is to feel any regard or affection for any person but your own sweet self? Are *you* so exclusive? Don’t you think he is ever to enjoy conversation with any lady but yourself? Did his marriage vow forbid all friendship ; *all* affection which is not directed to you? Do *you* go upon that view of the case? How came you to scream so, and to rush down stairs, as if about to break your neck, the day that returned Californian entered your doors?

Oh! *he* was “an old and dear school-mate, and a native townsman,” was he?—your “brother’s best and truest friend ; and like a brother to all of you.”

Very well. What if your husband had caught you just as you fell, (at the foot of the stairs,) all in a heap, into this dear friend’s arms? Wouldn’t he have had cause to be jealous?

“Jealous of Charles? how absurd! Why, he knows that, though we always loved each other, we were never *in love*—if we *had* been, all we had to do was to get married. It’s foolish to talk about being jealous of Charles.”

Perhaps! But, if so, why so touchy about your Henry’s attentions to *his* old school-mate? Pray, allow him the same liberty that you expect to have for yourself. You think he ought to have faith in you—have faith in *him* ; and that will teach him to trust you. Don’t let him see that your eyes have been green towards him—he is too noble to do aught that you complain of ; but if you show how you have allowed yourself to feel because you have seen that he has some thoughts that are not entirely yours, you will inevitably *come down* a long step in his estimation—and you will not be likely ever to retrieve that step ;—beware. He is true to you in all that you have a right to claim. A man’s *whole* soul and affections—as a woman’s—belong only to the Lord—*each* earthly friend and relation has its own appointed love ; but *none* of these ought to exclude *any other true love.* Because one loves one person *best of all*, may he not have many friends who are very dear, and must he be forever stiff and formal to all these lest the ONE be not satisfied? Believeit, wife, husband, *that* connubial love, which can only be kept secure by close watching, *is not worth the trouble.* Further—if thus only it can be kept, it *can’t be kept thus.* So that, in any case, you may spare yourselves the pain, mortification, and trouble, yes, and the *meanness*, of being jealous ; for if your mate is good and true, there is no need of it ; and if not good and true, there is no *use* in it.

BIG OR LITTLE—THE DIFFERENCE.

It is not so unfrequent as angel visits, that we have in our midst some great admonitory crash, or failure in commercial, monied, or other of the more extensive business circles. Some of these are downright swindles, or defalcations, and are of course thus branded, with more or less delicacy, however, as the criminal parties are more or less “ respectably connected.” In the meantime, there occur a fair percentage of lesser frauds, holding about the same relation to the greater that a monkey’s imitative grimaces do to the featurings—to coin a word—of his human exemplar. In the case of the greater, whether it be of fraud or failure—but particularly if it be the latter—how different the general judgment compared with that passed on the lesser. If the greater fail for hundreds of thousands, or for millions, creditors and the public are sympathetic, and the former are ready to afford every facility to bring the failer through his “ embarrassment.”

But few pause to inquire upon what principle a business has been conducted—whether speculatively or recklessly—to involve so disastrous an issue. Yet, it is almost safe to say, that in any case where a failure reaches to hundreds of thousands, something has been at work beside a prudent, legitimate trade spirit. No business, not conducted more or less on chances, risks and hazards, could involve such a failure. Be sure, when the matter is probed to the bottom, speculation or a drive to monopolize trade, involving unjustifiable credit on either side, is the secret of most of the great failures. The business was strained—overdone—and the big craft in attempting to run over and break down all competition, jammed its prow on some reef or headland, and went to wreck.

Now, how is a man of small capital treated when he speculates on his credit among his friends and business acquaintances, and sinks all he is worth, and a few hundreds or thousands of other people’s money? Why, he is set down as a knave or a fool. His personal loss is branded as good enough for him, and for the balance he is pursued like a thief.

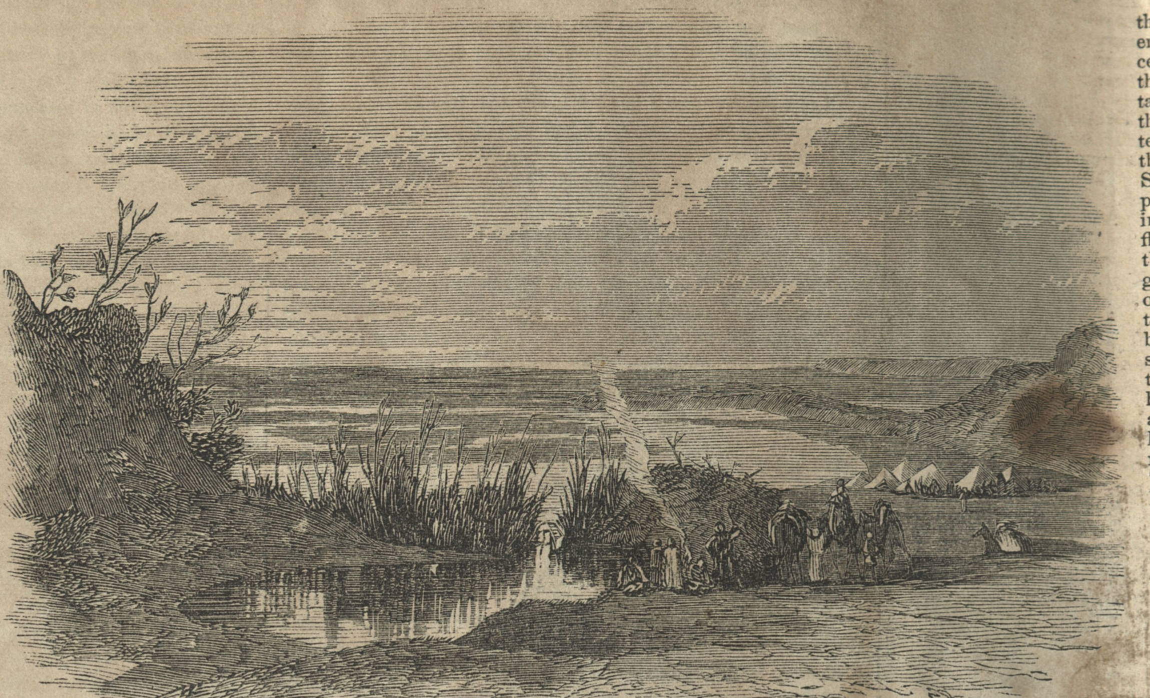
But it is not so with men or firms of large means —who abuse their credit by involving others to the tune of millions—by anything but legitimate operations. These latter are deeply sympathized with ; it is considered really too bad that misfortune or rascality should overcome such eminence and respectability. True, their failure may plead as an offset to their attempt to monopolize certain trades, —thereby seeking to nab the whole products of the land—that they expected big prices. Doubtless they did ; but big prices do not always wait on greedy speculation, as even the Rothschilds and Barings have sometimes learned. To the ditch and the dogs with such morals! The real fact is, that he who in the ruin of wild risks drags down the greatest number of confiding creditors, is entitled to the severest condemnation.

According to careful observation of the rise and fall of business men in this, as in all communities, the moral of failures, as they chance to be big or little, is this: He who fails for a little, fails to rise no more ; he may be set down as a business suicide, with none to pity him, console him or lend him a helping hand ever after. But he who fails for a large amount, fails to rise again ; is called a clever, smart, intelligent go-ahead fellow—a little rash, perhaps—to whom it is safe and popular to extend fresh credit ; and who is “ bound to succeed” sometime. How many such cases occur, and what lesson is derived therefrom save this: “ If you fail, be sure and make a big failure,” and save a competency out of it if you can. If you can’t do it the first time, try again. Any other course sinks the failer in ruin and contempt—such is the popular judgment. Again we say, to the dogs with such morality!

The result of the pacific declaration of France may be to hasten a conflict of Sardinia with Austria, even single handed.

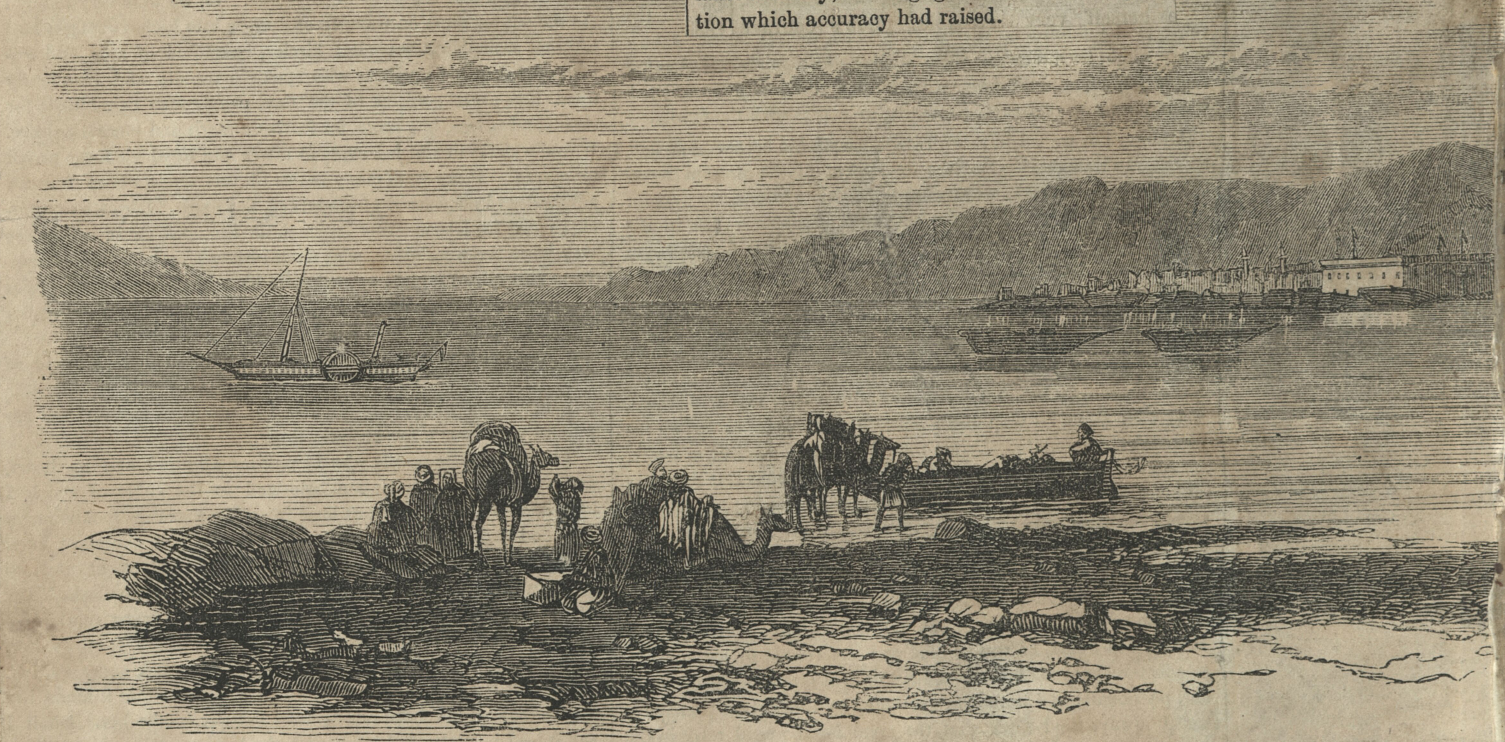
SCENES IN EUROPE.

Pilchard Fishery.—The first engraving on the preceding page represents the pilchard-fishery at Mounts Bay, Cornwall. The pilchard is a fish found chiefly on the coasts of Cornwall, and is caught either by the drift-net or the seine. A seine-fishery requires three boats and about eighteen men to work together. There are two nets employed, one of which is the "stop seine," a quarter of a mile in length and a hundred feet in depth; the other is the "trick seine," half as long as the other, but somewhat deeper and having a hollow in the middle. Each seine is carried by a separate boat, while the third conveys the men to and from shore. When the position and extent of the shoal is ascertained the stop seine is cast. There are corks at the top and leads at the bottom to keep it in position. The seine at first forms a curved line across the centre of the fish, and while the two larger boats are employed in warping the ends, the third boat is stationed in the openings, and the crew keep the fish from escaping by dashing water. When the seine is closed and the ends brought together, the tuck-seine is laid on the inner side, and then drawn together so as gradually to raise the fish from the bottom. Sometimes five million pilchards have been taken at one haul. Another engraving on the same page presents us with a sketch of the Cornish Fisherwomen at Mounts Bay. One of them has her creel, or fish-basket strapped on her back. Its form is more distinctly seen in that which lies beside the seated fisherwoman. A distant glimpse of the bay and mountains is seen in the distance. These fisherwomen, like all ladies who deal in their commodity, are remarkably sharp at a bargain, and have a glib fluency of speech not always agreeable to purchasers, who are apt to get more "tongues and sounds" than they bargain for. Mr. St. John, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks," has collected many humorous passages from the classical writers relating to the quickness, the wit and the knavish cunning of the itinerant fish dealers of Athens, so much, indeed, as to strongly remind us of what passes in the markets of modern cities. **Lake Windermere.**—The beautiful landscape on the preceding page is a faithful view of Lake Windermere, one of the most charming sheets of water in the famous "Lake District of England." It has been the theme of poets and painters, and is the idol of tourists. The fine, sweeping outlines of the hills are, in calm, bright days, duplicated in the mirror of the lake, and with the wooded islets, and the cattle grazing in the foreground, making up a charming group of natural beauties.

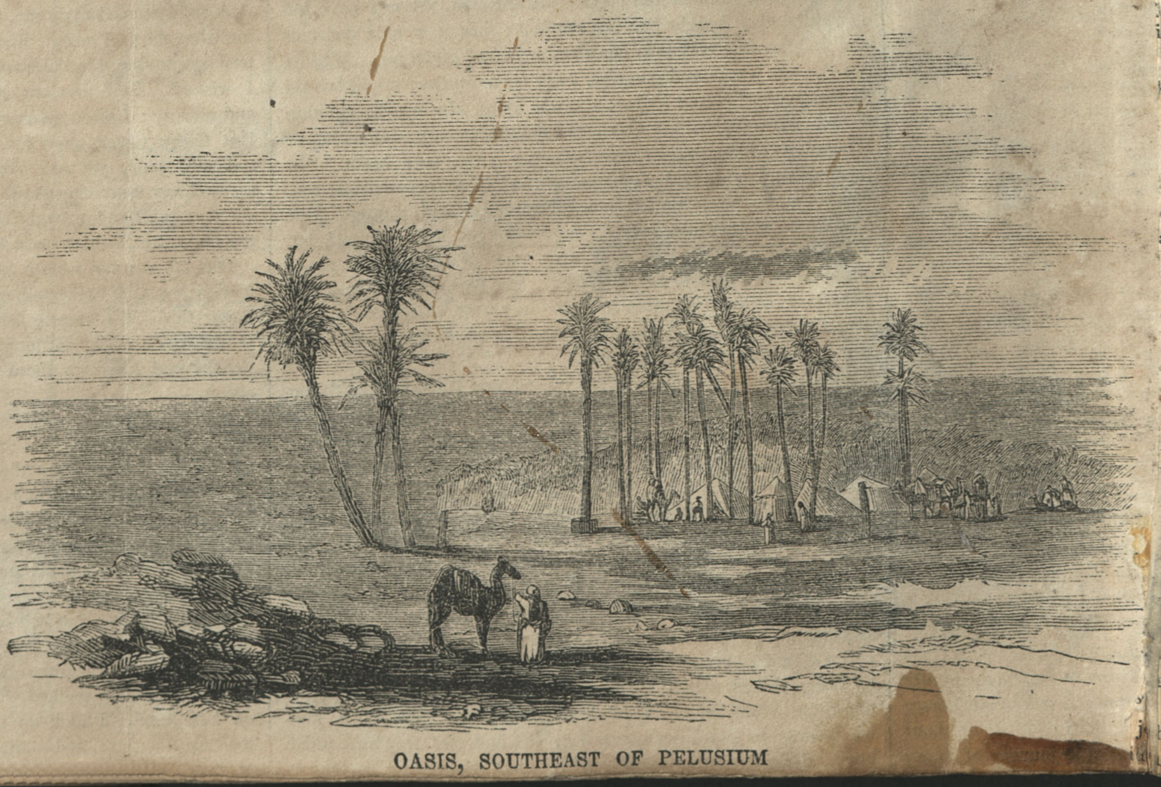


LAKE OF TIMSHAH.

☞Success produces confidence, confidence relaxes industry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raised.



VIEW OF SUEZ, FROM THE COAST OF SUEZ.



OASIS, SOUTHEAST OF PELUSIUM

The Lake of Timshah.—On this page we present a sketch of the enormous basin, thus called, in the centre of the Isthmus of Suez. In the foreground is a group of oriental travellers, with their desert-ships, the camels, and further on, the white tents of an Arab encampment. If the Suez canal, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean is completed, this basin would become an inland harbor of sufficient depth to float all the commercial navies in the world. Suez.—The next engraving on this page presents a view of the town and harbor of Suez, taken from the Asiatic coast. The buildings at the foot of the hill—a spur of the Altaba Mountains—are the fort and custom-house, the grand hotel, and several mosques, stores and private buildings. All these have sprung up since the establishment of the overland mail to India. The harbor is deep and safe. The last view on this page is of an oasis, south-east of Pelusium. The group of palm trees, sheltering the travellers' tents and camels beneath them, contrasts agreeably with the wide waste of sand extended before and beyond them. An oasis, or spot where grass and trees thrive, may be found throughout Egypt wherever a spring of water enlivens the arid deadness of the soil. The oases on the Isthmus of Suez may be said to be the last remains of ancient cultivation and history-renowned fertility. The luxuriant vegeta-

on which spontaneously springs
p wherever fresh water is conduct-
l to cool and moisten the ground,
hows not only what ancient Egypt
ust have been, but also what mo-
ern Egypt might become, if in
onnection with the maritime canal
cross the Isthmus of Suez, a sys-
em of fresh-water canals were to
pread the water of the Nile over a
ilderness which waits but for that
ne gift of Heaven to become a land
f abundance. The building of this
anal would be one of the greatest
ommercial enterprises of modern
imes, and would be a sure means,
ot only of adding incalculably to the
ealth of the West, but of hurrying
n the civilization of the East. With
he European tide setting upon Asia
hrough this channel, and the Ame-
ican tide flowing upon it from our
acific shore, it would seem that
he cradle of the race was destined
o retrieve its long ages of darkness
nd despotism and rise once again
o power and influence. This new
hannel of communication would
e a powerful lever towards the ac-
complishment of such a result. It
would seem that in the providential
destiny of nations, our own country
s to exert no unimportant part in
he future resuscitation of a conti-
ent which in the remote ages of
orld, held all that there was of
n and power, and was the
birthplace of all the nations.

AN AFFECTING CASE.

A young gentleman who says he lives in Culpepper county, Virginia, has recently met with experiences in New York which give him entirely new ideas in regard to the female character. He states that as he was crossing Washington Park, about ten o'clock one evening, he was accosted by "the loveliest girl he ever beheld," who told him that she had a dying mother at home, and begged him to hasten thither, and if possible help to save her poor parent's life. The young Culpepperian, overcome by the appeal, drew the supplicant's arm within his, and set out for the "scene of suffering." They had not gone far, however, when a stout and ferocious-looking man suddenly sprang upon them and exclaimed—"Ah! I *have* you *now!* *You're* a pretty miss, are'nt you? And *you*, you young rascal; *you're* the villain who has poisoned my home and broken my wife's heart! But I'll have *vengeance* now!" The girl sobbed and begged "her father" not to kill her, and also to spare "Harry" whom she loved dearer than her own life. The young gentleman was perfectly bewildered. He could only account for the condition in which he found himself on the hypothesis that in some oblivious moment, when in a state of intoxication, he had won the affections of the lovely girl by his side, and ruined the peace of a once happy family. He was recalled from his speculations on the subject by the gleam of a pistol barrel, the muzzle towards his brain. The "outraged father," with fierce imprecations, ordered him to prepare for "instant death." The girl implored her "inexorable parent" to relent, which at last he agreed to do on condition that the *infatuated* pair would agree never to see each other more. To this the young Virginian readily and fervently assented, whereat the devoted young lady seemed much pained; but after embracing him violently she walked away with a melancholy air. The "father" watched her until she disappeared, and then with a warning glance departed. As soon as the young man recovered from his astonishment, he felt for his watch to see the hour, but his watch had unaccountably disappeared, and so had his purse. *Then* the young gentleman from Culpepper county understood the whole matter.

WE HAVE OUR REWARD.

Men always get exactly what they bargain for; and so do women. Startling and paradoxical as this declaration may appear to the superficial mind, it is universally and inexorably true; and the only reason its truthfulness does not always appear, arises from the fact, that we do not sufficiently heed the inevitable connexion between a cause and its effects. When a hitherto respectable man commits a fraud, it probably does not occur to him that if he escape detection, his crime will forever eat into his happiness like a cancer; or, that if he be detected, his children will be vitally injured for life; but, nevertheless, one, or perhaps both, of these results enter into the transaction, and *are a part of the bargain.* Should a man deliberately commence gliding down an icy descent, terminating in a fearful abyss, and permit himself to go on until his momentum should exceed his powers of restraint, it would be absurd for his friends to characterize his plunge over the precipice as an *accident*; it would be an inevitable result of his own deliberate act. To make the matter still plainer: Suppose a man should deliberately throw himself head-foremost from the upper window of Trinity Church spire, would it be reasonable to speak of his inevitable death as an *accident?*

The same rules apply in ordinary life. The man who drinks and smokes, who sits talking in public saloons, who plays cards half the day, who spends his evening at the club-house or the theatre, is very apt to find himself in straitened circumstances when old age creeps on. And at this he grumbles, and curses his *ill luck*; whereas, in truth, he has got exactly what he bargained and played for; and so has his industrious, frugal, thriving neighbor, whose handsome house and general prosperity our superannuated idler covets and envies, and ascribes to *good* luck.

TWO OPINIONS OF WOMEN.

We are heartily sick of this everlasting twaddle about "lovely woman," and about women's being *better* than men," and about their being entitled to "protection," and "kind consideration," and all that style of nonsense. Women who know their place and *keep* it, are well enough, and that is all that can be said in their favor.—*Exchange paper.*

The man who wrote the above paragraph must have been smarting under the consciousness of having ill-used his wife—of having squandered *her* fortune, and taken her hard-earned pence to buy the liquor which inspired the sentence. The truth is, women are better than men; they are more kind, charitable, loving and religious; they are more devoted to home, to parents and to children. Woman is the nourisher of man's infancy, the guide of his youth, the adoration of his young manhood, the joy of his maturity, and the solace of his declining years.

DEATH-BED TEACHINGS.

The only conviction that rushes upon the soul, and takes away from our appetites and passions the power of resistance, is to be found at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this school of wisdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometricians; the most sublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations; they are enforced without the aid of eloquence and understood without skill in analytic science. Every tongue can utter them. He that wishes in earnest to obtain just sentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find instructions on every side. He that desires to enter behind the scene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every passion labors to illuminate, and wishes to see life stripped of those ornaments which make it glitter on the stage, and exposed in its natural meanness, impotence, and nakedness, may find all the delusion laid open in the chamber of disease; he will there find vanity divested of her robes, power deprived of her sceptre, and hypocrisy without her mask.

WIDOW HAWTHORNE'S SOLILOQUY.

A love-letter for my daughter, Kitty! How ridiculous! It seems but yesterday since she had her first spanking. A love-letter for Kitty, and one for me by the same post. Well—either she is too old, or I am too young. It must be time I was feeling venerable; but how is a woman to feel venerable, who catches herself jumping down three stairs at a time? who never can lie a-bed a minute after sunrise, and who never feels tired, or cold, or solemn? How is a woman to feel venerable who likes a frolic better than a sermon? It is all nonsense. That feeling comes with grey hair, and my hair *wont* turn grey.

A love-letter for Kitty! Seems to me that the young folks of the present day are in a great hurry. I like young folks. What flowers are to a garden, they are to a house. Am I to have mine stripped at the pleasure of every youngster whose roving eye is caught? Am I to be left to a corner, a cat, and a snuff-box? Am I to hear no more bird-like caroling, up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber? Is there to be a cover for one only at my merry table? Are the sunny tresses I have curled and braided to flash back the sunlight in other homes? Have I sung lullaby, and watched the stars pale for this? What is the love of any man living, to a mother's—to mine?

Will she be dearer to *him* when she is sick and grieved, than when she is well and happy? Will he comfort her when she is sorrowful—laugh with her when she is merry—open wide his sheltering arms at her fancied terrors—and love her very faults? Or, will he pluck the pretty flower that I have reared, and place it in his breast only till the bloom and fragrance have fled? Transplant it to a hot-house soil, only to expose it suddenly and capriciously to the chilling blast? Ah! take away my merry Kitty's love-letter. Time enough yet. Time enough yet!

Fanny Fern.

CRIME IN CHINA.

Chiefly petty pilfering. The outlaws employed by the Chinese government to kidnap the British soldiers at Chusan committed all kinds of depredations in the neighborhood. They were warned off; but treated the warning with contempt. The popular indignation was roused; the ruffians were seized—put on board a boat, with stones tied about their necks—and dropped into the sea. Nothing was ever heard after of this affair. The Chinese law is theoretically excellent, but utterly disregarded in practice. The mandarin appears to have the power of life and death; and he certainly has the power to inflict any degree of torture—even such as may cause death. In order to get rid of the legal necessity of procuring the imperial assent before putting the criminal to death, blank forms of assent are kept to be filled up when wanted; and the condemned man is executed often before the court breaks up.

W. J. P.—Your best course would be to tell the young lady, kindly and affectionately, what you have written to us. When a man is satisfied that he has made a great mistake in a promise of marriage, and that its fulfilment would occasion only unhappiness and misery, he should frankly tell the other party so, and at once terminate the engagement.

Napthalie, Utica.—Where a marriage engagement has been mutually canceled by the parties, and the gentleman returns the lady's letters, she should return his. She could of course sue the gentleman for breach of promise, but whether she could sustain her case or not would depend altogether upon the evidence and other phenomena of the trial.

George H.—A law conferring pensions on any class, would not apply to parties who died before
Memories dwell like doves among the trees,
Like nymphs in glooms, like naiads in the wells;
And some are sweet, and sadder some than death.

FOR BREAD,—A STONE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

There cometh up this solemn cry
From the cold sod whereon the beggars lie
"*We ask for bread, or even a bone,*
And get a curse, or get a stone."

Great God! do men still walk below,
Who will not heed their brother's woe?"
And can it yet be said—their hand
Is closed against the starving band?

Go—walk the highways of the town
Where busy men go up and down,
Regardless of the silent plea
From blind, from maimed, from infancy.

See there some starving mother hold
A form inanimate and cold;
Because the rich who passed that way,
Were scant of pence to "cast away;"

Or looked so high they did not see
The dead child on the mother's knee;
Starvation's fiat on her cheek,
And lips too weak her want to speak.

Both night and day the wail goes up
From those who drain Life's bitter cup,
And night and day the burdened sod
Sends up protesting cries to God.

And God will hear and God will heed;
'Tis not in vain the starving plead;
In his own time, he'll raise his hand
And send to earth the avenging brand.

Then—they who heard the beggar's plea
Will bend the suppliant's cringing knee;
And strive—but all in vain—to ward
The falling of the flaming sword.

[Written for the Line-of-Battle Ship.]

EVANGELINE.

BY WILLIAM F. WOOD.

Her eyes are dark, her brow is fair,
Her cheeks are as the rose;
And through her bright and waving hair
A joy of beauty flows:
Her neck is as the driven snow;
Her smile is like the dawn,
That breaks through summer's glowing skies
When moon and stars are gone.

Her voice is as an angel's song,
And leaves in every heart
A pulse of rapture, that must long
Its heavenly joys impart;
And from her soul, so warm and true,
Such purity beams forth,
As berne abroad on every breeze,
Doth gladden all the earth.

She is the brightest, holiest flower,
That God to man hath given,
And seems as fair in earth's cold bower
As those which bloom in heaven;
And long may she adorn the world,
And at life's evening close,
Exhale in sweetness to the skies,
Like fragrance from the rose.

LITTLE EFFIE LEE.

BY J. W. WELCH.

Words of childish singing
Cheer our happy home,
Peals of joyous laughter
Full of music tone.
Winsome little fairy,
Full of mirth and glee,
Is our blue-eyed darling,
Little Effie Lee.

May the sunshine near thee
Brightest be of all,
May the shadows round thee
Never, never fall.
In thy bright eyes trembling,
Smiles and tears I see,
Loving hearts will guard thee,
Little Effie Lee.

May the heart, so truthful,
Ne'er be racked with fears,—
May thine eyes, so mirthful,
Ne'er be stained with tears,—
May the storm clouds never
Dim thy joyous way,—
May thy life forever
Be a sunny day.

May the good All-Father
Guide thee on the way,
'Till thy feet shall wander
Where they no more stray.
Then in that bright dwelling,
Where the angels be,
God will keep thee ever,
Darling Effie Lee.

ORK, July, 1856.

HORRIBLE FESTIVAL IN AFRICA.

The prescribed ablutions having been performed, says the celebrated traveller who witnessed the festival, the Aisaoua, standing in meditative postures, recited eight times the Mussulman profession of faith—"I bear witness that there is none other god than God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet." In their voices there was something grave and solemn, which was most impressive. The Mokaddam, or chief of the sect, then chanted a prayer for all Mussulmen, and called down upon them the benedictions of the Prophet. At the end of each prayer the Mokaddam stopped, and the Aisaoua, lifting up their voices in turn, asked health for one, or the blessing of maternity for another, and the chorus then taking it up, addressed a prayer to God, in accordance with the favor demanded. Incense was every now and then thrown on a brazier of live coals, and the chorus repeated in a loud voice, "*Es-salah ! Es-salah !*" They then all seated themselves in a circle, leaving a vacant space in the centre of the court. The Mokaddam and his chief assistants took their places opposite to me, and at their side a dozen Aisaoua arranged themselves, each armed with an enormous tambourine, which they beat in cadence, while the chorus vociferated a song in honor of Ben-Aissa. There was in these songs an undefinable spirit of frantic rage, which produced in me a certain impression of terror. I saw some of these fanatics roll enormous serpents in the hollow of their tambourines, while live adders reared their hideous heads from the hoods of their bernous, and, dropping to the floor, glided over the marble as cold as themselves. In spite of the horror which I felt at this sight, curiosity got the better of my disgust, and I remained.

At the sound of this barbarous music, one of the party rushed into the circle with a frightful cry and extended arms, as if possessed by the evil one. He made the round several times, roaring hoarsely and savagely, then, as if compelled by a supernatural power, he began to dance to the sound of tambourines and drums. He was then clothed in a white bernou, and his "shasheah" (red woollen cap) being taken off, the long hair left on the top of an Arab's head fell over his shoulders. He then commenced his "*zeekr.*" The zeekr is a species of religious dance, which consists in jerking the head from right to left, so that it touches the shoulders alternately. The whole body of the Aisaoua was in motion, his eyes soon became red and bloodshot, and the veins of his neck blue and distended; nevertheless he continued his terrific dance. On a sudden two others rose up, and with savage yells, joined the first. The three, excited by each other, redoubled their stampings and the motion of their heads, working themselves up into a state of frenzy impossible to describe. Now calling for red hot iron, small shovels, the broad part the size of the hand, with long iron handles, were given to them. Seizing each one, these enthusiasts, placing one knee on the ground, applied their hands, and even their tongues, to the red hot metal. One of them, more madly excited than his companions, placed the brightest portion of the instrument between his teeth, and held it in that position for upwards of thirty seconds.

Let not the reader think that I exaggerate; I witnessed all that I relate; and in order to impress the scene stronger on my memory, the performer of this last act placed himself directly opposite to me with a lighted taper in his hand. It is impossible for me to give a reason for what I saw, but I cannot disbelieve it; I smelt the stench of the burnt flesh, and when I afterwards touched their hands and feet, I found only a fresh and uninjured skin. The sight of one old man nearly sixty-five years of age, gave me great pain; he grasped the red-hot iron, and placing it on his leg, allowed it to remain there until a whitish smoke arose, which filled the whole house with its poisonous odor.

ANTE-MORTEM EPITAPHS---A. D. 1900

No. 3.

ON DR. O. W. H****S.

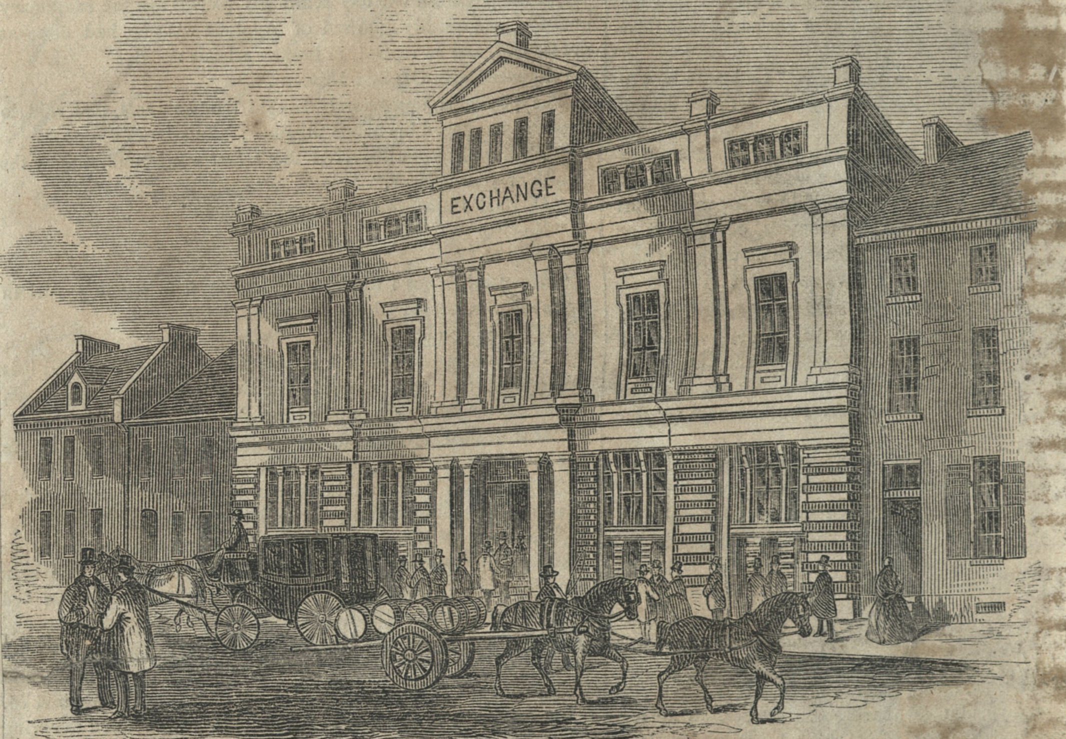
Here, where these flowers diadem this knoll—
  Their faces southward, whence the fresh wind comes—
Their rootlets nestling in the dust of Noll—
  Rests he—the Breakfast Autocrat—dear H*****.

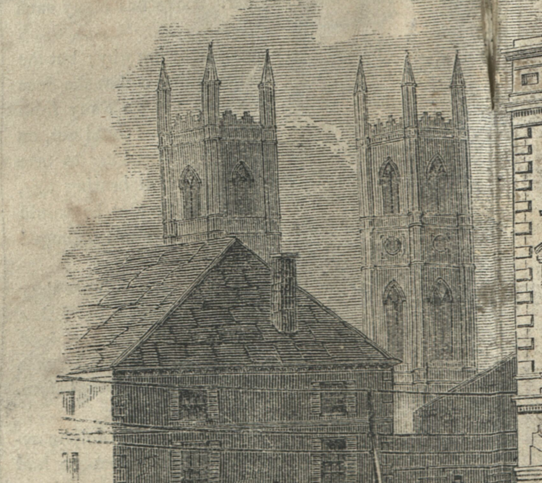
Above him on that purple-tinted hill,
  Which fain would kiss the blue o'er-spanning arch,
Eolus breathes the poet's requiem still
  In mountain-ash, in locust and in larch.

A requiem strange, fantastical at times,
  Then lulled to sweet, sad sounds that faintly fade hence;
Then glibly as the gayest of his rhymes:
  As if his spirit dwelt upon its cadence.

The world hath lost thee, scholar, bard and wit,
  We've nothing, Holmes, of thee but thy remains;
But thou who readest, think not hard of it,
  Since what Earth loses Heaven gladly gains.

Richard Montgomery, a major-general in the army of the United States, was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1737. He possessed an excellent genius, which was matured by a fine education. Entering the army of Great Britain, he successfully fought her battles with Wolfe, at Quebec, in 1759, on the very spot where he was doomed to fall, when fighting against her, under the banners of freedom. After his return to England, he quitted his regiment, in 1772, though in a fair way of preferment. He had imbibed an attachment for America, viewing it as the rising seat of arts and freedom. After his arrival in this country, he purchased an estate in New York, about a hundred miles from the city, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston. He now considered himself as an American. When the struggle with Great Britain commenced, as he was known to have an ardent attachment to liberty, and had expressed his readiness to draw his sword on the side of the colonies, the command of the continental forces, in the northern department, was entrusted to him and Gen. Schuyler, in the fall of 1775. By the indisposition of Schuyler, the chief command devolved upon him in October. He reduced Fort Chamblee, and on the 3d of November captured St. Johns. On the 12th he took Montreal. In December he joined Col. Arnold, and marched to Quebec. The city was besieged, and on the last day of the year it was determined to make an assault. The several divisions were accordingly put in motion, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, which concealed the enemy. Montgomery advanced at the head of the New York troops along the St. Lawrence, and having assisted with his own hands in pulling up the pickets, which obstructed his approach to one of the barriers he was determined to force, he was pushing forward, when one of the guns of a battery was discharged, and he was killed with his two aids. This was the only gun fired, for the enemy had been struck with consternation, and all but one or two had fled. But this event probably prevented the capture of Quebec. When he fell, Montgomery was in a narrow passage, and his body rolled upon the ice, which formed by the side of the river. After it was found the next morning among the slain, it was buried by a few soldiers, without any marks of distinction. He was thirty-eight years of age. He was a man of great military talents, whose measures were taken with judgment, and executed with vigor. With undisciplined troops, who were jealous of him in the extreme, he yet inspired them with his own enthusiasm. He shared with them in all their hardships, and thus prevented their complaints. His industry could not be wearied, his vigilance imposed upon, nor his courage intimidated. To express the high sense entertained by his country of his services, Congress directed that a monument of white marble, to his memory, should be placed in front of St. Paul's Church, New York. The remains of Gen. Montgomery, after resting forty-two years at Quebec, by a resolve of the State of New York, were brought to the city of New York on the 8th of July, 1817, and deposited, with ample form and grateful ceremonies, near the aforesaid monument in St. Paul's Church. The widow of the hero was living when his remains were translated to New York, and from the windows of her residence on the Hudson, she beheld the steamer, freighted with the precious dust, draped with American banners, float down the noble river to its final resting-place. In the long roll of revolutionary glory, Montgomery stands recorded as the bravest of the brave.—Our remaining views are in the city of Montreal. The Merchants' Exchange, on St. Sacrament Street, is a well-planned and commodious structure, with a pleasing but unobtrusive exterior. St. Andrew's Church, also delineated, is a fine building. The ecclesiastical edifices of Montreal are numerous and famous for their fine architectural appearance.—Our last view presents the Post-office, at the corner of Great St. James Street and Rue St. François Xavier. It is a fine stone building, and like all the public buildings in Montreal, an ornament and credit to the city. A portion of the Cathedral of Notre Dame is embraced within the compass of our view.—"Montreal," says Mr. Hunter, in his excellent guide-book, just published by J. P. Jewett & Co., of this city, "being at the head of tide navigation, her local advantages for the purposes of trade are numerous. The completion of the Grand Trunk Railroad and the ocean line of steamers recently established between Montreal and Liverpool, has added greatly to its commercial importance. From whatever side the city is approached, it is one of much interest. If from the St. Lawrence, the splendid towers of the cathedral, the tall spires of Christ Church, St. Patrick's Church, and several others, the elegant front of the Bonsecours Market, and the long ranges of cut stone buildings which front the river, form at once a *tout ensemble*

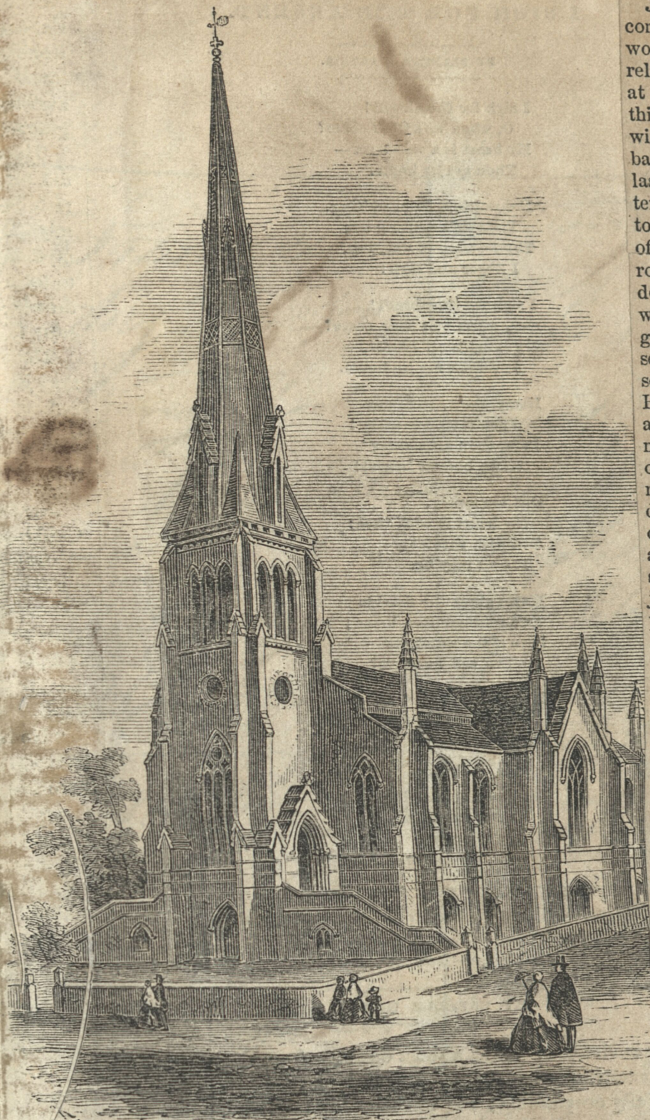




which is perhaps unequalled in any other American city. And, although the prospects from the land side are not quite so imposing, they are all agreeable; and that from the Cote des Neiges road (which crosses the spur of the mountain that overlooks the city) is, taken altogether, one of the finest in this part of the world. The population of the city is about 65,000, and the number of inhabited houses about 8500. It is divided into nine wards, and is municipally governed by a mayor, aldermen and council, elected by householders who pay an annual rent of forty-five dollars or upwards, or persons who own real estate producing that amount of rent annually."

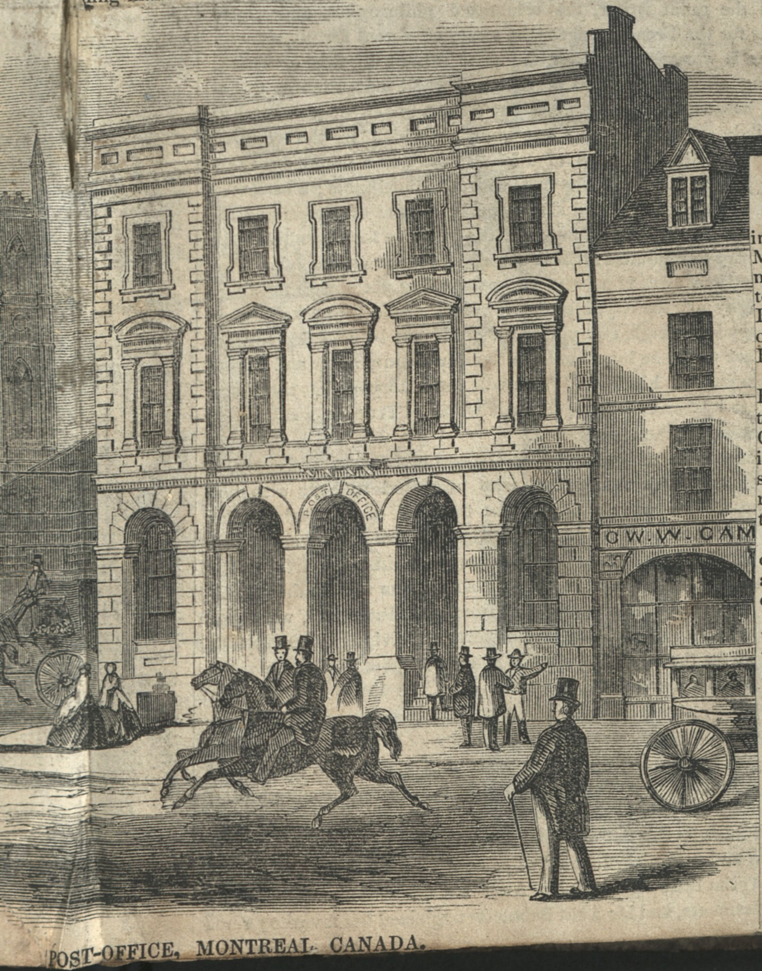
SPEED OF STEAM VESSELS.

"What will ultimately be the sustained and working speed of steam-ships?" asks an essayist. When railroads were first thought of, a speed of ten miles an hour was all that was anticipated; yet a sustained speed of sixty miles, and a working speed of forty miles an hour, have been attained. Steamers, of course, can never compete with railways in speed, because the resistance of the atmosphere and wheel friction is much less than that of water; but the speed of steam vessels has been gradually increasing. In the early government mail steam packet contracts, nine miles an hour was the stipulated speed. It was afterwards increased to ten miles an hour. The working and paying speed is



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, CANADA.

usually five or six miles an hour less than the experimental one. A steamer, without any cargo on board, going over the measured mile in smooth water, is very different from the same steamer, deeply laden, crossing the Bay of Biscay or the Atlantic Ocean. The Persia, however, on her recent quick passage from New York to Liverpool, must have averaged thirteen miles an hour for two hundred and sixteen successive hours. This may be considered, then, as the standard at present of sustained profitable speed of ocean steamers. Take the fastest steamer now afloat, and she would, if unladen, and in smooth water, without any wind, tide or current, to overcome, run at the rate of upwards of eighteen miles an hour. Now, when it is considered what is the resistance which water must offer to a ship, and that the speed of a brisk wind is only fifteen miles an hour, the triumphs already achieved in ship-building are, indeed, something marvellous.—*London Journal*



POST-OFFICE, MONTREAL CANADA.

QUARRELLING.

Judging from the flood of letters which we are constantly receiving from correspondents, the whole world is involved in a never-ending series of quarrels. In one case, it is husband and wife who are at variance; in another, parent and child; in a third, brother and sister; in a fourth, a husband with his wife's relations; next, a wife with her husband's relatives; then, friends with friends; and last, everybody with somebody. And so the contemptible game goes on from day to day, and week to week, and year to year, in one unceasing round of aggression, vituperation, recrimination, and the rotary exhibition of all that is meanest and most despicable in human nature. Any man or woman who will *quarrel*, must have, in the nature of things, great capacity for meanness. A quarreller is both selfish and a fool. He exacts everything for himself, and don't know what his neighbor's rights are. He is a perpetual mule—the personification of assinine obstinacy. He is a skyrockety, fizzling numbscull. He is a silly, childish old granny. He ought to be dealt with. He should be flogged every morning with the prickliest briars, and rubbed down with vinegar of the intensest acidity. He ought to be served in the same manner at night, and then be made to sleep on raw thistles, of unspeakable rankness. And, to cap the climax of his just though terrible punishment, he should be deprived of his LEDGER, and be *compelled* to read the *Daily Tribune.*

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Many years ago, when it was allowed to imprison men for debt in this State, an incorrigible fellow named Wainwright was confined in the jail of a neighboring city, at an expense to his creditors of seven shillings a week. After he had been in prison several months, Wainwright sent a note to every one of his creditors, informing them that he had hit upon a certain mode of liquidating their demands against him, and that if they would meet him at the jail at a certain time he would at once arrange matters to their satisfaction. This was pleasant news to the creditors, and at the appointed hour they were all assembled in the prisoner's cell. After a few preliminary observations Wainwright addressed his audience upon the main topic. "You are now expending seven shillings a week on my jail expenses," said he. "Now, what I propose is this: You let me out of this infernal place—give me only five shillings a week, and *let the other quarter go towards paying off the debt!*" The creditors at once compromised with the impudent rogue, by giving him a receipt in full of all demands to date.

INSPIRATIONS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

These are the inspirations and the lights
  That lead us on and upward evermore—
We hear sweet voices far in purple nights
  Call from a starry shore—

Ho! Workers of the harvest of the truth!
  Sow the world's wilderness with wholesome grain
Plant the waste places with perennial ruth
  The labor is not vain!

Be brave, be patient, break life's stubborn soil—
  God's angel holds thee with a steadfast hand;
The purple fruitage of your generous toil
  Shall glorify the land.

Be brave, be noble, planting among thorns
  The future harvest of the nation's rights;
For lo! the fiery pillars of the morns
  Rest on the sunken nights!

NAVAL.

Com. Armstrong is to relieve Capt. Stribling in command of the Pensacola Navy Yard; Com. Montgomery is to succeed Com. Long in command of the Pacific Squadron, and Com. Inman to relieve Com. Forrest in command of the Brazil Squadron. Capt. James Glynn has been ordered to the new steam-sloop Lancaster at Philadelphia.

It is confidently stated that Capt. William L. Hudson will be appointed to the command of the Charlestown Navy Yard, as successor to Capt. S. H. Stringham, whose term will expire in May. It will be recollected that Capt. Hudson commanded the U. S. steam frigate Niagara, when that vessel was engaged in laying the transatlantic telegraph cable.

Commander Bissell has been ordered to the command of the receiving ship Independence, at the Mare Island Navy Yard, vice Commander Fairfax, relieved.

The new steam sloop-of-war Lancaster, is to be finished and fitted out for sea with all possible expedition. She will probably be sent to the Pacific.

The new steam gunboat in process of construction in the western ship-house, Brooklyn Navy Yard, is now, as far as the carpenter work goes, completely ready for being launched, and only awaits a few preparations by the engineers. She has been eight months on the stocks. Her armament will consist of two 11-inch guns, and four 37 cwt. thirty-twos. She measures about 200 feet in length, and will not draw more than ten feet of water. The peculiarities of her machinery, the dimensions of her propeller and boilers have already been published.

"SIR," said a woman to a loafer, "if you do not send home my husband's clothes, I will expose you." "If I do, I shall expose myself," was the cool reply.

A CALIFORNIA paper records that a young wife, only sixteen years old, lately had four children at a birth. We wonder what she will do when she gets a little older.

IF any lady chooses to be ill-natured toward us, we are disposed to say to her in bold defiance of consequences, that she is "no gentleman."

WE believe that where religion has been the mother of wealth, the child has generally devoured the parent.

THE gay attire of the coxcomb makes him a leaden rapier in a golden sheath, a cork-leg in a silk stocking.

AN echo is the shadow of a sound, a voice without a mouth, a word without a tongue.

ECONOMY is a pauper without a parish, whom no one will own or adopt unless compelled by necessity.

SOME think that you have a perfect right to pick a painter's pocket, because he *pict-ures.*

EFFECTS do not always result from *causes,* as many a poor lawyer knows to his cost.

CURRENT ITEMS.

NOT long since a youthful couple, whose united ages might have been twenty-six years, entered the office of a magistrate in a neighboring city, and requested to be married "at once;" the "young lady" raising her hand aloft, and asseverating in the most solemn manner that she was "over fourteen." But the magistrate would not marry them, and soon the parents of the girl came rushing in to capture their daughter, who, they said, was only twelve years old. The magistrate sternly asked her how she dared declare she was over fourteen; whereupon the "young lady" stooped down, took off her shoe, and took therefrom a slip of paper, on which was written the word "fourteen," on the strength of which she had asseverated that she was "*over* fourteen." That girl had better be married as soon as possible.

A YOUNG man, who was recently hunting in the "Forty-mile Woods," between Plattsburg and Chateaugay, in this State, came suddenly upon a large black bear, which he fired at and wounded; whereupon the bear rushed upon him with terrible ferocity. The hunter drew his knife, and fought for life. After a fierce struggle, he succeeded in killing his ferocious enemy, but was himself severely wounded, and reached the highway with much difficulty.

A FEW mornings since several little boys were playing with fire-crackers in Tompkins Square. One of them unfortunately had half a pound of powder in his outside jacket pocket, tied in a piece of common brown paper. A fire-cracker that was thrown at him lodged and exploded in his pocket, and ignited the powder, the explosion of which tore open his side so dreadfully that he died in a few hours.

A THIEF was recently caught at Brussels who pretended to be dumb. At the suggestion of a physician present, chloroform was administered to the culprit, and as soon as consciousness was destroyed the rogue began to pour forth a copious stream of French. This may serve as a hint to our own authorities.

A SENSATION of horror was recently created in Europe by the publication of the fact that the Neapolitan Government had subjected to the most cruel tortures a beautiful girl only twelve years of age, because she would not expose the secret hiding places of her father and other patriots.

A LADY riding on horseback through a sort of swamp or thicket some twenty miles from Nachitoches, Texas, was robbed and murdered by a gang of runaway negroes, who cut off her head and stuck it upon a stump by the road-side.

A YOUNG German, named Boehn, living in Greenwich-street, having been jilted by his sweetheart, went to her room, and, bidding her farewell, cut his throat and sank down at her feet, a corpse.

A FEW days since, a little girl that was playing on a vacant lot, near Bedford avenue, in Brooklyn, was attacked by a large hog, and bitten so severely that her life is despaired of.

A MAN in Wayne county, N. Y., is reported to raise such a large quantity of peppermint that he sells from $75,000 to $125,000 worth of the oil annually.

A woman is either worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one; but is a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

The conversation of wise men is the best academy of breeding and learning: it was not the school, but the company of Epicurus, that made Melrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyainus so famous.

Rochefaucault said that the reason why lovers are so fond of one another's company, is that they are always talking about themselves.

Old men's lives are lengthened shadows; their evening sun falls coldly on the earth, but the shadows all point to the morning.

Aristotle says—that to become an able man in any profession whatever, three things are necessary, which are, nature, study, and practice.

One philosopher is worth a thousand grammarians. Good sense and reason ought to be the umpire of all rules both ancient and modern.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

Beauty eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talent accompany him even to the grave.

Praise no man too liberally before his face, nor censure any man severely behind his back.

If a man will paint from nature he will be likely to amuse those who are daily looking at it.

A man cannot be truly happy here without a well-grounded hope of the hereafter.

Much in Little.

SICK, AND FROM HOME

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Mother ! Mother ! through the bleakness
  Of this absence, I can see
Thy sweet face all tears and meekness
  For the one who used to be
Near thee ever, early, late,
Comforter through every fate.

From my listless hand the flowers,
  Withered, fall unto my feet,
As I sit thro' the dim hours
  Vainly striving to repeat
All the words I heard thee say—
Last words—on that parting day !

Flowers ! Ye are not of *her* giving
  If your splendor fade so soon !
That day all your bloom was living,
  And I only saw the moon
Yestreen, like a sickle bent—
It was waning when I went.

As a little babe that lieth
  In a shroud, my poor heart lies,
While the out-door wind that crieth
  Makes unrhyming lullabys ;
Sleep, my heart ! sleep on, aweary
Waking is, and bleak, and dreary !

Evermore I hear the flowing
  Of wild waves I cannot see,
And I say—be this foreshowing
  Of a colder flood to be,
I shall sweetly lie at rest
If my head be on *her* breast !

Shall I feel her kisses, never,
  Dewy, on my forehead pale ?
Nigher moans the mystic river,
  And my spirit with a wail,
Answers—who shall hold and cheer me
If *her* sweetness be not near me ?

Withered flowers, there comes no morrow
  To this long, long night of mine !
Never any pain, or sorrow
  That can touch my calm divine !
Pale hands on a shrouded breast—
So the sleepers take their rest !

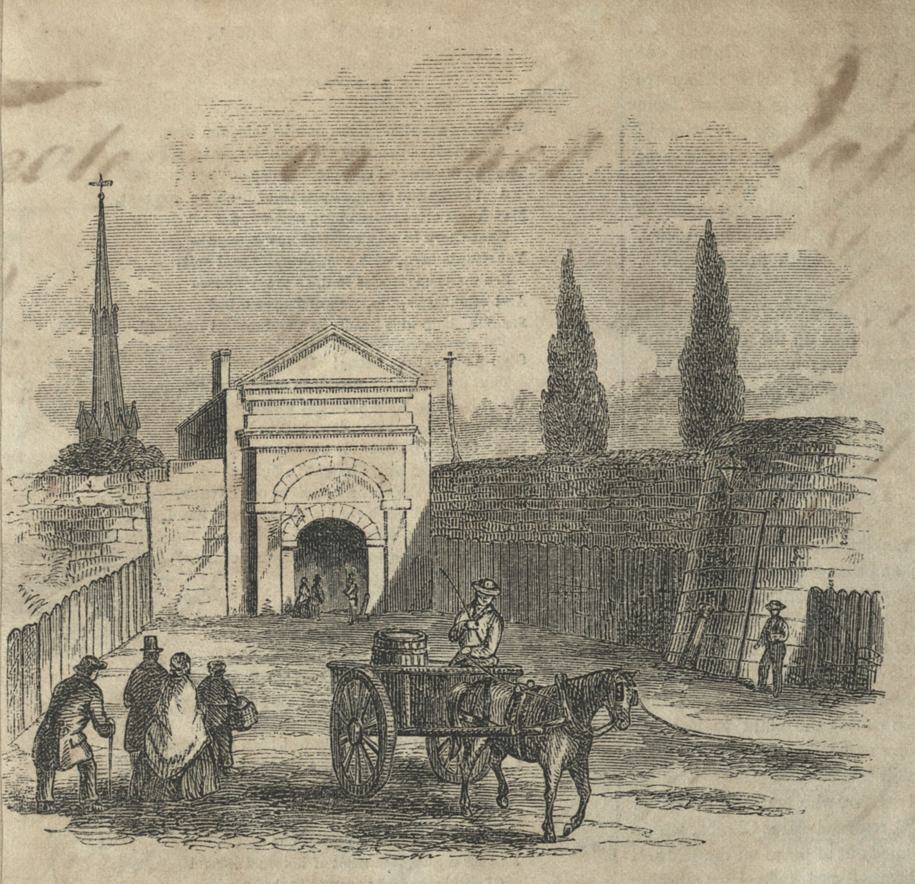
IE.—The poem to which you refer is call
of Life," and here it is :—

Like a ladder—still enlarging
  Year by year—our life is given ;
One step fixed on earth's green margin—
  One ascending high in heaven :
Up this ladder of our being
  Morn and noon and evening go ;—
Moment after moment fleeing,
  'Till their worth too late we know !

Some with gold the steps environ,
  Cloth of gold that seems sublime ;
Some ascend o'er steps of iron—
  Wet with tears, and hard to climb !
But though sorrows may be steeper,
  Though in care and suffering trod
There is comfort for the weeper
  In the endless time of God !

Time—alas, how sad we use it,
  As through life we wander on ;
Scarce we have it—ere we lose it !—
  Ere we say "*'Tis here*"—'tis gone !
'Till Time older—weaker—sadder—
  Takes its dark and awful stand ;
And upon Life's trembling ladder,
  Holds us by a trembling hand !

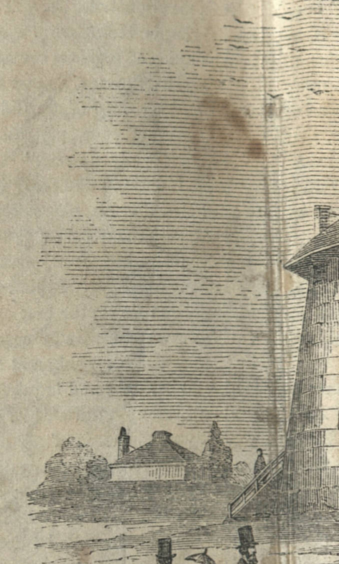
Let our souls, to this attending,
  Keep Good Deeds in daily store :
Still ascending and descending
  Like Good Angels evermore !—
Deeds that make the Future gladder,
  Lend a blessing to Life's hours ;
And the last step of Life's Ladder
  Crown with God's immortal flowers !



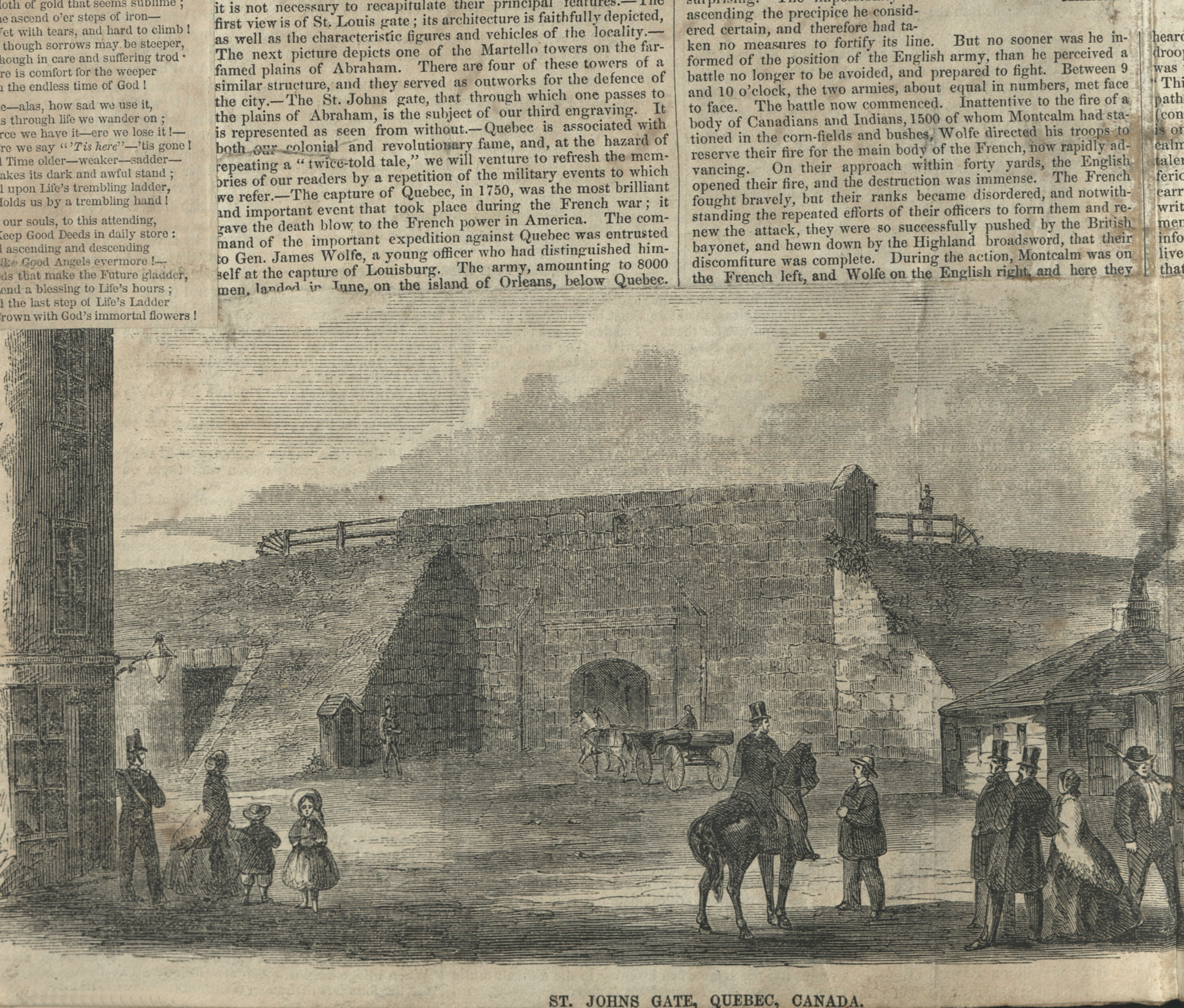
ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC, CANADA.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

In Vol. IX. of the Pictorial, we presented several spirited sketches of different locations of interest in both of the above cities, and from the pencil of the same artist, Mr. Kilburn, whose fidelity requires no voucher. We now continue the series, which will prove, doubtless, particularly acceptable at this season, when the attention of the travelling public is turned northward. The drawings from which our engravings are made, were all taken recently on the spot, and expressly for the Pictorial. As we have, on a former occasion, given a pretty full description of both cities, it is not necessary to recapitulate their principal features.—The first view is of St. Louis gate ; its architecture is faithfully depicted, as well as the characteristic figures and vehicles of the locality.—The next picture depicts one of the Martello towers on the far-famed plains of Abraham. There are four of these towers of a similar structure, and they served as outworks for the defence of the city.—The St. Johns gate, that through which one passes to the plains of Abraham, is the subject of our third engraving. It is represented as seen from without.—Quebec is associated with both our colonial and revolutionary fame, and, at the hazard of repeating a "twice-told tale," we will venture to refresh the memories of our readers by a repetition of the military events to which we refer.—The capture of Quebec, in 1750, was the most brilliant and important event that took place during the French war ; it gave the death blow to the French power in America. The command of the important expedition against Quebec was entrusted to Gen. James Wolfe, a young officer who had distinguished himself at the capture of Louisburg. The army, amounting to 8000 men, landed in June, on the island of Orleans, below Quebec. The city of Quebec stands on a rock, at the confluence of Charles and Iroquois Rivers ; it is naturally a place of great strength, and was defended by a force of 10,000 men, under the command of Gen. Montcalm. Gen. Wolfe had to contend with immense difficulties, and after having failed in several attempts to reduce the city, he conceived the bold project of ascending, with his troops, a steep, craggy cliff, of from 150 to 200 feet, by which he would reach the plains of Abraham, south and west of the city. This almost incredible enterprise was effected in the night; and by daylight, September 13, the army was formed and ready to meet the enemy. The battle which took place, is thus described by Mr. Goodrich, in his History of the United States. "To Montcalm, the intelligence that the English were occupying the heights of Abraham, was most surprising. The impossibility of ascending the precipice he considered certain, and therefore had taken no measures to fortify its line. But no sooner was he informed of the position of the English army, than he perceived a battle no longer to be avoided, and prepared to fight. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, the two armies, about equal in numbers, met face to face. The battle now commenced. Inattentive to the fire of a body of Canadians and Indians, 1500 of whom Montcalm had stationed in the corn-fields and bushes, Wolfe directed his troops to reserve their fire for the main body of the French, now rapidly advancing. On their approach within forty yards, the English opened their fire, and the destruction was immense. The French fought bravely, but their ranks became disordered, and notwithstanding the repeated efforts of their officers to form them and renew the attack, they were so successfully pushed by the British bayonet, and hewn down by the Highland broadsword, that their discomfiture was complete. During the action, Montcalm was on the French left, and Wolfe on the English right, and here they

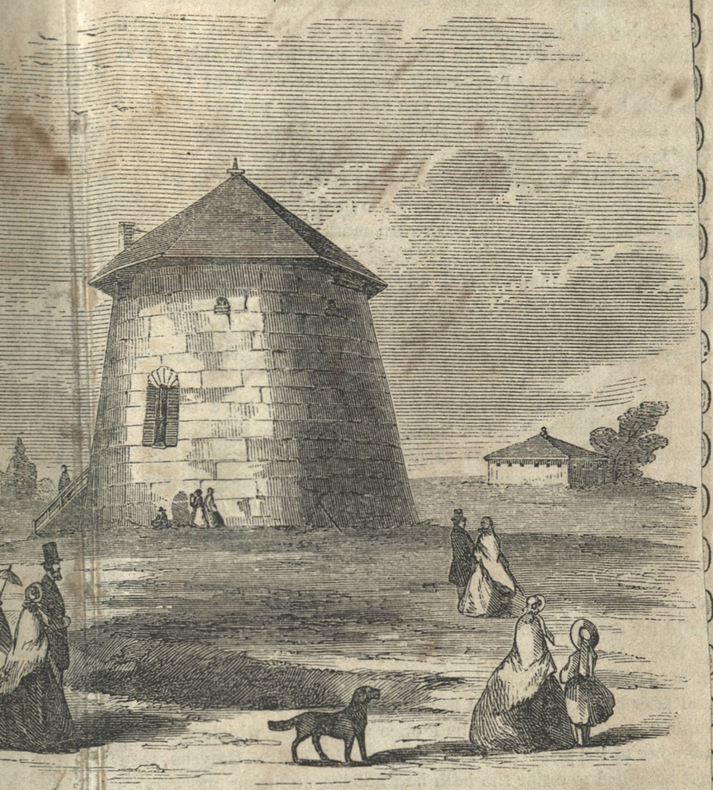


MARTELLO TOW



ST. JOHNS GATE, QUEBEC, CANADA.

both fell in the critical moment that decided the victory. Early in the battle, Wolfe received a ball in the wrist, but binding his handkerchief around it, he continued to encourage his men. Soon after, another ball penetrated his groin; but this wound, although much more severe, he concealed, and continued to urge on the contest, till a third bullet pierced his breast. He was now obliged, though reluctant, to be carried to the rear of the line. General Monckton succeeded to the command, but was immediately wounded, and conveyed away. In this critical state of the action the command devolved on Gen. Townsend. Gen. Montcalm fighting in front of his battalion, received a mortal wound about the same time, and Gen. Jennezergus, his second in command, fell by his side. Wolfe died in the field, before the battle was ended but he lived long enough to know that the victory was his. While leaning on the shoulder of a lieutenant, who kneeled to support him, he was seized with the agonies of death; at this moment was



ARTELLO TOWER, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

heard the distant sound, 'They fly, they fly.' The hero raised his drooping head, and eagerly asked, 'Who fly?' Being told that it was the French, 'Then,' he replied, 'I die happy,' and expired. "This death,' says Professor Silliman, 'has furnished a grand and pathetic subject for the painter, the poet, and the historian; and, (considered as a specimen of mere military glory), it undoubtedly is one of the most sublime that the annals of war afford.' Montcalm was every way worthy of being the competitor of Wolfe. In talents, in military skill, in personal courage, he was not his inferior. Nor was his death much less sublime. He lived to be carried to the city, where his last moments were employed in writing, with his own hand, a letter to the English general, recommending the French prisoners to his care and humanity. When informed that his wound was mortal, he replied, 'I shall not then live to see the surrender of Quebec.'" It was at Quebec, also, that the gallant Montgomery fell, during the war of our Revolution.

A Lady of Property, who has often to read legal documents, is much perplexed by such terms as vendor, vender, vendee, assignor, assignee, mortgager, mortgageor, mortgagee, &c., &c., &c., and she wants to know if there is any rule or system that will help her to remember what these terms mean, and enable her to distinguish between the *ors*, *ers* and *ees* of the same class? Yes. In nouns of a legal meaning, those ending in *er* or *or* have an *active* signification, and denote the person *by* whom something is done or given; while those ending in *ee* have a passive signification, and denote the person *to* or *for* whom something is done, or *to* whom something is given. Thus, the vend*er* or vend*or* (the spellings *er* and *or* are used indifferently, and mean the same thing) is the person who *sells* something, and the vend*ee* is the buyer, or the party *to whom it is sold*. If you give any body a mortgage on your house and lot, you are the mortgag*er* or mortgage*or*, the maker of the mortgage, and the person to whom it is given, and for whose benefit it is made, is the mortgag*ee*. A legat*or* is one who bequeaths a legacy, and the legat*ee* is the lucky person to whom the legacy is given. By remembering that the *er* or *or* party is the *actor*, or the one who *does* or *gives* something, and that the *ee* party is the one *to* or *for* whom the thing is done, or *to* whom the gift is made, you will avoid all perplexity in regard to the meaning of the terms.

A Widow's Husband.—We cannot help laughing at your predicament and at your "outrageous annoyances," although we are ready to admit that they must be "grievous to be borne." Such constant references, on your wife's part, to the incomparable excellencies of your predecessor, must "cut you up awfully," as you say they do, inasmuch as you "are so jealous and sensitive." But why not get rid of your jealousy and sensitiveness? It strikes us that, inasmuch as you have no hope of your wife's ever ceasing to sing the praises of her first husband, her *second* should learn to take the praise as pleasantly as though it were meant for himself. Or, perhaps, if you could rake up the memory of some old sweetheart, or *invent* a memory for the occasion, and play her off against husband number one, you might silence your spouse's irritating panegyrics upon the deceased. Or, why not draw consolation from them, by imagining that when you shall be under the sod, your wife will talk in the same enthusiastic manner about you, to her third husband.

Hard Up.—You had better continue with your present employer, at the reduced wages he is now paying, until you can find a sure chance to better yourself. A person who once gets fairly afloat without employment, at this season of the year, and during the prevalency of such hard times, will find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to get a situation, unless he possesses commanding abilities. The old proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," should be constantly remembered now-a-days.

Arrangements are being made by the proprietors of the steamship Great Eastern, to enable European travelers to make a three months' tour in America, and American travelers to do the same in Europe, for $300 each, as soon as that mammoth ship shall be got ready for service.

A gentleman was knocked down and robbed a few evenings since, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street. He called loudly (so he says) for assistance, but none came until the robber had disappeared.

LOW FARES.

In consequence of the competition of opposing lines, the fare to California has been reduced to a ruinously low figure. The mail line carries passengers for $60 each and the opposition for $50, and it is stated that large numbers are taken for even less than these prices. The result of this folly, if persisted in, will be the ruin of both. —*N. Y. Sunday Atlas.*

Rather say, that it is a concerted game to attract thousands of young men and women to New York, to find, by the time they arrive there, that the fares have been put up again very suddenly to from $100 to $250. Too late for the victims to think of returning to their homes, they use all their money to pay the increased price, and go on their voyage with the disagreeable impression that they have been most egregiously duped.

RAILROAD MISMANAGEMENT.

The *N. Y. Herald* is down on President Moran, who, it says, came into the management of the New York and Erie Railroad with immense pretences and promises of reform, retrenchment, economy, and financial skill, and yet has sunk $808,628 56 during the past year. With a salary of $25,000 per annum, Mr. Moran ought to have so managed as to be able to make a better showing. This is the railroad company, it will be remembered, which was fooled into the belief that it could do the Express parcel and package business, on its own route, very profitably, but, after two years trial, was glad to relinquish it to the United States Express Company.

HORSE SALES MARKET.

The New York Horse Market has been uncommonly full for two or three weeks past. The sales have been at low prices, but twice as many have been sold the past three months as there were during the same term in 1858. There are an unusual number of work-horses, valued at about $125; but the large, heavy team-horses, valued at from $175 to $225, are most in demand. Buyers of fancy, high-priced animals, seem to think there is something the matter when horses "stick" a long time in the sale stables.

In an advertisement now before us, one Terence McBog cautions the public "against trusting his wife Peggy on his account, as *he is nct married to her.*"

The U. S. flag-ship Sabine, now attached to the Paraguay expedition, has been found so defective in many points, that there is a likelihood of her returning as soon as the fleet may be reasonably diminished. She cannot be worked or steered well in bad weather, and there are many other serious imperfections complained of which it would be difficult to remedy in South America.

The Secretary of the Navy is making an effort to have the new steam sloops-of-war ready for service at the earliest practicable period. One of them was launched at Norfolk, Va., on the 23d ult., in good style. She carries six guns.

Nicholas Cleary, of California, has been appointed Naval Storekeeper at Shanghae, China.

Flag Captain Shubrick, of the Paraguay expedition, is highly lauded by a correspondent from that quarter.

Loss of a British Naval Steamship.—A passenger in the Karnac from Nassau, reports the loss of the British war steamer Jasseur, from Jamaica, on a cruise. She struck on a hidden rock on the night of March 4, and soon sunk. Officers and men, sixty in number, took to their boats; ten of them were subsequently swept overboard in a heavy gale. One of the boats, containing the captain and nineteen men, managed to reach the southern coast of Cuba, but the other boat containing thirty men, has not been heard from. The party suffered terribly from cold and famine, and were on the point of perishing when their boat was driven on the Cuban coast.

The annual election sermon is to cost the State $100 hereafter.

DON'T TALK, BUT LISTEN.

It is an error to suppose that conversation consists solely in talking: a more important part of it is to listen discreetly. Mirabeau, the eloquent Frenchman, once said, that, "to succeed in the world, it is necessary to submit to be taught many things which you understand, by persons who know nothing about them." The smoothest of all the paths to success, we are sorry to say, is paved by flattery; and, in most cases, you flatter best when you listen attentively. La Bruyere says: "The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in showing a great deal yourself; he who goes from your conversation pleased with himself and his own wit, is perfectly well pleased with you. Most men had rather please than admire you, and seek less to be instructed—nay, delighted—than to be approved and applauded. The most delicate pleasure is to please another." That man was a philosopher: and we would add this to what he has said. Patience is a social engine as well as a christian virtue: then let it have its perfect work. Bear with the volubility and even the vain boasting of others. To listen, to wait, and to be wearied, are certain elements of good fortune. We commend the last remark to members of Congress and State legislatures.

HYPERBOLICAL.

A writer in the *Boston Post* "piled up the agony" the loudest way in a half column notice of Professor Agassiz's address before the Massachusetts Legislature. Hear him!

"For a solid hour the learned preceptor interested a solid audience on the rudimentary details of solid science. He is now at the very zenith of his prime as an educatory counsellor and as an efficient instructor. His station is at a public desk in a free and enlightened metropolis of a well educated Commonwealth. If Boston is the pantheon of the Republic, and her pulpit disseminates in all directions the liberal principles of theology, let her likewise be the temple of science whose rostrum shall leaven the nation with thorough education. She has a sage well qualified in every particular for the enterprise. *Let her now cap the dome of her common school system with the cupola of natural philosophy.* Antiquity has her Pythagoras, her Archimedes, her Pliny, let modern Boston secure the services of the profound Agassiz."

Genius of Hyperbole, flap your wings and crow!

Special Post Office Agents seem to be indispensably necessary to look after delinquent postmasters, clerks, and letter thieves, but the new Postmaster General must be careful to have these "detectives" men of the requisite qualifications.

Drops of Wit.

An inn-keeper, observing a postillion with only one spur, inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postillion, "if one side of the horse goes the other can't lag behind."

"Father, do folks make clothes out of peas?" "No, foolish boy. Why do you ask that question, Simon?" "Why, I heard a sailor talking about his pea-jacket."

The editor of a well-known magazine wears a long goatee. A wag noticing his habit of handling it while writing, suggested that he was *milking his brains.*

A number of young ladies have lately taken their departure from Pittsburg for Pike's Peak. What for?—*Boston Post.* It is so natural for girls to like a *peek.*

Jules Janin, in his critique upon the Christy Minstrels' performance, calls the "Hoop-de-doodle-doo" a touch of Tartuffs flavored with soot.

Great battles, fought on paper, oft one sees
Planned out and conquered with prodigious ease;
But when the actual contest is begun,
How many valiant generals cut and run!

A young physician asked permission of a lady to kiss her. She replied: "No, sir; I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust into my face."

"Now, papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied pa, "when ma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."

Why is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great deal of bustle about a little waist.

A French woman slides, a Spanish woman glides, an American woman trots, and an English woman tramps.

CHATHAM, Oct. 22d, 1858.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

It was with pleasure, as well as surprise, that on Monday I accidentally met with the first No. of your History of Cape Cod, Indeed, I did not know that any one was engaged in such a work, or even that suitable material for it existed. The most that I have ever seen relating to the local history of the Cape, are the meagre accounts contained in Barber's Historical Collections; and hence, what was my gratification and amazement in seeing a work so eminently respectable in its appearance as yours. I have read the whole of it with care, and would say that your research seems to have been quite thorough, your authorities are numerous and respectable, the spirit of the work candid and christianly, and the skill evinced in the use of your materials worthy of praise. The beautiful portrait of Richard Sears, and the note accompanying it, p. p. 137—8 alone to many, ought to be worth the cost of the whole number. The mechanical execution of the work is also admirable. I shall place my name upon the subscription list of my friend Dr. Carpenter, for a copy, happy to avail myself of the opportunity to possess such a work.

I was sorry to see you express a doubt whether religious persecution had any thing to do with emigration of our Puritan fathers to these shores. Preface, p. p. eleven and twelve (11, 12). I fear, sir, that it will have a tendency to cast a shade of suspicion over the whole work, in the eyes of a large and influential body of men on the Cape, and who otherwise have reason to feel the greatest possible interest and pride in your labours. Certainly, you do not mean to intimate, tha in your opinion, the reign of the Stuarts and the administration of Lawd were not distinguished by the persecutions of the Puritans and the nonconformists, and that they had nothing to do with the peopling of New England?

Let historic justice be done whoever is affected by it. Many of your own pages bear hard upon the Puritans, themselves, but that is their fault, not yours, and let all others be treated in the same way.

The first emigration to the Cape, led by your great ancestor, Edmund Freeman, was from Lynn, my own native place, and I see that you quote from Lewis' History of that town. East Hampton, Long Island, the first scene of the labors of the Rev. Lyman Beecher was settled from Lynn, about the same time; and its buildings, now, for the most part, look as those of Lynn did, forty years ago. A history of this ancient town of unusual merit and ability for such a work of its class, has been written, and in which, if you have not seen it, you will find many curious and interesting particulars respecting the emigrations of those periods.

You, of course, mention the removal of Mr. Lothrop, and the most of his congregation from Scituate in 1639. Have you seen Dean's History of that ancient town? You do not quote or refer to it. If not, you will find more in relation to that removal. Though not without its errors, it is a very interesting work and highly worthy of a perusal.

Your promised account of the state of parties on the Cape, in our revolutionary war, I shall look for with great interest. It will be new to me. In no part of our country, have I met with so few revolutionary reminisences as here with the exception of the town of Falmouth, where they cluster around the memory of old Col. Dimmick. Indeed, no people in the United States, have so neglected there local history, as those on the Cape, and I am the more glad, therefore to see justice done to it at last.

On the Vineyard, unwritten revolutionary traditions abound; and on Nantucket, Macy has given them a permanent form in his History of that Island.

You promise to do justice to the ecclesiastical affairs of the Cape. I hope that this promise will be most amply redeemed. Most histories, with the exception of some local ones, are exceedingly faulty in this respect; and even some eminenent minds have laid themselves open to severe criticism on this point. They have attempted to ignore religion, a matter of little, or no importance in the history of man. And yet, it is the great, the leading and controlling interest of the race. And no where in our country, does the religious element enter so largely into the whole life of the people, and no where has it done so much for the elevation, improvement, social happiness and material prosperity of the people, as on the Cape. Its divine influence permeates to the very fingerends of society. It is found everywhere; and unlike many even of the most highly favored portions of christendom, we have no class among us who feel it not. Ecclesiastical matters therefore, must constitute no small portion of our istory.

In the denomination to which I have the honor to belong, the Methodist Ecopiscopal, we have twenty-two (22) churches, with twenty-five hundred members, and about ten thousand (10,000) people in our congregations, and dependent upon us for religious instruction. Some of these congregations, especially on the lower end of the Cape, are very large and flourishing, and all of them, with but one exception, are furnished with good houses of worship, and some of which as those of Sandwich town, Chatham, Eastham, Wellfleet, South Truro and Provincetown, are large and commodious. A portion of these churches are among the oldest of our denomination in New England; those of Monument, East Harwich, Truro, and Provincetown having been formed before the close of the last century. One of the first Methodist preachers on the Cape, was the Rev. Jesse Lee of Virginia. Like most of the early methodist preachers, both in this country and in Europe he was brought up in the church of England, and with most of his father's family, which was very numerous and respectable, was converted to God under the labours of the Kev Deveaux Jarratt, rector of the parish of Bath, Dinwiddie county, Virginia, and who figures so largely in the history of the church in Virginia, during the latter half of the last century. Mr. Lee, although the apostle of methodism in New England, in particular, extended his labors from the St. Mary's to beyond the St Croix; was chaplin to Congress for five successive terms under the administration of Mr. Madison,—was the first historian of the M. E. Church, and one of her leading spirits and most distinguished ornaments for more than thirty years—an extraordinary man. Two lives of him have appeared—one by his nephew, the Rev. Leroy M. Lee, D. D., of Richmond, Va., a large and highly finished work.

But another name, the Rev. Joseph Snelling, was here a little before him. His apostolic and useful labors extended from one end of the Cape to the other, and for several years, during the time of our last war with Great Britain, he was resident in Pocasset, in Sandwich. Mr. Snelling yet lives, at an extremely great age; and his autobiography, published a few years since, although possessing no literary merit, and of the humblest pretensions, would be valuable to you for the facts which it contains.

The Cape has also been the scene of the labors of some other men, who occupy most distinguished and prominent places in the ecclesiastical annals of our country. Among those, is the Rev. Joshua Soule, D. D., a lineal descendant of George Soule, of the Mayflower, who now stands at the head of that large and powerful religious body, the M. E. Church, South, as its senior bishop, and who, still, although in the sixtieth year of his intinerant ministry, is yet able to perform his episcopal duties,—one of the most extraordinary ecclesiastical characters that our country has ever seen, and whose religious influence has been coexistent with the nation. He was stationed in Sandwich in 1801. He now resides in Nashville, Tennessee. Also, the Rev. Elijah Hedding, D. D., who at the time of his decease in 1842 was the venerable senior bishop of the M. E. Church. When presiding elder of the Boston District in 1821, the Cape was included in the field of his labors, and every portion of it, from Monument to Provincetown, was the scene of his able and powerful ministration. At this time, the lower part of the Cape was the scene of the most powerful religious awakening known in its history, and the abundant fruits of which remains to this day. His Life and Times, by the Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., and published at our Book Room, is one of the ablest religious biographies issued by the American press.

The Rev. E. S. Taylor, who now has a world wide reputation, as the eloquent, excentric and highly useful pastor of the Seamen's Bethel in North Square, Boston, also spent three years of his ministerial life on the Cape, viz: in 1820 in Falmouth and Sandwich then united—1821 in Sandwich and Harwich then united—and in 1822 in Barnstable and Harwich united. He is still affectionately remembered for his able and efficient ministration, by our oldest members in all parts of the Cape; and he has almost ever since made an annual visit to our far-famed Camp Meeting, where his stirring eloquenee has moved the large multitudes there annually assembled for a whole generation, till this year illness prevented his coming. The life of this distinguished Seamen's preacher is inseparably connected with the ecclesiastical annals of the Cape.

In 1824, the celebrated John Newland Maffitt, afterwards so distinguished for his popular pulpit oratory throughout the United States, was stationed on the Barnstable circuit, which then included the towns of Barnstable and Yarmouth, in connection with the Rev. Lewis Bates, and who is yet living. Other names might be mentioned in connection with our denominational history on the Cape, which will ever have a place in the ecclesiastical annals of New England, especially.

But there is another name not to be omitted. It is that of the Rev. Daniel Webb, pastor of our little church in Barnstable town. Mr. Webb is now in the eighty-first year of his age, and the sixty-first of his ministry, and enjoys the enviable distinction of being the oldest effective itinerant Methodist preacher in the world; and a man in the possession of all his faculties, enjoys this honor among ten thousand (10,000) men who preach the gospel in some twenty different languages in all parts of the world; and who, as one of the few remaining links which connects the past with the present, is worthy of veneration. When Mr. Webb was presiding elder of the New Bedford District in 1836, the Cape was included in his wide field of labor, and the last few years of his life, have been spent entirely in this county. Perhaps a personal interview with such a man might not be without use to you in your present work, and if desirable, could be secured by means of the Rev. Mr. Philbrook of Sandwich town.

The first Camp Meeting on the Cape was held in Wellfleet about the year 1819,—and the famous meetings at Eastham has been holden ever since 1827.—This meeting has ever exerted a very powerful influence upon the religious history and character of the lower part of the Cape, especially, but that is not all, numbers have attended that meeting, not only from all parts of New England, but from New York, and even from the British provinces; and influences have gone forth from that hallowed spot, which extend through the entire northern portion of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its fame and influence, however, are now in the wane. The meeting on the Vineyard, and which this year was attended by 12.000 persons, already eclipses it; while other meetings both to the eastward and westward, are now drawing away the multitudes who once attended it,—they being easier of access. If its history could be fairly written, it would afford, sir, one of the most interesting and valuable chapters of your work.

As you intimate, the Cape has been a hive from which have gone forth large numbers into all parts of our country, and many of whom have risen to places of eminence and distinction. But the religious influence of the Cape, has, perhaps, been mostly overlooked. Your own native town, Sandwich, has the distinguished honor of having produced a man, the Rev. Thomas Prince, the colleague of Sewell, as pastor of the old South church in Boston, who in the last century, stood in the front ranks of the New England clergy; and who has done more for her ecclesiastical history, than any man who ever lived. But the *people*, who have gone forth from the Cape, have done much in that respect. There is a large district of country on the eastern bank of the Penobscot in Maine, distinguished for the superior intelligence and moral culture of its people, and which was almost entirely settled from the Cape, and where Cape names prevail to this day. And in Boston, and all its vicinity, a large portion of the most active and influential of the membership of our churches, is from the Cape; and, if so, in some other denominations, that influence must be very great.

Our first Church was built in Provincetown, in the midst of great oppression, in 1795,—and that in Truro was built about the same time. That of East Harwich was built in 1799, and was included in the Provincetown circuit, which then extended over the whole of the lower part of the Cape. The present Church in East Harwich, and which is the oldest of our denomination on the Cape, now standing, was built in 1811. It has lately been remoddeled, and in its interior decorations, is not exceeded by any on the Cape. Sandwich first appeared on the minutes in 1797,—with the Rev. Joseph Snelling, before mentioned, as preacher in charge. The first society was at Monument, and for many years, the Sandwich circuit included the whole of the upper part of the Cape, as that of Provincetown did the lower.

The above, according to the plan which you have stated in your preface, p. 17 in reference to the several denominations, since the *quasi* union of church and state, has ceased to exist, may, perhaps, suffice,—but if not, although the most of our history on the Cape is yet unwritten, I can probably furnish more.

In conclusion, I would say, that however well known your enterprise may be to a small and select circle of your personal friends, yet I fear, sir, that the mass of the *people* upon the Cape, know nothing about it. It is desirable that a copy of your valuable work should be placed in every household; for it is absurd, that while we teach our children the history of ancient ece and Rome, they should be ignorant of the history of their native county. But if so, means should be used for this purpose. An able man should be sent to thoroughly canvass the Cape for subscribers. I introduced the subject, at the close of a religious meeting in this place, last evening, and exhibited a specimen copy of your first number:—and if you should visit Chatham, on the business of your work, and should wish to publicly present its merits and importance, as you are a clergyman, the spacious lecture room of our church is at your service, for that purpose. Wishing you great success in the forthcoming prosecutions of your historical researches,

I am, yours respectfully,
S. W. COGGESHALL,
Pastor of the M. E. Church.
REV. FREDERICK FREEMAN.

[Written for the Barnstable Patriot.]

MR. EDITOR: In looking over the list of premiums awarded at the late fair, for the best crops on a certain quantity of land, it occurred to me that the quality of land should be noticed by the Committee and a premium given for the best crops from the poorest land, as it requires greater skill in agriculture to produce a crop from poor, than from rich land. I hope another year, encouragement will be given to those who labor on our worn-out fields, for then I shall stand a chance for the highest premium, for I challenge any one to compete with me in poor land. I have planted the present year about 2 1-4 acres with corn on the barren field east of my house, where scarcely anything grows but white and poverty weed.—I was asked by several gentlemen what in the world I was planting there for, and told that I could raise nothing on such land. Still I went on, and now for the result. I have harvested about 75 bushels of sound corn, a sample of the best ears I send with this communication. I have also quite a lot of nice pumpkins and beans. I plowed in a slight coat of dressing and put some in the hills.—By thus treating our sterile fields, and seeding them, we may restore them to their original fertility. Yours, &c.,

GEO. LOVELL.

Osterville, Oct. 20, 1858.

☞The sample of corn left at this office, by Capt. Lovell, noticed in the foregoing communication would do credit to the richest soil in Massachusetts. We have scarcely seen longer and better filled ears of corn exhibited at any of our annual Agricultural Fairs.

MERCANTILE HONOR.

It might tempt one to be proud of his species when he looks at the faith that is put in him by a distant correspondent, who, without one hold of him than his honor, consigns to him the wealth of a whole flotilla, and sleeps in the confidence that it is safe. It is, indeed, an animating thought, amid the gloom of this world's depravity, when we behold the credit which one man puts in another, though separated by oceans and continents; when he fixes the anchor of a sure and steady dependence on the reported honesty of one whom he never saw: when, with all his fears for the treachery of the varied elements through which his property has to pass, he knows that should it only arrive at the door of its destined agent, all his fears and all his suspicions may be at an end. We know nothing finer than such an act of homage from one human being to another, when, perhaps, the diameter of the globe is between them; nor do we think that the renown of her victories, or the wisdom of her counsels, so signalize the country in which we live, as does the honorable dealing of her merchants; all the glories of British policy and British valor are far eclipsed by the moral splendor which British faith has run over the name and character of our nation; nor has she gathered so proud a distinction from all the tributaries of her power, as she has done from the awarded confidence of those men of all tribes and colors and languages, who look to our agency for the most faithful of all management, and to our keeping for the most inviolable of all custody.

—Chalmers.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF WALLACE.

As the capture of Wallace was an event wholly unexpected by the English, the news of it, which spread with the rapidity of lightning, produced in every part of the kingdom, a deep, universal sensation. Labor of every kind was abandoned, and people of all ranks flocked to those points of the road where it was expected that the illustrious captive would pass. At Carlisle the escort halted for a night, and the tower in which he was secured long afterwards retained his name. As the *cortege* approached London the crowds became more numerous; and on entering the capital his conductors found their progress retarded by the multitudes that were collected; while every elevation or projection, however perilous, from which he could be seen, was occupied with, or clung to, by anxious spectators, eager to behold a man who had filled England with terror, and the fame of whose achievements had resounded through every country in Europe. After much exertion, the cavalcade at length reached the house of William Delect, a citizen in Fenchurch Street, where their prisoner was lodged for the night.

From the circumstance of his having been taken to a private house, rather than to a place of greater security, it has been imagined by some, that Edward intended to make a last effort to gain Wallace over to his interest. This conjecture, however, is not sufficiently supported by subsequent proceedings to entitle it to any degree of credit; and we are more inclined to believe, that the difficulty which the party encountered in making their way through the dense multitudes who had blocked up the streets and lanes leading to the tower, may, with greater probability be assigned as the cause for taking him to the house of Delect.

The thirst for revenge existed too keenly in the ruthless mind of Edward, to admit of much delay in the sacrifice of his victim. Though a consideration for the opinion of the more enlightened of his subjects, and the manner in which his conduct might be viewed at foriegn courts, obliged him to have recourse at least to the formality of a trial—the indecent haste with which it was brought on, made the mockery of judicial procedure but too apparent. The day after his arrival, he was conducted on horseback from the house which his brief residence had made the scene of universal attraction, to take his trial in Westminster Hall. His progress from Fenchurch Street, according to Stowe, appears to have been a sort of procession; Lord John de Segrave, the fugitive of Roslin, acting as Grand Marshal of England, and armed cap-a-pie, rode on one side, while Geoffrey de Hartlepool, Recorder of London, equipped in a similar manner, rode on the other. The Mayor, Sheriff and Aldermen followed, attended by a number of official characters on horseback and on foot, arranged according to their respective grades.

On reaching the spot where the solemn farce was to be performed, he was placed on the south bench of the great hall; and in consequence of an absurd report which had been circulated in England, of his having said that he deserved to wear a crown, in that place a crown of laurel was put upon his head. The noble appearance of the man, joined to his calm and unruffled demeanor, entirely disarmed the ridicule of its intended effect.

Sir Peter Malory, the king's justice, then rose and read the indictment, wherein the prisoner was charged with treason against the King of England, burning of towns, and slaying of the subjects of his Majesty. To the first of these counts Wallace answered, that as he had never been the subject of the King of England, he owed him no allegiance, and consequently could be no traitor. As to the other offences, he frankly admitted, that in the discharge of his duty to his country, he had done all that was stated. On this admission, the following atrocious sentence was pronounced:—

For treason, he was to be first dragged to the place of execution. For murder and robbery, he was then to be hung a certain time by the neck; and, because he had burned abbeys and religious houses, he was to be taken down alive from the gibbet, his entrails torn out, and burnt before him, his body to be quartered, and the parts afterwards to be disposed of as the clemency of his Majesty might suggest.

When the necessary preparations were made for carrying his sentence into execution, the late champion of Scottish Independence was brought forth from the palace where he had been kept in confinement, heavily ironed, and chained to a bench of oak. He was then placed on a hurdle, and, surrounded by a strong guard of soldiers, ignominiously dragged to the elms, in Smithfield. The self-possession and undaunted demeanor which he evinced during the trial, appeared equally conspicuous upon the scaffold. Looking round with undisturbed composure on the assembled multitude, he addressed himself to a person near him, and asked for a priest to whom he might make confession. This request, on being made known to Edward, he is said to have sternly refused; and the rancorous old man forbade any clergyman to retard the execution for such a purpose. On hearing this undignified command of his sovereign, Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, the same individual who had so faithfully discharged his duty at Carlaverock, stepped boldly forward, and after remonstrating with Edward, declared his determination to officiate himself. When the ceremony usual on such occasions was finished, Wallace rose from his knees, and the Archbishop, having taken leave of him, instantly departed for Westminster, thus declining to witness the sequal of an act so revolting to humanity, and which he no doubt considered as fixing a deep stain on the character of his country.

The spectacle which was now exhibited to the gaze of the inhabitants of the metropolis of Engtand, was such as perhaps has never been presented to the populace of any other land. The last freeman of an ancient people, not less renowned for their bravery than for their love of independence, stood a calm and unshrinking victim, ready to be immolated at the shrine of despotism. That powerful arm which had long contended for liberty, was now to be unstrung beneath the knife of the executioner; and that heart, replete with every ennobling virtue, which never quailed in the sternest hour of danger, was doomed to quiver in the purifying flames of martydom.

During the pause which preceded the unhallowed operations, Wallace turned to Lord Clifford, and requested that a Psalter, which had been taken from his person, might be returned. His desire being complied with, he asked a priest to hold it open before him. This book had been his constant companion from his early years, and was perhaps the gift of his mother, or his uncle, the parson of Dunipace.

After hanging for a certain time, the sufferer was taken down, while yet in an evident state of sensibility. He was then disemboweled; and the heart, wrung from its place, was committed to the flames in his presence. During this dreadful process, his eyes continued to linger on the Psalter, till, overpowed by his sufferings, he expired under their hands with all that passive heroism which may be supposed to belong to so elevated a character. The body was afterwards dismembered; the head fixed on London bridge, the right arm on the bridge of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the left at Berwick, the right leg at Perth, and the left at Aberdeen.—*Life of Sir Wm. Wallace.*

YOU MUSN'T USE TERMS OF OPPROBRIUM.—If you do, you must take the unpleasant consequences. If a man abuse you, gently put him out in the street. If you cannot, follow the "Friend's" advice, and "let him alone very severely," thrust him without your doors, using no more force than the exertion to get rid of the nuisance may demand. You have a right to do it. The law will justify you. It was so decided in the Marine Court few days ago, and the fact is worth remembrance.

Nature abhors a vacuum; so does the mind. There is no such source of melancholy, as that horrible inward sinking, resulting from emptiness of the mental stomach. The mind is as dependent upon food as the body. It must have action, objects, hopes, something to masticate and digest; or it perishes from inanition. The larger the mind, the greater the needs; and even those individuals who seem most to enjoy repose and torpidity, require some mild nutriment to engage the mental saliva and gastric juices. It may be something vague and shadowy as the thoughts of babes, or the dreams of dogs that lie in the sun, and twitch their hides at the flies, or the drowsy fancies of cattle that stand in ponds and streams, or chew their cuds in the shade of great trees, on lazy summer days. The mind must still have something; and those who are not content with this, must find a more stimulating diet.

So men become restless and roving; fond of adventure; war, pleasure, science, commerce, literature, invention, all heroic and intellectual achievement, invite them. He is fortunate who has some true and lofty purpose in view; some noble work to engage his hands and heart. The care of a family, the education of children, daily labor for the comfort and happiness of loved ones, are blessings which save from suicide and despair. Sudden riches have made miserable men of happy ones, simply by taking away their employment. The greatest delight a fortune can give, is the delight of getting it. Men have amassed large estates, not from a love of money, but from a craving after excitement. Anything but vacancy; and to the great and aspiring, the trivial affairs of life are little else. Napoleon must have kingdoms to appease the demands of his enormous appetite. There is more joy in the hard conquest of the world, foot by foot, than in a peaceful reign over the whole globe. Alexander wept, when he had no more worlds to conquer; a hackneyed story, but it contains a deep truth.

What is required is, to give this proclivity of the mind a right direction. Idle Joe feels sour and vacant; so he will warm himself with a cigar. Jake the jocky, for a like purpose, addicts himself to horseflesh and races. To quench the same thirst of the soul men speculate, make love, marry, travel, attend theatres, plunge into science, get religion, or get drunk, gamble, fight, write epics and novels, betray innocence, become reformers and philanthropists, get up clubs and secret societies, read romances, explore the Rocky Mountains, peril ships and lives in the Arctic ice, discover continents, and backbite their neighbors.

NEW KIND OF BREAD.

At a late meeting of gentlemen interested in agriculture, at Tiptree Hall, in England, a quantity of bread was handed round, which was made of wheat and white beets, mixed in equal proportions. The bread is spoken of as having been considered by the distinguished gentlemen who partook of it, as a very palatable article of its kind. It has one merit which would be no small recommendation when flour is scarce and very high in price—it is much less expensive, almost by half, than ordinary bread, while it must be very nearly equally nutritious. From the specimens we have tasted of bread made with a mixture of potatoes with flour, we have no doubts as to the palatableness of such bread as Mr. Mechi presented to his distinguished visitors. There may be times and circumstances, in this country as in England, when this well-meant practical hint of Mr. Mechi might be profitably remembered.

Pardoned.—Hilliard, who was sentenced to the State Prison for killing a man named Warren, at his hotel, in Natick, some two year since, has been pardoned out of the State Prison.

education make men Mahommedans, democrats, fire-worshippers, Quakers, Catholics, whigs, infidels, transcendentalists, cannibals, Methodists, tories, Presbyterians, and sacrificers to Juggernaut. Then how far private interest goes to mould or perpetuate opinions! You would be astonished, madam, to know how much your adored minister's salary contributes to form the tone of his sentiments. While you piously believe that he is preaching for Christ's sake, he is simply preaching for fifteen hundred a year. And you, sir, so credulous with regard to the patriotism of your favorite political leader,—have you any idea how much the spoils of office have to do with it?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Now or Never, or *The Adventures of Bobby Bright.*"—Decidedly the best juvenile we have seen for the approaching holidays is a new one, with the above title, from the pen of our favorite contributor, Oliver Optic. To our ordinary readers, familiar as they are with the charming freshness and truthfulness of his style, a mere announcement of this volume will prove a sufficient recommendation. From our own experience, we judge that it will be equally fascinating to adults as to juveniles. We were compelled to read it through, "now or never," at a single sitting. The varied adventures of the noble hero, noble alike as boy and man, possess more interest than a half-dozen full-fledged novels of fashionable life, and we recommend the delightful history of "the little merchant" to the perusal of one and all, in full security of hearty thanks from those who follow our advice. Published by Brown, Bazin & Co.

New Music.—Oliver Ditson, Washington St., has published Nos. 5 and 6 of German Chorals, as arranged by Bach, "O Gott, du Frommer Gott!" and "Jesu Kreuz, Leiden and Pein;" "The birds are gone to rest," No. 4 of La Traviata;" "The winds that from Monadnock blow," by J. D. Canning, music by W. P. Cushman; "Serenade," No. 8 of Favorite Melodies for flute and piano; "Partant pour la Syrie," No. 6 of Diamonds,"—the national French air, by Hortense, mother of Louis Napoleon.

Amusements.—Niblo's Ravel Troupe are engaged at the Boston Theatre, where they will appear during the coming holidays. Their best pieces will be produced in a style never before equalled in this country.

The National Theatre remains open, but the audiences are very small.

The spectacle piece, "Aladdin," has been revived at the Boston Museum.

The Howard Athenæum is closed.

Mexican Church.—The Signor Lendo de Tegada, who is now at the head of the finances, asserts, with perfect confidence, that the real property of the clergy of the Romanist Church in Mexico, is of the value of from $250,000,000 to $300,000,000! In the city of Mexico, containing 5000 houses, worth $80,000,000, the Church owns one-half, and the income has been estimated by the Minister at fully $20,000,000. The estates in Mortmain alone amount to $50,000,000. A single balustrade about 300 feet long in the National Cathedral, is supposed to be worth $1,000,000.

Couldn't Please Everybody.—We find the following paragraph in the Newburyport Herald: "One of the newspapers says that the Herald has alternately pleased and displeased both parties, during this campaign. That is our opinion. How could it be different, if we told them the truth? —and that was our only aim."

duellist. Having quarreled with a brother officer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it had taken place; when M. de Malsaignes' adversary managed to run him through the body and nail him against the door. "It is all very well, sir," said the transfixed duellist, with singular *sang froid*, "but pray how are you to get out?"

☞The choicest fruit of the tree of happiness is covered with leaves and hid from sight.

☞If there be any "universal medicine" in nature, it is water; for by its assistance all our tempers are alleviated or cured, and the body preserved sound and free from corruption.

☞Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

☞Nearly all brave men have been of a finely organized and therefore nervous temperament. Julius Cæsar was nervous, so was Bonaparte, so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," he said, "is a brave man; he knows his danger and faces it."

☞"Dear me," cried Mrs. Partington, "what barbarous acts war does make men commit, even in the present age! Why, it was only the other day that a man in the Cambridge omnibus pointed out the house where Gen. Washington was *quartered*."

☞Mrs. Clarissa Williams, of Oxford, Quaker Farms district, Conn., now in her 99th year, spins a run of yarn a day and sews without the aid of glasses. She never was sick a day in her life.

☞A French abbe calling one day upon a bishop, was invited to stay and dine. "My lord," replied the conscientious man, with a very demure and scandalized look, "I have already had a good breakfast, a substantial luncheon, and a capital dinner, and I beg leave to remind your lordship of what you seem to have completely forgotten—this is a fast day!"

☞The poor in Germany use the blossoms of the Linden tree instead of tea.

☞When the boys begin to tear up their books, it is a sign the holidays are about to commence.

☞Stove lustre when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner is blacker, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust—and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new. The odor of the turpentine soon passes off.

☞A truly great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry.

☞Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation.

☞A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

☞Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

☞A Western paper announcing a rise in the Ohio River, says:—"The river, *in accordance with the desires of a host of those who were most deeply interested*, continues rising steadily."

☞Whoever wishes to get on in the world has only to take lessons of a hen chasing a grasshopper through the field. With a long neck and peeled eyes, take a few hurried strides, stop short, peep over, peep under, now to the left, then to the right, one flutter, and you have him.

☞An argument for beards from the Eclectic Medical Journal:—"What would be said of him who would shave off his eyebrows, pull out his eyelashes, or shave his head all over? Such a practice would be pronounced uncouth, unreasonable, unhealthy, and necessarily wrong; yet if the hair of the head pertains to the laws of life and health, who dare say the beard has a less office to fill?

☞A gentleman who has spent his winter in the southwest, partially upon the great "Father of Waters," remarked, that it chiefly reminded him of an unexhaustible cathartic—ready mixed for all mankind.

☞The editor of the Columbus (Ohio) Journal says a female convict in the penitentiary at that place, actually lived *seven weeks* without swallowing a particle of food.

MEMENTO.

My son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may:
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God—and know no other fear."

☞A New-Hampshire man, who is at the gold diggings in Iowa, says that three days' exploration with a spade had enabled him to find "several very small grains of gold, and several tons of exaggeration."

☞Cincinnati, according to an estimate, has a population of 244,000 inhabitants, an increase in ten years of 87,000. The value of manufactures and industry is set down at $80,000,000.

☞The Utah war seems to be at an end. Gov. Cumming was hospitably received by the Mormons, who are arranging to leave the country.

☞An entire Chinese regiment has been sentenced to wear women's clothes for five years, for having abandoned an untenantable fort, during the recent attack on Canton by the French and English forces.

An Old Anecdote Corrected.

Sir Walter Scott and his lady, it is said, were one day walking across a common. It chanced that near them some lambs were skipping and playing most delightfully. Sir Walter remarked, "what a charming sight," observing at the same time that the poets had always most appropriately taken the lamb as the emblem of innocence.

"Yes," said the wife, "I was always very fond of them—*with mint sauce.*"

This story rests on I know not what authority, but it was told to show how utterly uncongenial were the tastes of Sir Walter Scott and his lady. It is evident, however, that what she said, (if she ever said it,) was meant only as a joke—the love of which, as is well known, was a prominent trait in her character.

ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.—It is calculated that if one pin were dropped in the hold of the Leviathan steamer one week, two the next, four the next, eight the next, and so on, doubling the number each time for a year, the number deposited would be 4,509,599,627,370,495, which, allowing 250 pins to an ounce, would weigh 563,699,953 tons, which would require 25,053 Leviathans to carry them, each being of the tonnage of 22,500 tons.

ONE OF THE CHIMNEYS.—A chimney, built in 1792, in an old house on King Street, Northampton, on being taken down, a few weeks since, furnished bricks enough to build three modern chimneys, an underpinning to the house, a cistern, eight piers in the cellar, and a drain three hundred feet long, besides a wagon load sold, and a lot on hand.

SAVAGE ASSAULT ON A TEACHER.—A few days since, a schoolmaster in Chicago, Ill., sent a mischievous boy home to have his face washed. The boy's father came to the school with two men to assist him, and they all assaulted the teacher, whom they beat so fearfully that he is not expected to recover.

A GROWING BOY.—The London Times has an article on the progress of the United States. Johnny Bull begins to think his child is large for its age.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

☞"THE CROOKED PATHWAY, or *The Ambition of Farnces Bryan*," is the title of a story which will grace our next issue, from the pen of our favorite contributor, Miss C. F. ORNE. The tale has, properly, two heroines, Frances and Agnes, and the workings out of their characters form a series of most affective contrasts. The plot is one of thrilling interest, and the reader's attention will be chained from beginning to end.

☞"WHO STOLE THE BANK-NOTE?" an exciting sketch, in which the RETIRED ATTORNEY rather humorously relates an incident at a fashionable boarding-house, in our next paper.

☞A pretty Christmas story, by a favorite contributor, is filed for next week's paper.

☞It is a popular delusion to believe that an ignorant and vulgar man, by being smuggled into one of the learned professions, becomes a scholar and a gentleman.

☞They talk of tunnelling the East River, between New-York and Brooklyn.

☞What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from Eden? They *raised Cain.*

☞Somebody asks why we call a shrewd man a man of *gumption*, when a silly man is called a *gump?*

☞A pleasant wife is a rainbow in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

☞After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken, by an impatient youth exclaiming—"Don't be so *unspeakably* happy!"

☞Wit does not shine with grossness. Like an ill-made candle, the light is soon extinguished in its own grease.

☞One of the English morning papers, in a recent notice, evidently intending to be complimentary to a washing company, whose works it was describing, says—"It matters not how dirty the work is, the company are prepared to do it."

☞Alphonse Karr, the French author, has this singular yet truthful motto upon his signet ring: "I fear only those I love."

☞Thou askest me, "What is hope?" It is a leading and flattering star of mankind, which obscures and disappears with the last beating of thy heart.

The First Saw-Mill.

The old practice in making boards was to split up the logs with wedges; and, inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new-fangled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that, after so long a time, the public would be less watchful of its interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces.

CAN'T REMEMBER.—None of the natives of South Africa can tell how old they are. If asked their age they reply—"Does a man remember when he was born?"

EXPLOSION OF A FLUID LAMP.—Last week the wife of Mr. Joseph P. Marshall of Yarmouth, met with a serious accident from an explosion of a fluid lamp. She had just set it upon a shelf and was withdrawing her hand, when the lamp exploded with a loud noise and the fluid covered her arm and the upper part of her dress was enveloped in flames. She ran towards the door, but fortunately fell upon the floor, and some one coming up threw a garment upon her and extinguished the flames. Had she gained the open air, she would doubtless have lost her life. As it is, her arm is terribly burned, and her sufferings have been severe, and we learn from Dr. Shove that she is getting along as favorably as can be hoped.

☞Rev. J. R. Munsell, of Belfast Maine, has accepted an invitation of the Congregational Church and Society in Harwich, to become their pastor, and will commence his labors in that place on the first Sabbath in November.

☞7500 Bass was taken in three shoots of the seine, at Dennis on Thursday last.

"LIVE OAKING."—About twenty men have left Falmouth this week, for Florida, to cut live oak timber.—[Yarmouth Register.

☞Stmr. Acorn became disabled last week and did not make her trip to this place on Saturday. Schr. Mail brought the passengers from Boston, and schr. Melrose took up

Peach Borer Plastered up.

We lately heard of a fruit grower who, after cutting out a number of grubs from his peach tree, thought he would try an experiment of walling in a few. So he took some pure white clay, and plastered up the holes left by the gentlemen within. The clay soon became dry, the wound healed over and of course, the borers were smothered.

Taking a hint from this, we, last summer, cut off the retreat of a borer in one of our young English elms. He had worked his way into the tree an inch or more, and then ascended, pushing behind him, and out of the hole, the debris made by his incisors. With a sort of a malicious delight, we cleared out the mouth of the hole with a knife, and then filled it up with a mixture of gum-shellac, made of about the consistency of thick cream. This dried very soon, and of course gave the borer an air-tight parlor, which was fatal to his health and future explorations.

—*American Agriculturist.*

SHAMPOOING IN SPRAIN.—This means of treating sprain, recently revived by M. Girard, is frequently had recourse to by M. Nélaton with complete success, both in recent and old standing sprain. A case recently presented itself, in which a man sprained his ankle while leaping. Cold water was continuously applied, but he remained unable to walk for three weeks, when he came under Nélaton's care. It having been ascertained to be an example of simple sprain, one of the *externes* slid his fingers under the feet, and having greased the two thumbs, pressed these with increasing force over the painful parts for about a quarter of an hour. In the course of the day the patient began to walk, and the next day left the hospital.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF HISTORY.—During the confinement of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, by the Jacobins of Paris, she was deprived of the use of the cosmetics with which she was wont to give the raven hue to her naturally silvery locks; and history, in describing her execution, represents her hair as changing from a jet black to a gray color through the mental anguish she experienced.

The Domestic Life of Poets. The poets are irascible creatures. In one way and another they contrive to make their lives very eventful. Especially do they startle public opinion in matters of the heart. How few there are of the great poets of our language on whose lives the blight of "malice domestic" has not fallen. We all remember how "the first Mrs. Milton left his house." Probably Shakspeare was no stranger to those connubial "jars without covers." Pope's reputation has been much bespattered. Addison died of matrimony, brandy and ennui. Passion and hypocrisy shrouded in gloom the great soul of Jonathan Swift. Byron's loves and sorrows live forever in his own burning words. Coleridge was, in his domestic experience, most unhappy. To him we owe that famous epigram on the calamities of Job, ending with the significant remark that *"cunning Satan did not take his spouse."* Shelley—pure and beautiful as he was in soul, and blameless in life—did not escape a bitter experience. Very sweetly has he written that

Desolation is a delicate thing;
It walks not on the earth, it moves not on the air;
But treads with silent footstep and fans with silent wing
The tender hopes, which in their hearts, the best and gentlest bear.

But scandal is still busy with great names. Bulwer and Dickens are among the brightest which have suffered from its pestilential breath. Just now, the papers are fruitful of comment on the case of Walter Savage Landor. He is an old man and near his grave; and it is lamentable that the evening of his life could not have deepened peacefully away into the great night of death. He has won a fair fame and a high station in the world of letters; though the peculiarities of his genius and his scholarship have ever prevented him from acquiring popularity. There are some men, said Dr. Johnson, "who make themselves public without making themselves known;" and Landor (though not in any disreputable sense) is one of these. "Gebir" is his most ambitious poem. We believe it was originally written in Latin. De Quincey somewhere boasts that, for many years, it was not read in England, save by Southey and himself. Of all Landor's works, the "Imaginary Conversations" form a book which is probably better known than any other on this side of the Atlantic. Within a few years, Mr. Hillard, by his volume of "Selections," has made this author familiar to many who never heard of him before.

The trial of Mr. Landor for a libel against Mrs. Yescombe, of Bath, has resulted in a verdict against the poet, who will be required to pay some $5000 damages. In view of these incidents, and remembering that he also has separated from his wife, we are warranted in adding to the long list of unfortunate and unhappy poets the name of Walter Savage Landor.

A Veteran Preacher and Writer. Rev John Angell James, an English writer and preacher, has just published another volume on practical divinity, entitled "Christian Hope." Mr. James is now 74 years of age, but his mind has all the freshness and buoyancy of youth, and his outer man exhibits as yet but few symptoms of decay. To his abstinence from all intoxicants for many years, and from tobacco indulgences for the whole of his life, no doubt, must be ascribed his vigor of body, and his freshness of intellect, now that he has travelled beyond the three-score years and ten allotted to man upon the earth. During a ministry of 54 years, he presided over the same congregation, numbering more than 1000 communicants, and still he is as popular and useful as ever.

How many parents are there who would readily concede a cordial smile of welcome to a suitor for their daughter's hand, even if he were a perfumed dandy, who did not *earn* enough in a whole year to pay his barber's fees, and whose only dependence for the future was his *father's* surplus money, who would extend hardly a frigid civility to the man with thrice his capital stock of manliness, and mental culture, and high and noble purposes and affections, if he happened to be *a mechanic.*

Yet the men who have early learned to rely upon their *own energies*, rather than on *uncertain patrimony*—who have disciplined their physical, intellectual, and moral powers in the stern and systematic, and self-denying school of *toil*—men who have learned how with the intellect with which their Maker has endowed them, and the hands he has given them, to provide not only for themselves, but for others—and who are not ashamed to *labor* in any honorable vocation to which necessity or circumstances may call them—*they* are the men after all, on whom woman may most safely lean in conjugal life, and to whom a parent may most safely commit a daughter's temporal welfare.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

The Devil in the House.

One of the most detestable faults of character, is a cross disposition. In the first place, we don't think the owner himself can take much comfort with it.

> "He lies like a hedge-hog, rolled up the wrong way,
> Tormenting himself with his prickles."

This he would have a perfect right to do, if it were not for the disagreeable habit he has of sticking his infernal quills into everybody else. You must beware how you come near him, in his ill-natured mood,—and touch him, if you dare!

It is especially pitiful when the cross disposition is at the head of the business establishment, or of the family. Observe how the clerks put on serious faces, when he arrives. See the shadow fall upon the members of the family, when the coffee does not suit him, or his eggs are not cooked to his liking. Frowns, harsh threats, perhaps blows, wait on the slightest offence. How the children bush, and slink away! How the poor wife trembles!

Or, perhaps it is the wife herself. She hath a devil. Its caprices are unaccountable. Now she is all sunshine and indulgence; then she is as hard and shut up as an oyster. The corners of her mouth are ominously drawn down. Her words are short, and turned up at the end, like pigs' tails. Perhaps she never governs her children except at such times; and then, instead of wisely correcting, she exasperates them. And what is the occasion of it all? A little biliousness; a morning headache; some petty imaginary slight; subtle and altogether unworthy causes of offence, or perhaps no cause at all. "She feels so," and that is enough.

All this would be endurable for a season, like any earthly tribulation; but what is worst, the cross disposition is catching. You soon see the parent's lowering looks reflected in the faces of the children. They grow up peevish and self-willed; and she complains that they are ungovernable. The moral east wind pervades the whole household. The husband, if he happens to be a good fellow, is very apt to find himself more comfortable elsewhere, than at home. When he enters the house, he appears restless and uneasy, until he gets out of it again. Or, if he has a temperament susceptible to the evil influence, the devil also taketh possession of him. Then there is a household for you!—a united happy family, with a vengeance!

If you have such a devil, get rid of him at once. Don't suffer him to tyrannize over you for a moment. Think how hateful you become, to all around you! Think of your own happiness, if not of your children's and friends'. Think of old age, and what a grandmother you'll make!

Sharp Practice.

The Oneida Chief relates that two young bucks of Stockbridge, recently started on a trip to Clinton. The weather was cold and stormy, and at Knox Corners they concluded to go in and "licker." Marching up to the bar, they called aloud the name of what they most desired, but were informed by the landlord that according to the Statutes of the State he could not sell on the Lord's day; "but," said he, "you just call for a pie, and it'll be all right."

This was said singificantly; the bucks aforesaid sharpened their appetite for "sunthin' wet," and thought in their hearts what a jolly good fellow our landlord must be. So they repaired to to the dining-room, and worried down a whole pie.

"Now, my cove," said the bucks, "we'll take a little brandy."

"I told you I sold no liquor on Sunday—pie comes to twenty-five cents."

All the words in Webster's Unabridged would fail of giving an idea of the expression which gathered like a storm-cloud over the faces of the travellers, as one of them mutterred—

"You don't think we ate that pie 'cause we was hungry did you?"

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞"Barbara McMillen."—We shall publish, entire, on the first page of our next issue, a tale of Revolutionary Times, with the above title, from the pen of Robert H. Singleton, Esq. It is very ably written. The plot is full of a weird and thrilling interest, embodying various startling incidents of those "troublous times that tried men's souls."

☞"Keeping School in Bungtown," an amusing personal reminiscence, by Annie Elton, will appear in our next number.

☞"Rebecca" will furnish a very pretty story for next week's Ladies' Department. It is called "Fanny Arthur: *An Example of True Happiness.*"

☞"The Omnibus Pickpocket," an interesting sketch by John Rawlin, Policeman, will appear in our next.

☞"Adventures in the Far West."—The next of this series, entitled "A Talk with a War Party," will appear next week. These sketches are rapidly gaining favor with our readers, and the one announced, in which Dr. Hunter describes an interview with a party of Arapahoes, opens a new field of operations, and our friends will wait with interest for further developments.

Notice.—Subscribers in Berkshire Co., Mass., Litchfield, Co., Ct., and Columbia Co., N. Y., are now being called upon for their dues by our agent, Mr. C. A. Elliott. As we have been swindled out of a large sum of money by Isaac Damon, our former agent, we hope *all* will be prepared to settle with Mr. Elliott, in whom they may place implicit confidence.

☞Duty cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice, as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

☞The latest cure for consumption is the sap of the pine tree.

☞It is said that when surgeons in the East (not down east) take off a limb, they dip the stump into pitch, and thus save the trouble of tying up the arteries. We have a remedy for the toothache as ingenious as the above, given by a friend in our affliction, viz.: boil the head and shake the bones out.

☞In the way of the world, how often do we see a *man* take all the pavement to himself.

☞Voltaire had an actor named Paulin, at Ferney, who played the tyrant in his private theatricals. Voltaire slept very little, and passed half the night in making changes in his pieces. About three o'clock, one morning, having thought of a new speech for Paulin, he woke up his servant, and ordered him to carry it to the actor. "But, sir," said the servant, "the poor man isn't up at this time!" "Go to him," cried the poet, "immediately; tyrants never sleep."

☞The most remarkable case of indecision we ever heard of, was that of the man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

☞A certain lady, chancing to express a wish—in the presence of her son, a lad of five years—that she had something to read that she had never read before, the lad exclaimed—"Take your Bible, mother!" Pretty sharp, that.

THE MOON.

The Devil's in the Moon for mischief; they
Who called her *chaste*, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature: there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile---
And then she looks so modest all the while!

---*Byron.*

☞A dispatch from the Gulf of Mexico says that the British Admiral had stopped further visits to American vessels. This is reliable. The war bubble has burst.

☞The Way to a Woman's Heart—The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

The Origin of the British Empire in India.

A clerk in the service of the East India Company, at Madras, where he had arrived after a long and tedious voyage,—a proud, passionate young man, lonely, miserable, sick, in debt, and forced to submit to a drudgery against which his ambitious spirit revolted,—resolved one day to put an end to his wretched existence, and twice snapped a loaded pistol at his head. Twice the pistol missed fire. Having examined the powder and the lock, and discovered no cause to prevent the explosion that was to blow out his brains, he was powerfully impressed that there was a special providence in his preservation. "Not yet!" he exclaimed, flinging the weapon from him; "surely I am reserved for something great!"

This young man was Robert Clive, founder of the British Empire in India. His career is one of the most remarkable in history. As a boy he was distinguished for fierce passions and intrepidity of character. One of his earliest feats was to astonish and terrify his friends by climbing the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, his native town, and seating himself unconcernedly upon a stone spout near the top. He was an eager and invincible fighter. He formed his companions into a predatory band, of which he was captain, and levied tributes of nuts, apples, and pennies, upon shopkeepers, under peril of having their windows smashed, if they refused. No masters could control him. He was sent from school to school, and at last hurried off to India by his family, who despaired of making anything of so wicked a youth at home. This last event, destined to become noted in history, occurred in 1743, when he was in his eighteenth year.

Great Britain at that time had scarcely set the foot of its power upon the coast of India. The East India Company was a mere mercantile corporation, which occupied a few trading posts, and paid regular rents to the Nabobs. Clive was a humble clerk. He had not the means of trading upon his own account, and enriching himself, as many of the servants of the Company did. A political event seemed to extinguish what few and faint prospects he saw before him, after his escape from suicide. The French took Madras, and plundered the Company's warehouses. Clive waited for a favorable occasion, disguised himself as a Mussulman, fled from the the town by night, and took refuge at Fort St. David. These troubles, which seemed at first fatal to his ambition, opened a new career to the young adventurer. From a clerk, he became an ensign, in the Company's service. He was now twenty-one. His courage, his judgment, his skill, soon manifested themselves, and won confidence and respect. Dupleix, the French Governor of Pondicherry, had conceived the stupendous design of founding a vast and powerful empire over the confused and conflicting powers which at that time agitated Hindostan. He espoused the cause of two pretenders, sent four hundred French troops and five times the number of Sepoys to their assistance, overthrew the powers that were, made Nabobs, or Viceroys, of Chunda Sahib and Mirzapha Jung, by whom he was in turn created Governor of India, and invested with almost unlimited power.

In the meantime France and England had concluded a treaty of peace. Madras was restored to the Company. Clive was now twenty-five. He had gradually risen to influence and importance with his employers. He was one of the first to perceive the danger to English interests arising from French sovereignty in India; and the execution of a daring counter-scheme was entrusted to his care. With a force of two hundred English soldiers and three hundred Sepoys, commanded by officers not one of whom had ever seen an engagement, Clive marched boldly against the usurpers. He took the town of Arcot, capital of the Carnatic, and held it against a besieging army numbering ten thousand strong; making with his little handful of soldiers a defence which eclipses even that of the brave three hundred at Thermopylæ. The fame of the terrible English commander alarmed his enemies, and brought troops of adventurers flocking to his assistance. The usurpers were routed; French influence was overthrown; and from that time dates the foundation of the British Empire in India, and the commencement of those acts of tyranny and abuse of power, the evil seeds of which, after being long trampled in the earth, burst forth into the broad harvest of rank and bloody retribution, in the last great Indian Revolt.

Lepers.

Bayard Taylor, on his way to Bergen, in Norway, says:—

"We took on board four or five lepers, on their way to the hospital at Bergen. A piece of oilcloth had been thrown over some spars to shield them from the rain, and they sat on deck, avoided by the other passengers—a melancholy picture of disease and shame. One was a boy of fourteen, upon whose face wart-like excrescences were beginning to appear, while a woman, who seemed to be his mother, was hideously swollen and disfigured. A man crouching down with his head between his hands, endeavored to hide the seamed and knotted mass of protruding blue flesh which had once been a human face.

"The forms of leprosy, elephantiasis and other kindred diseases, which I have seen in the East and in tropical countries, are not nearly so horrible. For these unfortunates there was no hope. Some years more or less of a life which is worse than death, was now all to which they could look forward. No cure has yet been discovered for this terrible disease. There are two hospitals here, one of which contains about five hundred patients, while the other, which has recently been erected for the reception of cases in the earlier stages, who may be subjected to experimental courses of treatment, has already one hundred. This form of leprosy is supposed to be produced partially by exclusive diet on salt fish, and partly by want of personal cleanliness. The latter is the most probable cause, and one does not wonder at the result after he has had a little experience of Norwegian filth. It is the awful curse which falls upon these beastly habits of life."

* * *

Ethan Allen's Bones Found.—The Burlington Free Press of Tuesday, says:—

"In thoroughly removing the earth at the burial-place of Ethan Allen to-day, for laying the foundation of the Monument, the bones of Allen were found, right beneath the place of the *old tombstone!* They were boxed up and reïnterred beneath the foundation. The former examination of the ground was a very imperfect one."

Captain Townsend.—Judge Sprague of the United States Circuit Court, Boston, on Friday in his charge to the grand jury, so defined the law as to render it quite certain that Captain Townsend, of the alleged slave brig Echo, will have to be taken to Key West for trial, that being the first port at which the Dolphin touched with the prisoners.

☞The average of deaths maintain a fearful steady figure, and all owing to the arrival of strangers, observes the New Orleans Picayune of the 13th.

Spiritual Insanity.—The Medina Tribune tells a sad story of folly in relation to one Thaddeus Sheldon, of Randolph, Cattaraugus County, who has been carried off by spiritualism. He was worth $80,000, but for two or three years past he has devoted his time and purse to the "Harmonial Philosphy." During the present season he had a large force of men at work digging a cave. In the cave he expected to find the ruins of the "Harmonial City," full of treasure, but it is now filled with water, and is altogether a poor abode for spiritual or earthly bodies. Mr. Sheldon has been thoroughly fleeced by mediums, and is now a poor, penniless man.

We think we know a fellow who is such an inveterate and notorious falsifier, that, if he were indicted for crime, and should plead "guilty," the court, disbelieving the rascal's word, would be certain to discharge him as *not* guilty.

Foreign Items.—The corporation of Limerick have started a project for a transatlantic line between France and America.

The eqinoxial gale caused considerable damage to shipping in the German Ocean. Several wrecks with loss of life, are reported, but no American vessels are mentioned.

The new company for completing the steamer Great Eastern was delayed on its organization by the non-attendance of the Directors of the old company, to complete the necessary forms.

France exempts from navigation dues for another year cargoes of corn, flour, rye and vegetables.

The cholera is said to have carried off 30,000 people at Mecca.

The India and Calcutta mail Sept. 9, reached Suez on the 2d inst. The news is unimportant.

At Calcutta produce was steady; imports were in brisk demand, and money easy. Tonnage was abundant. Exchange 2s 3-8d a 2s 3-4d.

Hong Kong dates are of August 24. At Canton affairs were more satisfactory.

In punishing the late outrage at Namton Gen. Vanstranbenzes, with 700 men sacked and burned the place.

At Hong Kong business was dull. Exchange 4s 3 1-2d a 4s 4d.

At Shanghae the markets were dull. Exchange 5s 11d a 6s.

☞The American Representative Convention of the second district met at the Atlantic House, in Harwich, on Saturday last, at 2 o'clock, and was called to order by David Wood, of Yarmouth, District Committee.—David G. Eldridge, was chosen Chairman, and Charles H. Crowell, Secretary.

On motion, three candidates for Representatives were chosen, as follows: David Wood, of Yarmouth, Browning H. Baker, of Dennis, and Danforth S. Steele, of Harwich.

After which the Convention dissolved.

Hurricane at the West.—On the 6th instant., a severe hurricane passed over a portion of Illinois. A brick house near the village of Tirne, known as the Howard House, was blown over by the storm, three persons instantly killed, and several others badly injured. In Cass county considerable damage was done to farms on the prairie, but the greatest violence of the gale was experienced among the pine barrens, where several houses were blown to pieces, but no one seriously hurt. A blacksmith shop was blown down and the tongs, sledge-hammers, &c., scattered from fifty to one hundred yards from the shop. Fortunately the storm did not pass through a thickly settled portion of country; otherwise the damage must have been very great.—[Boston Journal.

☞We hear, upon very good authority, that ex-Governor John H. Clifford has expressed his intention of supporting Mr. Beach for Governor.—[Taunton Gazette.

☞The barn and sheds of Oliver Pease, in Washington, Mass., were destroyed by fire on Sunday night. Loss $800 to $1000; insurance $400.

☞A party of men armed with muskets deliberately fired at a policeman in Baltimore on Tuesday. Some of the party, which numbered about thirty, were arrested.

DARTMOUTH.										
A R Tucker, bk	218	Beebe	Tucker & Cummings	Oct 1, 57	Indian Ocean	Aug 14, 59, off Seychelles	420		100	
B Cummings, bk	391	Briggs	Tucker & Cummings	Sept 12, 59	Pacific					
Brunswick	295	Baker	Tucker & Cummings	Nov 27, 59	Indian Ocean					
Cape H Pigeon	300	Weeks	William Potter 2d	Oct 5, 58	Pacific	Oct 20, 59, at Paita	183			
Chas & Edward	150	Cornell	William Potter 2d	June 17, 58	Atlantic	At Anabon W. C. A., in September, '59	150	50	150	50
Elliot C Cowdin	280	Bailey	Tucker & Cummings	Oct 9, 55	Pacific	Off New Holland in June, 1859	1200		987	
Liverpool	306	Davenport	Tucker & Cummings	Nov 25, 58	Atlantic	Sept 13, 59, at Fayal	90			
Matilda Sears, bk	300	Wing	William Potter 2d	June 17, 56	Indian Ocean	Oct 15, 59, sld from Paita	800	220	700	220
Nye, bark	211	Childs	Tucker & Cummings	Sept 28, 58	Atlantic	Aug 20, 59, on Coast of Africa	350	150	350	150
WESTPORT P'T.										
Aurora, bk.	351	Marshall	Andrew Hicks	Nov 10, 56	Pacific	Nov 24, 59, at Paita	1050		1050	
Champion, bark.	209	Coggeshall	Andrew Hicks	Oct 6, 59	Indian Ocean					
D Franklin, bark	171		Job Davis	In port		Arrived Aug 1, 59, 90 sperm, 250 whale				
Elizabeth, bark	270	Francis	Andrew Hicks	May 10, 58	Atlantic	Oct 3, 59, at Fayal	800	100	500	100
Geo & Mary, bk.	165	Pierce	Rescom Macomber	May 4, 58	Atlantic	August 13, 59, at Fayal	260	10	80	10
Gov Carver, bk.	180	Beebe	Henry Wilcox	Sept 9, 57	Indian Ocean	May 25, 59, at Johanna	450		450	
Greyhound, bk.	249	Cathcart	Henry Wilcox	May 8, 57	Pacific	Sept 28, 59 off and on at Paita	560		360	
Janet, bark	194	Coffin	Henry Wilcox	July 14, 59	Atlantic	August 31, 59, at Fayal	35			
Kate Cory, brig	132	Tripp	Alexander H Cory	Dec 9, 58	Atlantic	Sept 14, 59, at Fayal	125		125	
Keoka, bark	250	Grinnell	C A Church	Sept 9, 57	Atlantic	Oct 6, 59, at Anabon, W. C. A.	240	660	240	660
Leonidas, brig	128	Devoll	C A Church	Nov 9, 58	Atlantic	Oct 11, 59, sld from Canary Island	143		72	
Mattapoisett, bk.	150		Henry Wilcox	In port		Arrived July 9, 59, 230 sperm, 30 whale				
Mermaid, bark	330	Howes	Andrew Hicks	Aug 6, 55	Pacific	Oct 17, 59, lat 13 S, lon 79 W	1500		1100	
Platina, bark	266	Allen	Andrew Hicks	June 9, 57	Indian Ocean	In Mozambique Channel in July, 1859	1000		800	
Sacramento, bk.	218	Defriez	Alexander H Cory	May 27, 58	Pacific	Oct 11, 59, off Gallipagos Islands	100		100	
Sea Fox, bark	246	Gifford	Andrew Hicks	Aug 2, 58	Indian Ocean	July 3, 59, at Johanna	265		215	
Sea Queen, bark.	261	Burdett	Andrew Hicks	Oct 21, 58	Pacific	Nov 21, 59 at Paita	150		150	
Solon, bark	129	Smith	Henry Smith	July 29, 58	Atlantic	Nov 11, 59, sld from Isle of Sal	150	50	150	50
T Winslow, bark	136		John Hicks	In port		Arrived Sept 3, 59, 40 sperm, 8 whale				
U States, bark	217	Woodward	Andrew Hicks	June 23, 56	Ind & Pacific	Aug 20 59, sld from Mauritius	570		353	
FALL RIVER.										
A Houghton, b	326	Robinson	Brown & Durfee	July 7, 57	Pacific	Aug 27, 59, on Archer Ground, 1 whale	650		590	
B Franklin, bark	164	Brown	John B Reed	Nov 18, 58	Atlantic	May 24, 59, lat 8 50 N, lon 15 40 W				
WARREN.										
Benj Rush	385	Wyatt	S P Child	Oct 28, 56	N Pacific	Sept 8, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 400 bbls	110	690		
Bowditch	399	Martin	C T Child	Nov 18, 56	Pacific	Sept 11, 59, in Ochot k Sea, 700 bbls	40	1800		
Brutus	470	Henry	R B Johnson	Sept 15, 56	N Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	80	4700		1000
Covington, bark.	351	Newman	Charles T Child	Aug 26, 56	N Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	40	1050	40	1050
Dromo, bark	267	Cole	C T Child	Nov 14, 57	N Pacific	Sept 6, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 450 bbls		350		350
J E Comstock sc.	75	Smith	Charles T Child	May 30, 57	Desolation	Nov 30, 58, at Hurd's Islands				
Mary Frances, bk	311	Rule	S P Child	Feb 27, 57	Indian Ocean	Nov 5, 59, at Tombez	650	400	650	400
Sea Shell, bark	331	Ware	R B Johnson	Oct 23, 56	Pacific	Prev to Mch 1, 59, at Ascension	700		700	
William Wilson	375	Taber	Charles T Child	Oct 3, 57	Indian Ocean	Aug 31, 59, in Augustine Bay	100	1700	100	1700
Xantho, bark	325		R B Johnson	In port		Arrived Jan 11, 60, 1000 sperm				
EDGARTOWN.										
Almira	372	Smith	Abraham Osborn	Aug 23, 58	Indian Ocean	Oct 20, 59, sld from Mauritius	350	350	350	350
American, bark	329	Pease	John A Baylies	Aug 4, 57	Ind & Pacific	Sept 18, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 400 bbls	35	200	35	
Champion	400	Coffin	Benjamin Worth	Oct 5, 56	N Pacific	Oct 25, 59, ar at Lahaina	80	1200	80	1200
E A Luce, schr.	132	Ripley	Joseph Holley	July 2, 57	Pacific	Nov 3, 59, at Panama	600	510		
Europa	400	Manter	Abraham Osborn	Sept 17, 57	N Pacific	Oct 15, 59, at Honolulu	200	600	200	600
Ellen, bark	232		Henry Colt	In port		Arrived Nov 25, 59, 500 sperm, 500 whale				
Eureka, bark	225	Pease	John A Baylies	Oct 21, 57	Indian Ocean	Oct 10, 59, at Anjier	325	435	325	435
Louisa Sears, bk.	180	Fisher	Abraham Osborn	Apl 13, 59	Atlantic	Sept 6, 59, at Fayal	85			
Mary	343	Jenks	Abraham Osborn	Aug 6, 56	N Pacific	Nov 3, 59, sailed from Honolulu, for home.	250	1650		1400
Navigator	350	Fisher	John A Baylies	Oct 23, 58	Ind & Pacific	July 10, 59, at St Helena	340		60	
Ocmulgee	458	Greene	Abraham Osborn	Nov 11, 57	N Pacific	Nov 1, 59, sailed from Honolulu	140	900	140	900
Omega	363	Sanborn	Benjamin Worth	Oct 14, 57	N Pacific	Dec 1, 59, arrived at Lahaina		1950		1150
Richard Mitchell	386	Huxford	Henry Colt	Nov 19, 56	Ind & Pacific	Oct 18, 59, sld from Mauritius	300	2500	300	2500
Rose Pool, bk.	285	Fisher	Joseph Holley	July 21, 56	Ind & Pacific	At Tombez prev to Sept 15, 59	300	600	300	600
Splendid	392	Norton	Abraham Osborn	Dec 13, 58	Ind & Pacific	Aug 31, 59, at Turtle Islands		300		300
Vineyard	381	Caswell	Benjamin Worth	Sept 25, 59	N Pacific					
Walter Scott	369	Baxter	Benjamin Worth	Dec 11, 59	N Pacific					
Washington, schr	140	Ripley	William H Munro	Oct 5, 59	Atlantic					

ORLEANS.		
Lewis Bruce, bg	135	Cook
Medford, brig	108	
Rothschild, bark	261	
Wm Martin, sch.	134	Martin
NEWPORT.		
Mechanic, bk	335	Corey
William Lee, bk.	311	Slocum
NEW LONDON.		
Agate, brig.	187	Lawton
Alert, bark	398	Parsons
Amaret, brig	91	Quayle
Benj Morgan	407	Sisson
Caroline, sch	106	
Catharine	384	Hempstea
Charles Carroll	412	Smith
Clematis	311	Watrous
Corea	365	
Delaware	299	Kenworth
Dove, bark	151	Smith
Dover	430	
Dromo	306	May
Electra	348	Brown
E R Sawyer, sch.	126	Whipple
Exile, sch.	83	Tillinghas
Faith, bark		Rice
Fortune	291	Comstock
Franklin, sch.	119	Church
Gen Williams	446	Fisk
Geo Henry, bk.	303	
George & Mary	356	Waller
Georgiana, brig.	190	
Hannibal	441	
Isaac Hicks	495	Bolles
Lark, bark	388	Perkins
Mary Powell, sch	240	Nash
Monticello	368	
Montezuma	424	Homan
New England, bk	368	Hempste
N America, bark	388	Morgan
Nile	322	Destin
North West	304	Dunbar
Pacific, sch	161	Smith
Pearl, bark	195	Bartlett
Philip 1st, bark	293	Hempste
Phœnix	404	Hempste
Pioneer, bark	235	
Ripple, bark	234	Chadwic
Silver Cloud, sch	140	
Tempest, bark	330	Allen
Tenedos, bark	245	King
Vesper	321	Bailey
STONINGTON.		
Cincinnati	457	William
Newburyport, bk	341	
Tekoa, sch.	143	Stivers
Tybee, bark	299	Freeman
GREENPORT.		
Kanawha, bk.	269	Terry
Roanoke, bark	252	Wade

WHALEMEN'S SHIPPING LIST AND MERCHAN

VESSELS' NAMES.	ton	MASTERS.	AGENTS.	SAILED.	BOUND.	LAST REPORT.	All told. SP.	All told. WH.	On board SP.	On board WH.
NANTUCKET.										
Alabama, bk	340		George Starbuck	In port		Arrived Sept 28, 59, 1100 sperm				
Alpha	345		Hadwen & Barney	In port		Arrived July 28, 59, 1100 sperm				
Atlantic	321	Coleman	Zenas L Adams	Aug 2, 58	Pacific	Aug 15, 59, on Archer Ground	390		365	
Citizen	360		C G & H Coffin	In dor		Arrived July 4, 59, 2100 sperm, 100 whale				
Constitution	450	Winslow	C G & H Coffin	Sept 18, 57	Pacific	Oct 5, 59, off and on at Paita	530	100	530	
Edward Carey	353	Gardner	G & M Starbuck & Co.	Oct 20, 58	N Pacific	Nov 7, 59, sailed from Honolulu	500		500	
Hero	313	Holley	G & M Starbuck & Co.	Oct 13, 56	Pacific	Dec 4, 59, on Callao Ground	1200		700	
Islander, bark	347	Starbuck	Gardner & Chase	Aug 19, 56	Pacific	Dec 4, 59, on Callao Ground	750		680	
James Loper	348	Ramsdell	C G & H Coffin	Sept 17, 55	Pacific	No date off Gallipagos Islands, 2 whales	550	220	550	220
Mary	369	Brock	Edward W Perry	Sept 12, 56	Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Hovolulu	700		500	
Massachusetts	360	Chatfield	Zenas L Adams	Sept 28, 56	N Pacific	Dec 9, 59, sailed from San Francisco	140	1900	100	1900
Mohawk	350	Swain	I & P Macy	May 23, 59	Pacific	Aug 6, 59, at Fayal	100			
Narragansett	398	Gardner	Zenas L Adams	Nov 20, 55	Pacific	Heard from June 16, 59	900		900	
Norman	338	Ray	G & M Starbuck & Co.	Oct 18, 55	Pacific	Oct 15, 59, at Sydney, N. S. W.	950	400	950	400
Peru, bark	259	Turner	Zenas L Adams	Sept 25, 59	Pacific					
Potomac	356		I & P Macy	In port		Arrived Sept 17, 57, 800 sp.				
Sea Ranger, bk.	370	Davis	Samuel C Wyer	Sept 16, 56	Pacific	July 31 59, at Sydney, N. S. W.	1400		1400	
Spartan	333	Bunker	Gardner & Chase	Oct 18, 58	N Pacific	Prev to Sept 27, 59, in Ochotsk sea, 350 bbls.				
Three Brothers	384	Swain	G & W Starbuck	Dec 6, 59	Pacific					
Watchman, schr.	140	Hussey	J B Macy	Sept 6, 59	Atlantic					
Zenas Coffin	338		C G & H Coffin	In port		Arrived Feb 22, 57, 150 sp 2350 wh.				
PROVINCETOWN										
Acorn, bark	5	Nickerson	Nickerson & Tuck	Dec 13, 59	Atlantic	Jan 1, 60, sld from Newport, having repaired.				
Alleghany, schr.	95		[illegible]aniel C Cook	In port		Arrived Sept 12, 59, 120 blackfish				
Alexander, schr.	75		Johnson & Cook	In port		Arrived Sept 10, 59, 110 blackfish				
Arctic, schr.	136		J E & G Bowley	In port		Arrived Aug —, 59, 30 sperm, 90 whale				
Chanticleer, schr.	87		Samuel Cook	In port		Arrived Sept 18, 59, 130 whale				
Emporium, sch	80			In port		Arrived Sept 12, 59, 60 blackfish				
Estella, sch	94			In port		Arrived Sept 12, 59, 175 sperm				
F Bunchinia, bk.	200	Tuck	Nickerson & Tuck	May 16, 59	Atlantic	Sept 26, 59, at Fayal	160			
John Adams, sch	99		John Adams	May —, 59	Atlantic	Nov 16, 59, at Isles de Los				
J H Duvall, bk.	200	Young	J E & G Bowley	Nov 27, 56	Indian Ocean	Sept 30, 59, at Mauritius	300	700	300	700
Montezuma, sch.	92	Chapman	T & S Hilliard	Nov 28, 59	N Atlantic					
N J Knights, sch	95	Sparks	D Connell	Jan 3, 60	N Atlantic					
Oread, sch	90	Farwell	E S Smith & Co.	Aug 19, 59	N Atlantic	Nov 16, 59, at Isles de Los	30			
Panama, brig	125		John Adams	In port		Arrived July 25, 59, 200 bbls				
R E Cook, sch	80	Freeman	R & E Cook	May 16, 59	Atlantic					
Richard, sch	92		David Conwell	In port		Arrived Sept 20, 59, 130 whale				
Rienzi, sch	108	Milliken	J E & G Bowley	Mch 2, 59	N Atlantic	Nov 16, 59, at Isles de Los	17		17	
S R Soper, sch	130		Samuel Soper	In port		Arrived Aug 19, 59, 280 sperm				
Spartan, bark	188	Cook	Stephen Nickerson	June 4, 58	S Atlantic	August 26, 59, at Fayal	200	125	200	125
Thriver, sch	95	Small	S Small	Aug 19, 59	N Atlantic	Oct 17, 59, at Fayal	100			
V Doane, sch	99		H & S Cook & Co.	In port		Arrived July 16, 59, 120 sperm, 100 wh.				
W H Hill, sch	155	Freeman	J E & G Bowley	Jan 2, 60	N Atlantic					
Walter Irvin, sch	133	Small	Samuel Soper	Feb 15, 59	N Atlantic	Oct 19, 59, at Canary Islands	190		190	
ther Gage, sc	105	Small	H & S Cook & Co	Jan 2, 60	N Atlantic					

VESSELS' NAMES.	ton	MAST
M		
Coriolanus	268	
Cornelia, sch.	197	Buddin
Leander, bark	213	Chester
Meteor	325	
Robin Hood	395	McGinl
Romulus	365	Turner
Shepherdess, bk.	274	Watrou
NEW HAVEN.		
Ocean	567	Clark
SAGHARBOR.		
Augusta, bark	390	Tabor
Columbia, bark	285	McCor
Concordia, bark.	265	Hamilt
Emerald	518	
Excel, bark	375	Loper
Jefferson	435	Huntti
Mary Gardner, bk	316	Jennir
Montauk	512	
Myra, brig	150	Haven
Nimrod, bark	280	Green
Noble, bark	273	Fowle
Odd Fellow, bark	239	Rose
Parana, brig	209	
S S Learned	116	Eldrid
Susan, sch.	134	King
Timor	280	
Union, bark	300	Hedg
Washington, bk.	236	Babco
W F Safford, brig	174	Royce
COLD SPRING.		
Alice, bark	281	Beebe
Monmouth, bark	273	Ormsb
Sheffield	579	
Splendid	473	Pierso
SAN FRANCISCO.		
Boston, brig	181	
Carib, bark	205	Reyn
Cynosure, sch	94	Marti
Eagle, sch	75	
Leverett, brig	147	Brool
May Flower	350	
Nonpariel, brig	135	
S McFarland, bg	142	Osbo
Sarah Warren, bk		Pool

e,bg	135	Cook	Heman Smith	May 30, 59	Atlantic	Sept 14, 59, at Fayal	.60	....	.10	
g....	108	....	Calvin Snow	In port	....	Arrived July 16, 59, 350 whale	....	....	....	
bark	261	....	Heman Smith	In port	....	Arrived Sept 29, 59, 340 sperm, 340 whale	....	....	....	
sch.	134	Martin	Heman Smith	May 17, 59	Atlantic	Sept 10, 59, at Fayal	.210	....	.35	
c, bk	335	Corey	Oliver Read	Nov 27, 55	N Pacific	Oct 11, 59, sld from Mauritius	.550	350	.550	
, bk.	311	Slocum	Josiah S Munroe	Sept 17, 56	Pacific	Off and on at Paita	.500	.400	.500	
DON.										
rig..	187	Lawton	C A Williams & Co	April 6, 56	Arctic Ocean	Apl 14, 59, at Honolulu	....	1350	....	....
....	398	Parsons	E V Stoddard	June 29, 58	Hurd's Island	July 14, 59, at Desolation, 1400 bbls	....	3000	....	1800
g	91	Quayle	Williams & Haven	Apl 13, 59	Cumb'land St	Dec 28, 59, at St Johns, N. F	....	.180	....	.180
n	407	Sisson	Perkins & Smith	Oct 23, 56	N Pacific	Oct 31, 59, sailed from Honolulu, for home	.30	2000	....	.600
n	106	....	C A Williams & Co	In port	....	Oct —, 56, at Shanta Bay, clean	....	....	....	....
....	384	Hempstead	Thomas Fitch	Nov 24, 58	Indian Ocean	Nov 24, 59, at Montevideo	.400	....	.400	....
roll..	412	Smith	Frink & Prentis	May 14, 59	Davis' Straits	Sept 5, 59, at Fayal	.125	....	....	....
....	311	Watrous	Williams & Barns	Oct 11, 59	Indian Ocean	....	....	....	....	....
....	365	....	Frink & Prentis	In port	....	Arrived June 26, 59, 1600 whale	....	....	....	....
....	299	Kenworth	Williams & Barns	June 30, 57	Ind & Pacific	Sept 18, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 700 bbls	.100	1000	....	....
....	151	Smith	Richard H Chappell	Aug 11, 59	Desolation	Sept 10, 59, at Fayal, clean	....	....	....	....
....	430	....	Benj F Browns	In port	....	....	....	....	....	....
....	306	May	Thomas Fitch	Sept 18, 56	Pacific	Oct 12, 59, at Honolulu	.100	.500	....	.410
....	348	Brown	Williams & Barns	Aug 16, 59	N Pacific	....	....	....	....	....
, sch.	126	Whipple	E V Stoddard	June 10, 58	Hurds Island	At Desolation Sept, '59	....	....	....	....
....	83	Tillinghast	E V Stoddard	Sept 1, 59	Desolation	....	....	....	....	....
....	...	Rice	C A Williams & Co	....	....	June 5, 59, in Ochotsk Sea	....	1200	....	....
....	291	Comstock	C A Williams & Co	....	....	Oct 23, 59, at Honolulu	....	.470	....	....
h....	119	Church	Richard H Chapell	July 15, 59	Desolation	....	....	....	....	....
ns ...	446	Fisk	Williams & Barns	Oct 5, 58	N Pacific	Nov 1, 59, arrived at San Francisco	.100	1400	.100	1400
bk..	303	....	Williams & Haven	In port	....	....	....	....	....	....
ary..	356	Waller	Williams & Haven	Oct 1, 57	Ind & Pacific	Oct 16, 59, at Honolulu	.50	1050	....	....
brig..	190	....	Williams & Haven	In port	....	Arrived Dec 9, 59, 900 whale	....	....	....	....
....	441	....	Benj F Brown	In port	....	Arrived Nov 23, 59, 2000 whale	....	....	....	....
....	495	Bolles	Lawrence & Co.	July 20, 58	Hurd's Island	July 14, 59, at Desolation, 950 bbls	....	2400	....	1200
....	388	Perkins	Perkins & Smith	July 1, 57	Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	....	1210	....	.250
l, sch	240	Nash	Lawrence & Co.	June 28, 58	Hurds Island	July 14, 59, at Desolation, 800 bbls	....	800	....	.800
....	368	....	E V Stoddard	In port	....	Arrived Jan 14, 58, 1200 sp.	....	....	....	....
....	424	Homan	Williams & Barns	Sept 29, 57	N Pacific	Nov 16, 59, at Honolulu	185	1900	.80	.800
d, bk	368	Hempstea	Lawrence & Co.	Sept 7, 57	N Pacific	Nov 1, 59, sailed from Honolulu	....	.380	....	.380
bark	388	Morgan	Williams & Haven	Sept. 20, 58	Indian Ocean	Sept 1, 59, in Ochotsk Sea	....	....	....	....
....	322	Destin	Williams & Haven	May 24, 58	N Pacific	Oct 1, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 500 bbls	.80	.200	.80	.200
....	304	Dunbar	Thomas Fitch	Sept 1, 59	Indian Ocean	....	....	....	....	....
....	161	Smith	Lawrence & Co	July 7, 58	Hurds Island	Nov 27, 58, arrived at Desolation	....	....	....	....
....	195	Bartlett	Williams & Haven	Oct 17, 59	Ind & Pacific	....	....	....	....	....
ark..	293	Hempstead	George Huntley	Sept 8, 58	N Pacific	May 30, 59, at St Helena	.60	....	....	....
....	404	Hempstead	George Huntley	Oct 29, 57	Pacific	Oct 23, 59, at Honolulu	....	1450	....	1450
k....	235	....	E V Stoddard	In port	....	Arrived July 10, 59, 1400 whale	....	....	....	....
k.....	234	Chadwick	E V Stoddard	Sept 1, 57	Ind & Pacific	Dec 5, 59, lat 38 N, lon 100 W	.70	1250	.70	750
d, sch	140	....	Richard H Chapell	In port	....	Arrived Sept 17, 59, 600 elephant, 15 sperm	....	....	....	....
rk ...	330	Allen	Frink & Prentiss	May 21, 57	Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	....	1800	....	1800
rk ...	245	King	Lawrence & Co.	Aug 7, 56	Pacific	Aug 28, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 800 bbls	.20	1350	....	....
....	321	Bailey	Williams & Barns	Aug 10, 58	N Pacific	No date in Ochotsk Sea, 700 bbls	.100	....	.60	....
N.										
ti....	457	Williams	Stanton & Pendleton	Oct 21, 56	Ochotsk Sea	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	....	1740	....	.600
t, bk	341	....	J E Smith & Co	In port	....	Arrived April 24, 59, 120 sperm, 2100 wh.	....	....	....	....
....	143	Stivers	J E Smith & Co	July 7, 59	Atlantic	....	....	....	....	....
....	299	Freeman	J E Smith & Co	Oct 20, 56	Ochotsk Sea	Nov 11, 59, sailed from Lahaina	.50	2300	....	650
T.										
a, bk.	269	Terry	Ireland & Skillman	Nov 6, 55	Atl & Indian	Oct 11, 59, at St Helena	.25	.800	.25	.800
ark..	252	Wade	Ireland & Skillman	June 12, 57	Ind & Pacific	Aug 8, 59, ar at St Helena	.200	325	.200	.325

RCHANTS' TRANSCRIPT.

NAMES.	ton	MASTERS.	AGENTS.	SAILED.	BOUND.	LAST REPORT.	All told. SP.	All told. WH.	On bd. SP.	On bd. WH.
anus..	268	....	Charles Mallory	In port	....	Arrived May 28, 59, 260 sperm, 1450 whale	....	....	....	....
ch....	197	Buddington	Charles Mallory	July 14, 58	Hurd's Island	Aug 18, 59, sld from Mauritius	....	....	....	....
ark....	213	Chester	Charles Mallory [bey	June 11, 58	S Atl&Indian	Sept 29, 59, sld from St Helena for River Plate	.12	.388	.12	.388
....	325	....	Randall, Smith & Ash-	In port	....	Arrived March 23, 56, 50 sp 1000 wh.	....	....	....	....
d....	395	McGinley	Charles Mallory	May 25, 58	Indian Ocean	Oct 27, 59, at Honolulu	.50	.650	.50	.650
....	365	Turner	Charles Mallory [bey	June 3, 58	Desolation	July 14, 59, at Desolation	....	1900	....	.900
s, bk.	274	Watrous	Randall, Smith & Ash-	Sept 3, 56	N Pacific	At Bay of Islands, N. Z. in June 1859	430	1000	.430	1000
						4/10				
VEN.										
....	567	Clark	Amos F Barnes	Aug 7, 58	Pacific	Oct 29, 59, 10 from Honolulu	.70	.200	....	.200
OR.										
a, bark	390	Tabor	W & G H Cooper	July 24, 57	Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	....	.200	....	.200
bark..	285	McCorkie	John Budd	Aug 1, 59	S Atlantic	....	....	....	....	....
, bark.	265	Hamilton	Wade & Brown	May 23, 59	Atlantic	Sept 5, 59, at Fayal, clean	....	....	....	....
....	518	....	John Budd	In port	....	Arrived May 2, 59, 640 whale	....	....	....	....
k....	375	Loper	Wade & Brown	July 1, 59	C'st Patgonia.	....	....	....	....	....
....	435	Huntting	Wade & Brown	Sept 9, 57	N Pacific	Oct 18, 59, sld from Honolulu for N. Zealand	.110	1440	.110	1440
ner,bk	316	Jennings	W & G H Cooper	Oct 31, 59	Atlantic	....	....	....	....	....
....	512	....	John Budd	In port	....	Arrived June 26, 59, 560 whale	....	....	....	....
....	150	Havens	W & G H Cooper	June 20, 59	S Atlantic	....	....	....	....	....
ark....	280	Green	W & G H Cooper	Dec 1, 58	Atl & Indian.	No date, at Monganui, N. Z.	.8	....	.8	....
k	273	Fowler	W & G H Cooper	Sept 1, 59	S Atlantic	....	....	....	....	....
w, bark	239	Rose	Wade & Brown	Sept 29, 58	Atl & Indian	Aug 22, 59, on Coast of Africa	.250	.60	.250	.60
ig....	209	....	Wade & Brown	In port	....	Arrived Sept 20, 59, 60 sperm	....	....	....	....
ed....	116	Eldridg	H & S French	April 20, 59	S Atlantic	....	....	....	....	....
....	134	King	H & S French	May 23, 59	Atlantic	....	....	....	....	....
....	280	....	W & G H Cooper	In port	....	Arrived May 4, 59, 500 whale	....	....	....	....
k....	300	Hedg	Wade & Brown	Sept 9, 57	S Atlantic	Sept 30, 59, sld from Honolulu to cruise	.65	540	.40	.540
on, bk.	236	Babcock	Wade & Brown	May 2, 59	S Atlantic	Oct 11, 59, at St Helena	....	.80	....	.80
rd, brig	174	Royce	Wade & Brown	May 5, 56	Spitzb'gen sea	Sept 15, 59, at Catharines	....	....	....	....
RING.										
ark ...	281	Beebe	John H Jones	Oct —, 58	Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	....	.250	....	.250
n, bark	273	Ormsby	John H Jones	Aug 22, 57	S Atlantic	Oct 21, 59, at Honolulu	.50	1200	....	1200
....	579	....	John H Jones	In port	....	Arrived May 4, 59, 2300 whale	....	....	....	....
....	473	Pierson	John H Jones	Sept 15, 56	N Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	....	3200	....	3200
NCISCO.										
, brig.	181	....	Tubbs & Co.	In port	....	Arrived May 14, 58. 740 whale	....	.300	....	.300
k.....	205	Reynolds	Joseph W Gawley	May 17, 58	Pacific	Aug 1, 58, off Tiger Island	....	....	....	....
sch ...	94	Martin	J Watson	Dec 31, 56	Pacific	Nov 3, 57, at Panama	....	....	....	....
....	75	....	Joseph W Gawley	In port	....	Arrived April 27, 57, 450 wh.	....	....	....	....
brig ...	147	Brooks	W R Roberts	July 24, 56	Pacific	Apl 17, 57, arrived at Lahaina	....	....	....	....
er....	350	....	Robert B Swain & Co	In port	....	Arrived Sept 15, 57, 250 sp.	....	....	....	....
, brig..	135	....	Moore & Folger	In port	....	Arrived Aug 15, 57, 24 sp 10 wh.	....	....	....	....
and, bg	142	Osborn	J G Wallace	June 16, 56	Pacific	Dec 25, 57, at Punta Arenas	....	....	....	....
rren.bk	...	Poole	J C Hewlett	June 10, 58	Coast of Cal.	....	....	....	....	....

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.—*New York Independent.*

Root Crops.

Mr. Editor: I have long promised myself that I whuld communicate, through the New England Farmer, my experience the last winter, in feeding English turnips to stock.

In the autumn of 1857, I raised from among my corn four hundred and fifty bushels of English flat turnips; these, I commenced feeding to my stock early in the month of November, together with wheat straw, and from the time of my first feeding, those of my young cattle, composed of two and three years old, had no other fodder than the turnips and wheat straw, until after the fifth of the next March, at which time they were in fair beef condition. The expense of raising and harvesting these turnips did not exceed three cents a bushel; and the additional cost of feeding roots, to stock, if a root-cutter is used, is very little. I feel perfectly confident that the statement made in your letter from Newport, N. H., in the October number of the Farmer, "that the farmers of New England, with little or no more labor upon their farms, can double their capacity for keeping stock by the gradual introduction of root crops"—is perfectly true. And I would earnestly urge our farmers to imitate this well-tested system of husbandry, so long practised by English agriculturists.

Daniel Needham.

Hartford, Vt., Oct. 11th, 1858.

Horses Stiffened and Hoof-Bound.—A horse that is driven on a hard road is liable to get stiffened. I have seen valuable horses driven on our plank roads a few days get quite lame. I reasoned to myself of the cause, and produced a remedy which proved effectual. I have since tried it on foundered or hoof-bound horses, and with good results. I made a solution of salt and water, and applied it three times a day, by washing the legs and pouring upon the bottom of his feet and holding them up a few minutes to let it strike in, and saw the wonderful effect in a few days. I account for it in this way: Salt will extract moisture from the atmosphere, which keeps the feet moist all the while, it acts nearly like melted greese upon the foot. The hoof becomes tough but yet pliable.—Like a chunk of wood saturated with salt or brine, it is tough yet moist; and so with a horse's foot. And here let me add, the habit of rasping the cracked hoof to toughen it is all folly. Apply your brine and it will effect a cure. Try it and blame me if it does not. [Ohio Cultivator.

Buckwheat Straw for Hogs.—Perhaps all of your readers may not know that buckwheat straw is poisonous. A neighbor of mine once put some into his hog house to make a bed for them, when they began to run round, until they dropped down dead. It seems to make them crazy. This may be of benefit to some of your readers. S. L. B., Brookdale Farm, Maine.—[Country Gentleman, Sept. 1858.

IMPORTS FROM 1841 TO 1859.

mports of 1859	91,408	190,411	1,923,850
“ of 1858	81,941	182.223	1.540,600
“ of 1857	78,440	230.941	2,058,900
“ of 1856	80,941	197.890	2,592,700
“ of 1855	72,649	184,015	2.707,500
“ of 1854	76.696	319,837	3,445.200
“ of 1853	103,077	260.114	5,652.300
“ of 1852	78,872	84.211	1.259,900
“ of 1851	99.591	328.483	3,966.500
“ of 1850	92.892	200,608	2,869,200
“ of 1849	100,944	248,492	2,281,100
“ of 1848	107,976	280.656	2,003,000
“ of 1847	120,753	313,150	3,341,680
“ of 1846	95,217	207,493	2,276,930
“ of 1845	157,917	272.730	3,167,142
“ of 1844	139,594	262,047	2,532,445
“ of 1843	166,985	206,727	2,000,000
“ of 1842	165.637	161,041	1,600.000
“ of 1841	159,304	207,348	2,000,000

EXPORTS.

xports of Sperm Oils, Whale Oils and Whalebone from the United States, 1859.

	bbls. sp.	bbls. wh.	lbs. bone.
avre,	129	5,954	430,560
iverpool	7,529	42	99,336
lasgow	2,804	201	....
remen,	....	1,434	378,744
amburg,	....	....	366.181
ondon,	41,670	....	412,375
ottenburg,	44	....	....
otterdam,	19	548	9,436
porto'	....	....	6,844
msterdam,	....	....	923
iga,	12	....	....
isbon,	....	....	3,530
Total	52,207	8,179	1,707,929

STATEMENT

f the average prices of Sperm Oil, and Whale Oil, on the first, eight, fifteenth, and twenty-fifth of each month of the year 1859.

SPERM OIL.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	25th.
anuary	135 1-2	135 1-2	135 1-2	138 4-5
ebruary	141 4-5	148	150	150
arch	150	150	146	145
April	142	141	137 1-2	137 1-4
ay	137 5-6	137	138	137 2-3
une	138	135	132 2-3	130
uly	128 1-2	127 1 4	127	127
ugust	125	127	125 1-2	125
eptember	125 2-3	127 1-3	131 3-4	131 3-4
ctober	135	135 1-2	135	135 1-3
November	136 2-3	136 2-3	137 2-3	137 2-3
December	137 2-3	136 1-5	140	140

Average price for 1859, 136¼ cents per gallon.

NANTUCKET.

Jan. 1. 1859. 30 ships and barks, 3 brigs. 2 schs. ton, 11,037

Deduct.—Lost, sold, condemned and withdrawn, ships Ocean Rover, [illegible], Catawba, 335, Lexington 399, Nantucket, [illegible], Monticello, 368, Columbia, 329. [illegible], [illegible], Enterprise, 413, barks Apphia Maria, 261, Phenix, 323, brig Homer, 127, sch Eliza Jane, 130.......3,793

Jan. 1. 1860, 20 ships and barks and 1 sch, tonnage..7,244

PROVINCETOWN.

Jan. 1. 1859, 5 barks, 1 brig, 20 schs, tonnage.......3,099

Added.—Schs Emporium, 80. Estella, 94, V. Doane, 99, Weather Gague, 105.......378

3,477

Deduct.—Sold, withdrawn, &c., bark Parker Cook, 130, schs Mountain King, 86, Waldron Holmes, 89. Union, 97.......402

Jan. 1. 1860. 4 barks, 1 brig, 21 schrs, tonnage.......3075

BEVERLY.

Jan. 1. 1859, 2 barks and 1 brig, tonnage.......595

Jan. 1. 1860, same.......

SALEM.

Jan. 1. 1859, 1 bark, tonnage.......216

Jan 1. 1860, same.......

ORLEANS.

Jan. 1. 1859, 1 bark, 2 brigs, 1 sch, tonnage.......638

Jan. 1. 1860, same.......

FALL RIVER.

Jan. 1 1859, 2 barks, tonnage.......490

Jan. 1. 1860, same.......

WARREN.

Jan. 1. 1859, 4 ships, 11 barks, tonnage.......4,851

Added.—Sch J. E. Comstock.......75

4,926

Deduct.—Sold and lost, ship Hoogley, 292, barks William Henry, 186, Florence, 326, Hector, 225, Belle, 286, Dolphin, 325.......1,640

Jan. 1, 1860, 4 ships, 6 barks, 1 sch, tonnage.......3286

NEWPORT.

Jan. 1. 1859, 3 barks, tonnage.......986

Deduct.—Bark Antelope.......340

Jan. 1. 1860, 2 barks, tonnage.......646

NEW HAVEN.

Jan I. 1859, 1 ship, tonnage.......567

Jan. 1. 1860, same.......

NEW LONDON.

Jan. 1. 1859. 43 ships and barks, 13 brigs & schs, ton, 16,755

Added.—Ship Monticello, 368, bark Fortune, 291.......659

17,414

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five days after the termination of his policy, and his family will thus be deprived of a sum that would have been of great service to them hereafter.—[Boston Transcript.

The Shore Line Railroad has been more prosperous, since the extension was completed, than its most sanguine friends ever predicted. The daily receipts have increased nearly fifty per cent, since Mr. Bushnell took charge of the interests of the road.—So much importance has been attached to their passenger business that the Stonington line of boats have reduced the fare to Boston to $2 50, in order to force the travelling public from the midday train—which is very much approved of by all parties who wish to arrive in Boston at a more seasonable hour than the night express affords.—[N. Y. Economist.

Daniel Ball, esq., a banker at Grand Rapids Mich., has brought the controlling interest in the Peninsula Bank (157,000) at Detroit. It is estimated by his neighbor that he is worth from $300,000 to $500,000, and it is said that about 14 years since his stock in trade amounted to a jackknife, a clay pipe, and a plug of tobacco at the time he entered the Grand River Valley, in Michigan, where he superintended a gang of hands in opening up the plaster beds at Grand Rapids, leading off with the spade himself.

The boiler of an engine on the Hartford and Providence Railroad exploded at Cranston, R. I., on Tuesday, throwing the engineer and fireman back into the tender, and partially stunning them. Frederick Aldrich, the fireman, had his head cut in several places, and an arm scalded.

The New Haven girls have assumed their Leap Yaar privileges, by inviting the young men to accompany them on sleigh rides. The "weaker sex," like Captain Scott's coon, soon "came down."

Rev. Wm. B. Smith was ordained on Thursday evening as as pastor of the Unitarian society in Fall River. Rev. Dr. Briggs of Salem, a former pastor of the society, participated in the services.

The total amount of copper shipped from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, for the season just closed is 2,666 tons. This is 13 tons less than the amount shipped last year.

OLD PEOPLE ADMONISHED.

WAGGERY AND SOUND SENSE.

A writer in "Household Words" addresses an epistle to his elderly friends, which contains much that is worth a careful perusal. He thus discources upon

THE BEAUTY OF AGE.

There are extremes, my reverend seniors, into which we are tempted to fall when we find ourselves upon the wane. Declining ladies, especially married ladies, are more given, I think, than men, to neglect their personal appearance, when they are conscious that the bloom of their youth is gone. I do not speak of state occasions, of set dinner parties and full-dress balls, but of the daily meetings of domestic life. Now, however, is the time, above all others, when the wife must determine to remain the pleasing wife, and retain her John Anderson's affections to the last, by neatness, taste, and appropriate variety of dress. That a lady has fast-growing daughters, strapping sons, and a husband hard at his office all day long, is no reason why she should ever enter the family circle with rumpled hair, soiled cap, or unfastened gown. The prettiest woman in the world would be spoiled by such sins in her toilette. The morning's duties, even in store-room and kitchen, may be performed in fitting, tidy costume, and then changed for parlor habiliments, equally tidy and fitting. The fashion of the day should always be reflected in a woman's dress, according to her position and age; the eye craves for variety as keenly as the palate; and then, I honestly protest, whatever her age, a naturally good-looking woman is always handsome. For, happily, there exists more than one kind of beauty. There is the beauty of infancy, the beauty of youth. the beauty of maturity, and, believe me, ladies and gentlemen, the beauty of age, if you do not spoil it by your own want of judgment. At any age, a woman may be becomingly and pleasingly dressed.

OLD SHEEP DRESSED LAMB-FASHION.

The other error—the more pardonable of the two, because it shows an amiable love of approbation and a desire to please, though it implies weakness—is a continuation of the costume and decorations of youth after they have ceased to be fitting ornaments for the wearer's age. I must say that ladies in general are less addicted to the mistake than men. The number of quinquagenarian females who display themselves in society in white muslin frocks, with their locks in ringlets, and a girl's pink sash tied behind, is considerably less than that of old bucks, with their padded substitute for muscular grace, their wigs, their jewelry, their perfumes, and even their rouge. Baldness, in men, is neither a disfigurement nor a disgrace. To soothe your personal vanity, you may call to mind that many young and handsome men are bald; to console your intellectual dignity, remember that "calvi, prompti," ready are the bald—an invaluable quality in the affairs of life. As a rule, the harder we fogies try to convert ourselves into boyish cupids, the less do we succeed. There is great truth in Alphonse Karr's remark, that modern men are ugly, because they don't wear their beards. Take a fine man of forty, with a handsome round Medicean beard, (not a pointed Jew's beard;) look at him well, so as to retain his portrait in your mind's eye; and then shave him close, leaving him, perhaps, out of charity, a couple of mutton-chop whiskers, one on each cheek, and you will see the humiliating difference. And if you select an old man of seventy for your experiment, and convert a snowy-bearded head that might sit for a portrait in a historical picture, into a close-scraped weazen-faced visage, like an avaricious French peasant on his way to haggle for swine at a monthly franc-marche, the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is still more painfully aprarent. Beard or no beard, must remain at present an open question. There are social difficulties of a practical nature in the way, however we may decide as to the theory. A servant would hardly be allowed to consider his beard as his own. A bearded tradesman might be thought by many customers to be giving himself airs, and to be assuming undue consequence. Many find fault with beards as too aristocratic, too vulgar, too foreign, too philosophic, too symptomatic of socialism, in short, too they-don't-quite-know-what; forgetting all the while that the beard was planted on the chin of man by the same Power that adorned the lion with his mane, and the peacock with his plumes. But, certainly, it is the artistic interest of us elderlies, as far as our personal appearance is concerned, that beards at least should be tolerated.

						[illegible] Honolulu
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Nov 14, 55	N Pacific	Oct 12, 59, at Honolulu
Lafayette, bark	311	Ray	I H Bartlett & Sons	Dec 18, 56	Pacific	Nov 21, 59, at Paita
Lætitia, bark	275	Stowell	F & G R Taber	June 12, 57	Pacific	Oct 28, 59, at Paita
Lagoda	341	Willard	Jonathan Bourne Jr	July 19, 56	N Pacific	Nov 16, 59, at Honolulu
Lancaster	383	Russell	Thomas Nye Jr	Oct 26 58	N Pacific	Nov 5. 59. at Lahaina
Lancer	395	Fisher	Richmond & Wood	Aug 4, 56	Pacific	Sept 17, 59, at Paita
Lagrange, bark	280	Golding	William G Blackler	Aug 31, 57	Pacific	Oct 16, 59, at Paita
Lapwing	432	....	Edward C Jones	In port	....	Arrived Nov 4, 59. 1600 sperm, 150 whale oil
Leonidas	231	Aldrich	Russell Maxfield	Sept 15, 58	Atlantic	Prev to Sept 8, 59, on Coast of Africa
Levi Starbuck	376	Jernegan	Edward W Howland	Nov 3, 57	N Pacific	Nov 10, 59, arrived at Honolulu
Lewis	308	Neil	Chapman & Bonney	July 21, 57	Indian Ocean	Nov 5, 59, sailed from Honolulu
Louisiana	297	Kelley	Thomas Nye Jr	Aug 3, 58	Pacific	No date, at Tombez
Louisa, bark	316	Hathaway	Swift & Allen	Sept 23, 56	N Pacific	Sept 6, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 250 bbls
L C Richmond	341	Hathaway	James B Wood & Co	Oct 20, 57	N Pacific	Sept 1, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 400 bbls
Magnolia	396	Pierce	William G E Pope	July 27. 58	N Pacific	Nov 2, 59, sailed from Honolulu
Manuel Ortez, bk	351	Hazard	Weston Howland	Oct 5, 57	N Pacific	Aug 28, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 1100 bbls
Majestic	297	Chester	S Thomas & Co	July 25, 57	N Pacific	Oct 20. 59, at Lahaina
Marengo	426	Weld	Jonathan Bourne Jr	Aug 12, 59	Indian Ocean	Sept 21, 59, at Fayal
Marcella, bark	210	Ellis	C R Tucker & Co	Aug 17, 58	Indian Ocean	Aug 13, 59, off Seychelle Islands
Massachusetts, bk	364	Greene	Swift & Allen	Nov 20, 56	N Pacific	Aug 28, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 1000 bbls
Marcia	315	Billings	Edward W Howland	Aug 25, 57	N Pacific	Oct 29, 59, at Lahaina
Margaret Scott, b	300	Cleaveland	Rodney French	Sept 16, 57	Atl & Indian	Nov 15, 59, at Lahaina, oil not stated
Maria, bark	202	Thompson	Thomas R Rodman	Sept 29, 59	Pacific	....
Maria Theresa	330	Coop	Thomas Nye Jr	Oct 13, 57	N Pacific	Sept 22, 59, at Ayan, 250 bbls
Marion, bark	328	Pierce	William P Howland	June 7, 59	Atl & Indian.	Oct 3, 59, at Fayal
Mars, bark	270	Harrisson	C R Tucker & Co	June 10, 56	Indian Ocean	Oct 24 59, sld from Mauritims
Martha, bark	271	Cornell	Swift & Allen	Sept 14, 58	Pacific	July 20, 59, at Johanna
Martha, bark, 2d	360	Daily	William O Brownell	July 13, 58	N Pacific	Oct 26, 59, at Honolulu
Mary Frazier	288	Rounds	B Franklin Howland	Sept 23, 56	N Pacific	Sept 15, 59, in Ochotsk Sea, 600 bbls
Mary & Susan	409	Stewart	Thomas Knowles & Co	July 15, 57	N Pacific	Nov 3, 59, sailed from Honolulu
Mary Wilder	213	Barker	Charles Almy	June 16, 57	Pacific	Oct 15, 59, off Gallipagos Islands, "boiling".
Mary	287	....	I Howland Jr & Co	In port	....	Arrived May 27, 59, 350 sperm, 900 whale
Matthew Luce, b	410	Cleaveland	William Hathaway Jr.	May 18, 59	Pacific	Oct 18, 59, at St Catharines
Mercury	340	Lakeman	I Howland Jr & Co	June 28, 59	Indian Ocean	Aug 7, 59, at Fayal, clean
Merlin, bark	348	....	W & G D Watkins	In port	....	Arrived June 19, 59, 1500 sperm
Messenger	291	Gifford	John R Thornton	June 7, 59	Indian Ocean	July 20, 59, at Fayal, clean
Metacom	360	Hinds	James B Wood & Co	July 16, 57	N Pacific	Sept 10, 59, in Arctic Ocean, 1 whale
Midas, bark	326	Austin	James B Wood & Co	July 7, 57	N Pacific	Oct 23, 59, arrived at Honolulu
Millinoket, bark	180	Taber	B Franklin Howland	May 3, 59	Atl & Indian	Sept 3, 59, at Fayal
Milo	401	Fordham	Edward C Jones	Nov 15, 59	N Pacific	....
Milton	388	Halsey	Henry Taber & Co	Sept 10, 56	Pacific	Nov 7, 59, sailed from Honolulu, for home
Milwood, bark	254	Gruninger	Gideon Allen & Son	Sept 3, 57	Indian Ocean	Aug 27, 59, at Seychelle Islands
Minerva Smyth	335	Smith	I Howland Jr & Co	Nov 24, 58	Atl & Indian	Nov 2, 59, sld from Mauritius
Minerva	408	Crowell	William Gifford	July 10, 56	Pacific	Nov 6, 59, at Honolulu
Minerva, 2d	291	....	Thomas Knowles & Co	In port	....	Arrived Sept 27, 59, 1400 sperm
Moctezuma	436	Tinker	Simeon N West	Oct 9, 57	N Pacific	Nov 22, 59, sld from San Francisco
Montgomery, bk	248	Crapo	Swift & Allen	July 20, 58	Pacific	Sept 15, 59, off and on at Paita
Montreal	543	Sowle	C R Tucker & Co	Nov 11, 57	N Pacific	Oct 25, 59, at Honolulu
Morea	330	Manchester	Azel Howard	Sept 2, 56	N Pacific	Nov 13, 59, at Honolulu, condemned
Morning Light	361	Luce	S Thomas & Co	Sept 22, 59	Pacific	Nov 16, 59, lat 1 S, lon 27 W
Morning Star, bk	305	Norton	S Thomas & Co	July 21, 57	Pacific	Oct 29, 59, at Paita
Mt Wollaston	325	Coffin	Wood & Nye	June 2, 58	Pacific	Sept 13, 59, at Baker's Island
Napoleon	360	Macy	Charles Almy	Dec 24, 58	Pacific	July 31, 59, at Tombez
Nassau	408	Murdock	Swift & Perry	Nov 17, 56	N Pacific	Nov 8, 59, sailed from Honolulu, for home
Nautilus, bark	374	Swain	Gideon Allen & Son	Nov 1, 59	Pacific	....
Navy	356	Sarvent	James B Wood & Co	Aug 10, 59	N Pacific	Nov 27, 59, lat 25 15 S, lon 38 55 W
Newark, bark	323	Smith	Charles Hitch & Son	Oct 19, 59	Indian Ocean	Nov 13, 59, at Fayal
Niger	437	Jernegan	William Hathaway, Jr	Sept 2, 56	Pacific	Nov 2, 59, at Paita
Nimrod	340	Howes	William Gifford	Sept 18, 57	N Pacific	Nov 15, 59, at Honolulu
Ocean	390	Gifford	John R Thornton	Nov 29, 59	Pacific	....
Ohio	383	Barrett	Edward W Howland	Nov 11, 57	N Pacific	Nov —, 59, at Lahaina
Ohio, bark	237	Baker	Loum Snow	Oct 4, 58	Pacific	July 5, 59, at St Helena

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.

SHERMAN PECK. CHARLES BREWER, 2d.

—REFERENCES—

Henry A. Peirce, Esq., Boston.
James Hunewell, Esq., Boston.
Charles Brewer, Esq., Boston.
Messrs. McRuer & Merrill, San Francisco.
Chas. Wolcott Brooks, Esq , San Francisco
Messrs. Lawrence & Co., New London.
Messrs. William Pustau & Co., Hong Kong.
Messrs. Peele, Hubbell & Co., Manila.
Messrs. Danl. Curtis & Dyckman, New York.
John M. Hood, Esq., New York.
Messrs. I. H. Bartlett & Sons, New Bedford.
Edward H. Allen, Esq., New Bedford.
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FRED'K L. HANKS. EDWARD P. ADAMS.

FREDERICK L. HANKS & Co.
COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANTS,
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nov22'59 1y

P. S. WILCOX,
Ship and Commission Merchant,
HONOLULU, Sandwich Islands.

References:—
HENRY A. PEIRCE, } Boston.
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WM. PHILLIPS & SON, }
WM. WILCOX, ESQ., }
CHARLES WALCOT BROOKS, San Francisco.

P. S. WILCOX will continue the Shipping and Commission business at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and will keep constantly on hand all kinds of articles needed for recruiting ships at the Islands, and at moderate prices. Any one entrusting business to his care, will find it promptly attended to. He flatters himself that his long experience in the whaling business enables him to attend to all business connected with shipping, as promptly and on as favorable terms as any one at Honolulu. Drafts drawn on long site, will be negotiated at all times, on favorable terms.

iy5'59-tf

New Bedford Tow line, hemp	— — @— 12
Plymouth, Russia Hemp	— — @— 11
Plymouth, Manila	— — @— 10½
American Hackled Hemp	— — @— 10
Plymouth Tow line, Manila	— — @— 13
Plymouth Tow line, Hemp	— — @— 12
IRON HOOPS—DUTY: 24 ℔ cent. ad val. [Six months.]	
New Bedford ℔ ton	— — @80 00
Fall River	— — @80 00
Taunton	— — @— —
English	— — @— —
BREAD—DUTY: 24 ℔ cent. ad val.	
Ship ℔ ℔	— @ —
Navy	— @ —
TRY POTS—DUTY: 24 ℔ cent. ad val	
American 220 gal	$65 @ $70
" 200 gal	— @ 60
" 180 gal	— @ 55
" 160 gal	— @ 50
" 140 gal	— @ 45
" 120 gal	— @ 40
" 100 gal	— @ 37
English 200 gal	65 @ 70
" 180 gal	60 @ 65
" 160 gal	50 @ 55
" 140 gal	45 @ 50
" 120 gal	— @ 70
OARS—DUTY: 24 ℔ cent. ad val.	
Ash ℔ foot	6½@ 7
OILS—DUTY: Foreign Sperm, Whale, and other fish, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Sperm, Crude ℔ gal	— — @ 1 35
Whale, Crude	— — @— 50
WHALEBONE—DUTY: Foreign, 15 ℔ cent ad val.	
Polar ℔ lb	— — @— 82
North West	— 75 @— 80
South Sea	— — @— 70
STOCKS	
New Bedford & Taunton R. Road	— — @ 86 25
Bedford Commercial Bank	— — @102 25
Merchants Bank	110 50 @110 75
Marine Bank	107 50 @108 00
Mechanics' Bank	— — @103 25
Fairhaven Bank	— — @104 00
Wamsutta Mills	— — @102 50
Gosnold Mills	— — @-71 00
New Bedford Gas Light Co.	128 00 @128 25
New Bedford Flour Mill	— — @ 95 50
NAVAL STORES—DUTY: 15 ℔ cent. ad val	
Tar ℔ bbl	$2 75 @ 3 00
Rosin ℔ bbl	$2 25 @ — —
PROVISIONS—Duty: 15 ℔ cent. ad val.	
Beef, extra Mess ℔ bbl	— — @ 15 00
Beef Mess	— — @ 14 00
Pork, Mess	— — @ 17 50
Pork, Prime	— — @ 15 00

HARVESTING.—Take care now and not put up your good corn into close bins. This season is at least two weeks later in this quarter, than the average of seasons—therefore we must not be governed wholly by the almanac in relation to storing undried products. Bins for corn should never be made deep—two and a half feet are enough. And yet an overhauling may be necessary before winter, in case a bin is filled. It is a good practice to cover the corn barn floor in the early part of husking, and to shovel over the ears into the bins. Yet as most farmers are short of room at this season, it may be necessary to have a general overhauling of corn ears after the husking is over.

To keep potatoes, various modes are practiced. Since the rot came upon the land, farmers have chosen to dry their store potatoes and keep them as dry as possible in the cellar.

Yet some reccommend burying them close with earth so as to exclude the air.—[Mass. Ploughman.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF ROOTS FOR COWS. A writer in the Connecticut State Agricultural transactions gives, from "a careful experience in winter feeding of milch cows," his judgment of the comparative value of roots. Carrots promote the richest milk; sugar beets are next best; potatoes follow, and turnips class last in the produce as to quality, but first as to quanity. They were compared as fed pound for pound. Carrots, he thinks best for small families, when they desire but a small quantity of milk, but of richest quality, and a fat, sleek looking cow. Turnips

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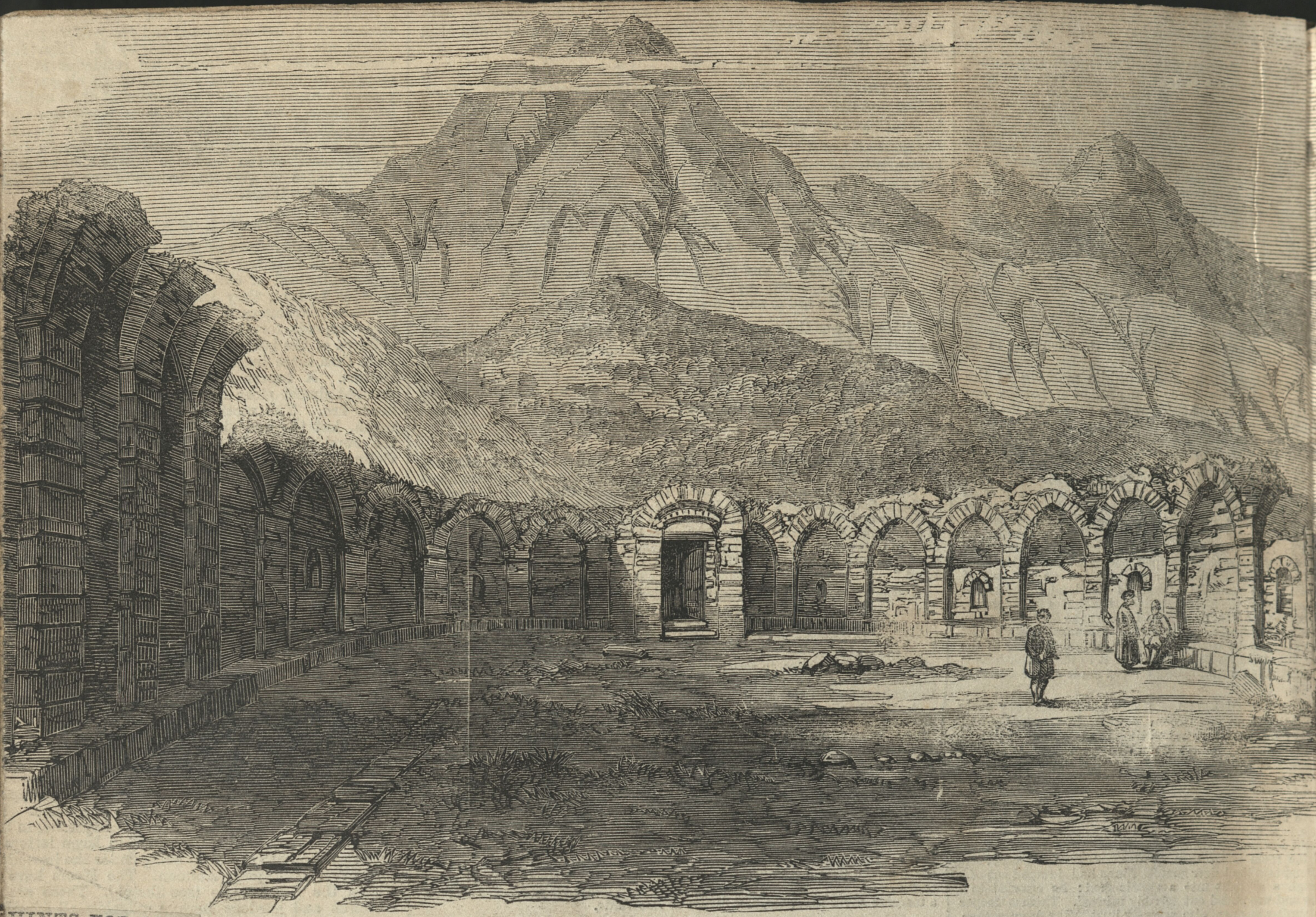
	..70	3260	....	.750
	..80	3000	.. ..	1450
	750	....	428	....
	950	..20	.470	..20
	.145	2200	.110	.900
	..60	.300	60	300
	1600	..30	1550	..30
	.410	....	410	....
n, 150 whale oil..	....	....	....	....
of Afrisa	.180	.300	..30	.300
ulu	.300	1400	....	.500
ulu	.105	.500	....	.500
	300	....	.200	....
0 bbls.	..60	1350	..60	.600
0 bbls.	..35	725	.35	.425
ulu	1000	.. ..	800	....
00 bbls	....	1000	....	.500
	..75	535	....	....
	..30	....	....	....
nds.	..85	....	85	....
00 bbls	..95	2040	..45	.540
	.153	1300	....	.840
ot stated	.200	.700	.200	700
	....	....	....	....
	....	.450	....	.450
	.380	....	.210	....
s.	750	550	500	.480
	..40	....	..40	....
	.170	.350	...	.350
00 bbls.	.100	1600	.100	1600
ulu	. 30	2525	. .	1600
ands, "boiling".	.900	.170	.900	.170
m, 900 whale.	....	....	....	....
	.110	....	....	....
	....	....	....	....
rm.	....	....	....	....
	....	....	....	....
1 whale	..90	.600	..80	....
ulu	.260	.850	.160	.850
	..45	....	..40	....
	....	....	....	....
ulu, fo home	.106	2780	..20	1900
nds.	.600	.200	.600	.200
s.	..20	.300	..20	.300
	..10	1950	...	.990
	....	....	....	....
rm.	..65	740	..	.740
ncisco	.360	.150	.260	....
ta.	....	1500	. ..	1115
	.725	1500	..75	1000
demned	..80	....	....	....
	.800	....	.540	....
d.	.300	..40	.260	..40
	.310	.	.310	....
ulu, fo home	125	2300	.125	1550
	....	....	....	....
	..30	....	..30	....
55 W	..75	....	....	....
	1500	..	.320	....
	..40	1400	.40	.800
	....	....	....	....
	..80	.900	..80	.900
	..35	....	....	....

Clara Bell, bark	295	Fisher	R L Barstow	June 24, 58	Pacific	Oct 26, 59, at Paita	.300	..80	.100	..80
Excellent, brig	70		R L Barstow	In port		Arrived Aug 9, 57, no oil on board	...	....	....	...
Mary Ann, bark	214	Macy	R L Barstow	Dec 16, 58	Pacific	Oct 11 59, off Gallipagos Islands	.200	....	.200	....
Massasoit, bark	235	Percival	L Meigs	May 22, 58	Atlantic	Oct 6, 59, in Arctic Ocean, 1 whale	.110	180	....	...
March, brig	89		R L Barstow	In port		Arrived June 11, 59, 100 sperm	....	....	....	...
Ocean Rover	314	Clark	J Holmes & Bro	May 26, 59	Atl & Indian	Sept 8, 59, at Fayal	.240	....	....	....
Oscar, bark	369	Landers	J Holmes Jr & Bro	Sept 29, 57	N Pacific	Nov 9, 59, at Honolulu	.106	1450	..86	850
Palmyra, schr	100	Smith	L Meigs	Apl 1, 58	Atlantic	Sept 27, 59, a Fayal	..80	....	. 80	...
R L Barstow, bk	203	Mitchell	R L Barstow	May 20, 59	Atlantic	Oct 26, 59. at Delos Is, Coast of Afriea	.100	....	.100	....
Sarah	370	Butler	L Meigs	Dec 22, 59	Indian Ocean		...	....	....	..
Sarah, bark	179	Rounseville	Atsatt & Sturtevant	Sept 28, 58	Atlantic	Sept 5, 59, at Fayal,	.105	....	..70	...
Saml & Thomas, b	191	Hoxie	R L Barstow	Sept 3, 59	Atlantic	Oct 9, 59, off St Jago, clean	....	....	....	...
Sun, bark	184	Flanders	R L Barstow	Oct 6, 58	Atlantic	Sept 29, 59, lat 9 51 N, lon 25 16 W	.450	....	.350	...
Union, bark	124		R L Barstow	In port		Arrived Sept 12, 59, 320 sperm	....	....	....	....
Willis, bark	164	King	R L Barstow	June 2, 59	Atlantic	Nov 16, 59, at Isles de Los	..50	....	..50	....
SIPPICAN.										
Adml Blake, sc	120		Peleg Blankenship	In port		Arrived July 13, 59, 110 sperm, 40 whale	....	....	....	....
Altamaha, schr	119	Clark	Stephen C Luce	June 28, 59	Atlantic	Sept 15, 59, at Fayal	..70	...	..70	....
Hopeton, brig	145	Snow	Obed Delano	June 2, 59	Atlantic	Sept 5, 59, at Fayal	..40	....	....	....
James, schr	80		Benjamin B Handy	In port		Arrived Sept 16, 59, 160 sperm, 5 whale	....	....	....	...
Retrieve, sch	100		Benjamin B Handy	In port		Arrived Sept 11, 59, 50 sperm	..	....	....	..
Roswell King, sc	134	Tripp	Peleg Blankenship	April 26, 59	Atlantic	August 18, 59, at Fayal	.50	....	....	...
WAREHAM.										
G Wash'gton	374	Brightman	Stephen C Gibbs	Oct 1, 57	N Pacific	Oct 31, 59, sailed from Honolulu	..70	.550	..70	550
SANDWICH.										
Ocean, bark	165	Cornell	W F Lapham	Sept 12, 59	Atlantic		....	....	....	....
FALMOUTH.										
Awashonks, b	342		Oliver C Swift	In port		Arrived Nov 27, 58, 1100 sperm	....	....	....	..
Com Morris	355	Jones	Oliver C Swift	July 13, 59	Pacific	August 26, 59, at Fayal	..50	....	....	...
Hobomok	414	Marchant	Oliver C Swift	Nov 19, 56	Pacific	Nov 8, 59, sailed from Honolulu, for home	.130	2600	.130	1025
HOLMES' HOLE.										
H Augusta, b	270	West	Thomas Bradley	May 25, 59	Atlantic	August 17, 59, at Fayal	106	....	....	....
Pavilion, brig	150	Adams	Thomas Bradley	July 9, 58	Atlantic	Sept 3, 59, on Coast of Africa	.250	..40	.250	..40
BEVERLY.										
Eschol, brig	143	Hoxie	F W Choate	July 14, 59	Atlantic	Aug 5, 59, lat 36, lon 41½, clean	....	....	....	...
Lady Suffolk, b	210	Robertson	F W Choate	Aug 24, 59	Atlantic	Sept 20, 59, at Fayal	..25	...	..25	..
N D Chase, bark	242		F W Choate	In port		Arrived Oct 13, 59, 130 sperm, 575 whale	....	....	....	...
SALEM										
Messenger	216		Benjamin Webb	In port		Arrived Aug 25, 59, 400 sperm, 150 whale	....	....	....	....



TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT ZOWAN, NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE STREAM WHICH SUPPLIED WATER TO CARTHAGE.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

HINTS FOR MEN
WHO WISH FOR FRETFUL, DISCONTENTED WIVES.

When you come home at night, and find your baby crying to the extent of its lungs, and your wife in tears trying to hush it, and your tea not ready, don't offer pleasantly any of your sympathy or assistance; but ask her what she has been about all day, and tell her you think one baby is enough in the house at once. Then catch the child out of its cradle, adding, as you do so, that it must take after its mother for crying, and tell her to fly round and prepare tea, for you are in a hurry. She will obey you, I can promise, and will entertain you during the time either by her sobs or by testing the strength of the dishes, just according to her natural disposition.

When you set down to dinner and find your beef too rare or over-done, don't say anything about its being cooked a little more or a little less in future, but fly into a passion, throw down your knife and fork and leave the table. She will understand by it that you do not intend to be imposed upon, even in trifles.

Whenever she asks for money, reply by asking her what she did with the last three dollars you gave her. Then take out your pocket-book and give her a dollar less than she asks for, telling her, as you do so, that she can bail out of your purse with a tea-spoon faster than you can shovel the money in. It will make her feel very comfortable, and she will doubtless enjoy spending it the more for the information.

Stay out with your "club" until midnight, then come home with your breath tainted with brandy and tobacco.

If your wife is a delicate, feeble woman, tell her, whenever an opportunity offers, how much work Mrs. So-and-so does, and how rich Mr. So-and-so is becoming through her prudence and industry. It will show her at a glance what a burden she is to you.

If these receipts should fail, you can try a little wholesome authority, and demand your right to obedience. Let her know just how many evenings she can go out in a week, and if she ventures to ask for another to attend a lyceum lecture, say "No!" in a tone she will not mistake, and in return I will promise you one of the most fretful, impatient, and discontented wives to be found for miles around.

Q in a Corner.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

The gentle Twilight, with her starry brow,
Was wand'ring softly o'er the weary world,
Still leaning on the stronger arm of Day,
Yet reaching out to clasp the hand of Night
Ere she should pass the golden gates, through which
The sunset fled at her approach, and left
A shining girdle, fringed with splendor, stretched
Along the western hills.

Her step was light,
And as her dusky robes swept through the halls
Of earth, she hung a soft thin veil of mist
And darkness o'er the beautiful and bright,
That all the day had filled the soul of man
With its enticing loveliness, and won
His heart from God.

And through this veil of mist,
A fair young girl, with mournful, longing eyes,
Seemed gazing—striving thus to pierce its gloom,
As she beside her western lattice knelt.
And silver-footed angels paused to mark
With grief the sorrow written on her brow
And throbbing heavily within her heart,
And as her lips breathed out a broken prayer,
All quivering with the anguish of her soul,
They bore it on their bosoms up to God;
A prayer so heavy with her tearless sobs,
The golden architraves of heaven, that top
The dusky columns of the night, and bear
Aloft the shining canopy of stars,
Seemed bending 'neath its weight.
So with shut eyes,
And hands clasped tight, she prayed.

"O! God," she cried,
"And must I drain this bitter cup
E'en to its very dregs of woe? Each day
The draught is more replete with bitterness.
The sunlight, by its brightness, makes the gloom
And darkness of my heart more visible;
And with the night such mournful voices come
That ever moan 'forsaken' in my ear;
And when I look upon the stars, their cold
And distant splendor hath a voice which cries
From far, 'forsaken.' Then the voiceless birds,
That wake the morning with their melody,
Still mingle with their sweetest gleeful notes
A tone of grief, to which the word 'forsaken' rings;
The flowers in which Thou'st garlanded the earth
Rock to and fro, and whisper with the breeze,
'Forsaken.' Oh, my loving God! do *Thou*
Forsake me not."

"Forgive my impious heart.
That worshipped the Creator less than one
Of his poor creatures? I had been alone
So long, without a human love to bless
My life, that when the false one came to me
With all those sweet and wild'ring words of love—
Those burning kisses on my brow and lips,
My heart stood still for very happiness
That I was thus beloved. I clasped the thought—
The precious thought, and hugged it to my soul,
And then poured out the wild idolatry
Which flooded all my being, on that one
Who thus had made my life-tide all so bright.
"Forgive, dear Lord! that while my dreaming heart
Was rev'ling in its bliss, it gave not Thee
The homage due! 'Twas wise that Thou didst tear
That human 'idol' from my heart, and bid
Me see the worthless 'clay' to which I bowed.
I thought him all so noble, pure and good,
And yet the greatest good seemed in the love
He gave to me—or that I thought he gave.
We parted—for he said 'twas best—that soon
We'd meet again; and as his strong arm clasped
Me to his heart, I felt how blest 'twould be
To have through life so sweet a resting place.
Oh, God! the waking from that dream of bliss
Was terrible—so terrible! Help me to bear
This great, wild agony! Teach me to pray
For him who, with a ruthless hand, hath torn
My heart, and twisted all its bleeding chords,
And pitilessly snapped them, one by one.
Forgive him, Father! Let his future path
Be bright with blessings from thy bounteous hand!
Let not the 'ashes' on his hearthstone be
All cold with 'desolation,' but may she
Whose golden dower won for her the prize
My heart once gloried in, be evermore
His joy, his blessing, and his crowning star!
He *says* he loves me yet, but *she* must be
His wedded bride. The same hands traced the word
That used to linger with that light caress
Upon my head, and lift my face to his
When he would look within my eyes, for words
My lips refused to speak—or kiss my lips—
Or tell how every day I dearer grew.

"Strength! Heavenly Father! give me to forget
And may she never know, who trusts him now,
That he was false to me, is false to her,
And falser to himself—that 'twas her gold
And not her loving heart he sought her for!
O, pity that poor trusting heart,—and mine,
That trusteth nevermore, yet loveth still!
And lead us all along the narrow way,
Until we pass the gates of pearl, and dwell
Where none shall ever cry 'Forsaken!'"

Louisville Journal.

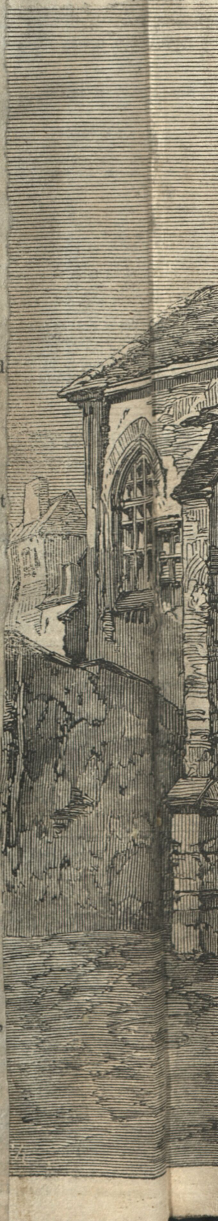
AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Where are the songs of summer?—With the sun,
Opening the dusty eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And morning sings with a warm, odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of summer? In the West,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden night is prest,
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers,
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of summer—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—There,
On the mossed elm, there on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
Gone in the mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long, gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity



MOSQUITO STORY.

A man living near Columbia River, Oregon, tells the following story concerning the mosquitoes:—Being in the woods, he was one day so annoyed by them that he took refuge under an inverted potash kettle. His first emotions of joy at his happy deliverance and secure asylum were hardly over when the mosquitoes, having found him, began to drive their probosces through the kettle; fortunately he had a hammer in his pocket, and he clinched them down as fast as they came through, until at length such a host of them was fastened to the poor man's domicile, that they rose and flew away with it, leaving him shelterless.

"WHITE LIES."

Mrs. Opie was a very intelligent woman. She wrote some excellent books. Among these was a novel entitled "White Lies." It was a very readable book, and was designed to convey a useful moral. It did convey it, too, in its tracing of the career of its heroine, who had a habit of falsifying, and, when chided for it, replying, "Oh, it was only a *white* lie!" But we have sometimes thought that, perhaps, she did more harm than good, by giving a sort of dignity to this habit of telling "white lies," and causing the impression to rest on the minds of the young, who hear of "Mrs. Opie's White Lies," however vaguely, that there are *two* kinds of "lies."

Now, this is a great mistake. Truth is indivisible. It is not a compound, but rather what the chemist would call a simple. It is an essence which forbids all combinations—much more adulterations.

Not so with falsehood. It will bear compounding in a great many shapes. It is often used to hide other sins, such as theft for instance, as sugar hides the poison of the pill. It may be thereby rendered more powerful. But its power on the moral constitution of man, is always deleterious. It has all the virulence of the intensest poison, without one redeeming quality of usefulness. Nothing would sound more contradictory than to speak of "the purity of falsehood." Not so of truth. Purity is always associated with it.

Let us hear no more, then, of "white lies" and "black lies." There is no such shading off in morals. All lies are black.

In the young there is nothing so beautiful as truth. The slightest departure from it is perilous to the moral nature. The "white lie" is sure to leave a black stain upon the soul!

AUTUMN.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
  Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
  Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
  And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
  And the summer sun and dew.

So, in hours of deepest gloom,
  When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom
  Drop like maidens, wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
  Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
  In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
  That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
  Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
  Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
  In the Spirit's glorious clime.

THE LITTLE HAND.

Give me thy little hand. How heavenly soft!
It has no feel of this world's hardening work,
And emblems thy young soul: which bears not ye
The hards of earth upon it. Wherefore should
Our innocents put off the charmed life
Which manhood does but struggle to regain?
We cast off child-content, and then begin
A life-long struggle for a child's content.
Soft as it is, in this small hand I read
Lines prophesying burdens and earth-strifes.
The azure innocence drops from thine eye.
Thou reck'st not of my augur. But my past
Gives me thy future now—and would, my love,
I might fore-bear the burden of thy griefs
And leave thee all the joys. Yet God forbid
That thou should'st be robb'd of thy jewell'd so
    rows!—
I could not wish my past one grief the less,
But would my griefs had been more wisely borne
And yielding more soul-treasure.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

The *proud* man is penetrated with a sense of his superior merit, and from the summit of his grandeur, treats all other mortals either with indifference or contempt. The *vain* man attaches the greatest importance to the opinions of others, and seeks their approbation with eagerness; the *proud* man expects that his merit shall be sought out; the *vain* man knocks at every door to fasten attention upon himself, and he supplicates for the smallest honor. The *proud* man disdains the marks of distinction which constitute a source of happiness to the *vain* man. The *proud* man revolts at foolish eulogiums; the *vain* man inhales with delight the incense of applause, however absurd and unskilfulty administered.

SHOCKING A LADY'S MODESTY.

A singular occurrence happened during the past summer in one of the provinces of France. An honest country gentleman, possessed of a very handsome park, had found the weather very oppressive,—and was in the habit of taking a morning walk in his park, with a cigar in his mouth and no clothes upon his back. A lady of the neighborhood, from whose window the park might be seen, considered the gentleman's proceedings as entirely too primitive and cited him before a magistrate. The defendant contended that, upon his own property, he had a right to do what he pleased, and, moreover, the lady's house was a mile from the spot where he was in the habit of walking in *naturalis naturalibus*.

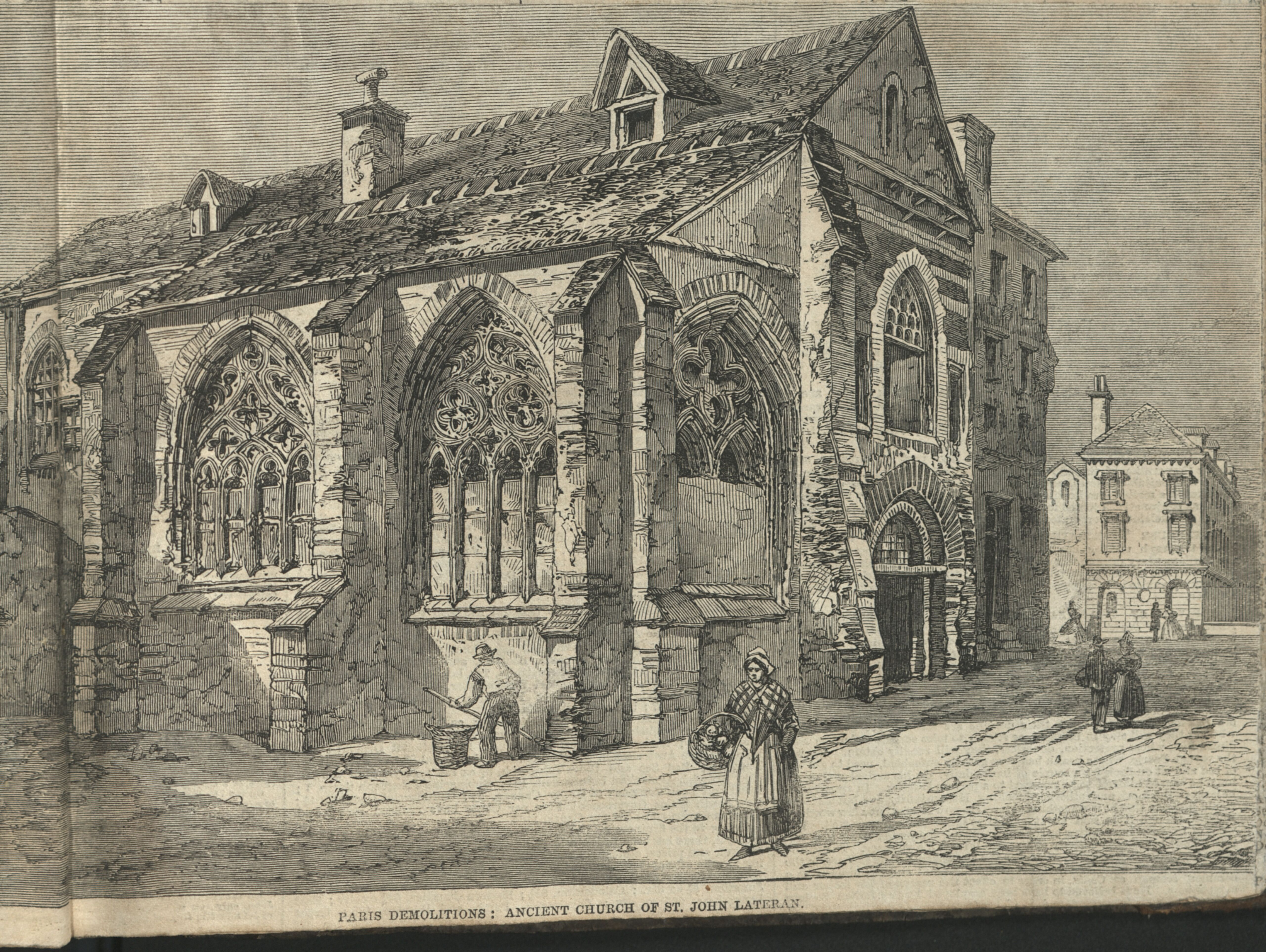
"She must have good eyes to distinguish at that distance whether I am dressed or not," said the gentleman.

Interrogated by the magistrate upon this point, the lady, whose modesty had been so rudly shocked, naively replied:—

"Oh, but I looked at him with the aid of an excellent telescope."

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

What is there a man cannot save and improve? By curbing appetite and restraining passion, by observing prudence and maintaining regularity, he may save his health, husband his strength, and thus preserve the springs of life as constant fountains of energy and happiness to sustain and cherish him under every labor and every hardship. He may save a fortune by industry and denying himself needless indulgence, and he may find a pure enjoyment in devoting it to nobler uses. Time—the indolent might make wealth of it—the most industrious improve upon their use of it. It comes to us in brief minutes, to show us that present application is the sole duty required of us; yet these so weave in and make up our days and years that misimprovement of the present is always at the expense of the future. One of the hours, each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds.



PARIS DEMOLITIONS: ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

he Whalemen's Shipping List.

NEW BEDFORD:
TUESDAY MORNING, JAN. 17, 1860.

UAL STATEMENT OF THE WHALE FISHERY FOR 1859.

ay before our readers to-day, the Annual State-
of the Whalefishery for 1859, it making the six-
number of statistical information based upon sim-
acts. The table which follows has been compiled
our books, and sources of undoubted reliabili
d the strictest care has been observed in its pre-
on.

ing the past year there have been heavy pecuniary
, in the aggregate, to persons engaged in this
h of industry, while few have succeeded in realiz-
dden returns. Various causes combined to produce
result. Ships have returned with scanty fares,
outfits were of the most liberal kind, and whose
ses during their absence contributed largely to the
tedness of the owners. These causes, added to the
ciation of oil, have entailed upon the Whalefishery
ast year a series of misfortunes.

number of vessels employed in the service on the
nuary 1860, is 571, showing a decrease as compared
the previous year, of 54 vessels, with an aggregate of
6 tons--being a greater number than for the ten pre-
g years; and we predict that there will be as great
ing off the current year as in 1859.

e average price of sperm oil for the year 1859, was
cents per gallon, against 121 cents in 1858, showing
nprovement in sperm oil.

whale, for 1859, the average price was 48½ cents per
n, against 54 cents for 1858, showing a decline in
e for whale oil.

e imports for 1859 were as follows:—sperm 91,408
.; whale, 190,411 bbls.; bone, 1,923,850 lbs. From
we gather that there has been an excess over the
1858,—in sperm, 9,467 bbls.; whale, 8,188 bbls., and
one, 383,250 lbs.

e exports of oils and bone, figure:—sperm, 52,207
.; whale, 8,179 bbls., and bone, 1,707,929 lbs.

e exports of sperm oil largely exceed that of 1858,
le that of whale has been light. The exports of bone
e been up to the average of former years.

here is a steady and increasing demand for sperm oil,
h in this Country and Europe; and consumers will
e it their preference to the many lubricating com-
nds forced upon buyers, that are composed chiefly of
m, so long as importers will dispose of their stocks
rices offering inducements. The stock on hand and
quantity to arrive, of course govern the seller in fix-
the real value upon the article; nevertheless, ex-
nes should be avoided as calculated to injure rather
n advance the trade. Sperm oil, from present indi-
ions, will doubtless reach 150 cents per gallon, a price
as low as it can be imported for.

Jp to Nov. 16th there arrived at the Sandwich Islands
vessels from the Northern Seas with an average sea
's catch of 523 bbls. whale oil. The ill success that has
ended the Northern Whalefishery the past season, as
l as previous ones, affords but poor encouragement
the prosecution of this enterprise. Whales are both
rce and shy, and while in former years ships would
in one cruise, they are now absent two, three and
r years, and return, not a few of them, with compari-
ely nothing, involving the owners in heavy losses.
at the fleet is larger than the business will warrant
st be obvious to every reflecting mind, and our tables
1860 we believe will show that our predictions are
nded on fact. A gradual reduction is going on, and
ny ships, particularly those requiring heavy repairs,
l be withdrawn from the service.

IMPORTATIONS

Sperm Oil, Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United
States in 1859.

	Bbls. Sp.	Bbls. Wh.	Lbs Bone.
w Bedford,	64,327	121,522	1,608,250
rhaven,	3,583	6,201	29,750
rtmouth,	2,379	592	
stport,	679	314	
ttapoisett,	974	1,303	7,500
pican,	456	88	
strict of N. Bedford,	72,398	130,020	1,645,500
w London,	1,489	29,483	188,000
ntucket,	6,340	6,850	15,000
g Harbor,	1,152	3,608	18,000
gartown,	895	2,554	10,000
arren,	1,395		
ovincetown,	2,625	1,349	
ystic,	244	1,350	1,700
eenport,	335	2,623	11,650
ld Spring,		2,900	
ndwich,	408	47	
ston,	1,299	200	1,800
ovidence,	293		
w York,	722	5,307	9,000
onington,	115	2,365	17,000
verly,	540	1,025	5,500
lem,	362	114	
leans,	365	564	
wport,	381	52	700
Total	91,408	190,411	1,923,850

IMPORTS FOR 1859.

	Bbls. Sp.	Bbls. Wh.	Lbs. Bone.
nuary	1,060	303	1,500
bruary	none	none	none
rch	4,115	21,317	505,350
ril	8,441	40,558	617,900
y	14,715	65,885	551,700
ne	21,980	13,696	46,700
ly	14,175	9,880	23,050
gust	10,457	15,749	75,350
ptember	5,970	10,033	18,600
tober	3,956	4,350	23,600
vember	4,526	7,099	45,100
cember	2,013	1,361	15,000
	91,408	190,231	1,923,850
ovincetown "Shore Whaling"		180	

WHALE OIL.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	25th.
January	55	52	54 1-3	54 4-5
February	54 3-4	55 2-5	58 1-2	58
March	55	60	60	55
April	55	55	54	51 1-2
May	50	48	48 1-2	47 1-2
June	48	48 1 3	47	48
July	47 1-2	47 1-2	46 1-2	45
August	47	46	46	45
September	46	46 1-4	47	47
October	50	47 4-5	49	48 1-2
November	49	49	50	50
December	49 1 4	49 1-2	50	50

Average price for 1859, 48½ cents per gallon.

STATEMENT.

Stock of Oils and Whalebone in the United States, January 1st, 1860.

	bbls. sp.	bbls. wh.	lbs. bone.
N. Bedford & Fairhaven	9,014	64,950	248,600
New York (estimated)			90,000
Boston	315		
Stonington		250	
Nantucket	2,200	12,250	
Edgartown		3,400	
Westport Point	1,100	250	
Newport	200	200	
Woods Hole	600		
Sag Harbor		2,120	
Warren		1,700	
Greenport		4,000	
Cold Spring		2,960	
New London		4,400	42,000
	13,429	96,480	380,600

AVERAGE PRICES OF OIL AND BONE.

"	"	'58,	121	54	92 1-4 c.
"	"	'57,	128 1-3	73 1-4	96 3-4 c.
"	"	'56,	162	79 1-2	58
"	"	'55,	177 2-10c.	71 3-10c.	45 1-4 c.
"	"	'54,	148 3-4c.	58 5-8c.	39 1-5 c.
"	"	'53,	124 3-4c.	58 1-8c.	34 1-2 c.
"	"	'52,	123 3-4c.	68 1-6c.	50 3-4 c.
"	"	'51,	127 1-4c.	45 5-16c.	34 1-2 c.
"	"	'50,	120 7-10c.	49 1 10c,	34 4-10 c.
"	"	'49,	108 9-10c.	39 9-10c.	31 8-10 c.
"	"	'48,	100 1-2c.	36	36 7-8 c.
"	"	'47,	87 7-8c.	33 3-4c.	34
"	"	'46,	88	32 7-8c.	33 5-8 c.
"	"	'45,	90 1-2c.	36 1-2c.	40
"	"	'44,	63	34 1-2c.	35 3-4 c.
"	"	'43,	73	33 3-4c.	23 c.
"	"	'42,	94	31 3-4c.	19 2-3 c.
"	"	'41,	100	30 1-2c.	19

NORTH PACIFIC FISHERY

Table showing the number of ships engaged in the North Pacific Fishery for the last fifteen years, and the average quantity of oil taken

1843	108 ships	averaged	1,349 bbls—	146,800 bbls.
1844	170 ships	averaged	1,528 bbls—	259,070 bbls.
1845	163 ships	averaged	953 bbls—	250,600 bbls.
1846	292 ships	averaged	869 bbls—	253,800 bbls.
1847	177 ships	averaged	1,059 bbls—	187,443 bbls.
1848	159 ships	averaged	1,164 bbls—	185,256 bbls.
1849	155 ships	averaged	1,334 bbls—	206,850 bbls.
1850	144 ships	averaged	1,692 bbls—	243,648 bbls.
1851	138 ships	averaged	626 bbls—	86,360 bbls.
1852	278 ships	averaged	1,343 bbls—	373,450 bbls.
1853	238 ships	averaged	912 bbls—	218,135 bbls.
1854	232 ships	averaged	794 bbls—	184,063 bbls.
1855	217 ships	averaged	873 bbls—	189,579 bbls.
1856	178 ships	averaged	822 bbls—	146,410 bbls.
1857	143 ships	averaged	796½ bbls—	113,900 bbls.
1858	196 ships	averaged	620 bbls—	121,650 bbls.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

Of tonnage of vessels employed in the Whale Fishery January 1, 1859, and January 1, 1860, with a list of vessels added, withdrawn, and lost from the several ports, since January 1, 1859.

NEW BEDFORD.

January 1, 1859, 316 ships and barks, tonnage....107,931
Added.—Ships Harvest, 360, Japan, 487, barks Antelope, 340, Black Eagle, 311,....1,498
109,429

Deduct.—Withdrawn, sold, condemned and lost, ships Condor, 349, Barclay, 281, Amethyst, 359, Franklin, 333, Twilight, 386, Caroline, 364, Olympia 296, John & Edward, 318, Morea, 330, Cowper, 391, barks Dunbarton, 199, Osceola, 158, Sarah Sheaf, 402, Roscoe 2d, 235, Baltic, 395, Joseph Butler, 193, Ocean Wave, 380, Montezuma, 196, Wavelet, 300....5,865

Jan. 1. 1860, 301 ships and barks, tonnage....103,564

FAIRHAVEN.

Jan. 1. 1859, 45 ships and barks, 1 sch. tonnage....16,144
Added.—Brig Homer, 127, sch Emerald, 101....228
16,372

Deduct.—Sold, withdrawn, &c., ships South Seaman, 497, Samuel Robertson, 421, Japan, 487, barks Wolga, 285, Iowa, 265,....1,955

Jan. 1. 1860, 40 ships and barks, 1 brig and 2 sch, ton 14,417

WESTPORT.

Jan. 1. 1859, 18 barks, 2 brigs, tonnage....4,233
Jan. 1. 1860, same....

DARTMOUTH.

Jan. 1. 1859 1 ship and 2 barks, tonnage....2,807
Deduct.—Bark Brighton (condemned)....354

Jan 1. 1860. 1 ship and 8 barks, tonnage....2,453

MATTAPOISETT.

Jan. 1. 1859, 2 ships, 5 brigs and 1 sch. tonnage....3,654
Added.—Bark Ocean Rover,....314
3,968
Deduct.—Brig Elvira, (condemned)....131

Jan. 1. 1860, 2 ships, 12 barks, 4 brigs and 1 sch, ton, 3,837

SIPPICAN.

Jan. 1 1859, 1 brig and 5 schs., tonnage....698
Jan. 1. 1860, same....

WAREHAM.

Jan. 1. 1859, 1 ship, tonnage....374
Jan. 1. 1860, same....

SANDWICH.

Jan. 1. 1859. 1 bark, tonnage,....165
Jan. 1. 1860, same....

FALMOUTH.

Jan. 1. 1859, 2 ships and 1 bark, tonnage.... 1,106
Jan. 1. 1860, same....

HOLMES HOLE.

Jan. 1. 1859, 1 bark and 1 brig, tonnage....420
Jan. 1. 1860, same....

EDGARTOWN.

Deduct.—Lost, sold, withdrawn &c., ships John & Elizabeth, 296, Friends, 403, Corinthian, 505, Brooklyn, 360, Julius Cæsar, 347, Peruvian, 388, Charles Phelps, 362, barks Merrimac, 414, Zoe, 196, Iris, 245, Venice, 353, Architect, 400, schs R. B. Coleman, 115, Atlantic, 130, J. E. Comstock, 75....4,589

Jan. 1. 1860, 33 ships and barks, 10 brigs & schs. ton, 12,825

MYSTIC.

Jan. 1. 1859, 6 ships and bark, 2 schs, tonnage....2,237
Deduct.—Ship Meteor, (withdrawn,) 325, sch Frank, (lost) 200....525

Jan. 1. 1860, 5 ships and barks, 1 sch, tonnage....1,712

STONINGTON.

Jan. 1. 1859, 4 ships and barks, 1 sch, tonnage....1,537
Deduct.—Bark Eugene, (sold)....297

Jan. 1. 1860, 3 ships and barks, 1 sch, tonnage....1,240

SAG HARBOR.

Jan. 1. 1859, 16 ships and barks, 4 brigs & schs, ton, 5,956
Added.—Brig Myra....150
6,106

Deduct.—Ship William Tell, (lost) 370, bark Black Eagle, (sold) 311....681

Jan. 1. 1860, 15 ships and barks, 4 brigs, tonnage....5,425

GREENPORT

Jan. 1. 1859, 6 ships and barks, tonnage....1,657
Deduct.—Sold and condemned, barks Prudent, 298, Oregon, 224, Caroline, 252, Neva, 362....1,136

Jan. 1. 1860, 2 barks....521

COLD SPRING.

Jan. 1. 1859, 4 ships and barks, tonnage....1,606
Jan. 1. 1860, same....

RECAPITULATIVE TABLE.
VESSELS EMPLOYED IN THE WHALE FISHERY JANUARY 1, 1860.

	Ships & Barks.	Brigs	Schs.	Tonnage
New Bedford,	301	.		103,564
Fairhaven,	40	1	2	14,417
Westport,	18	2	.	4,233
Dartmouth,	9	.	.	2,453
Mattapoisett,	14	4	1	3,837
Sippican,	...	1	5	698
Wareham,	1	.	.	374
Dist. of N. Bedford.	383	8	8	129,576
New London,	33	3	7	12,825
Nantucket,	20	.	1	7,244
Edgartown,	16	.	2	5,696
Sag Harbor,	15	3	1	5,425
Warren,	10	.	1	3,286
Provincetown,	4	1	21	3,075
Mystic,	5	.	1	1,712
Cold Spring,	4	.	.	1,606
Stonington,	3	.	1	1,240
Falmouth,	3	.	.	1,106
Orleans,	.	2	1	638
Newport,	2	.	.	646
Beverly,	2	1	.	595
New Haven,	1	.	.	567
Greenport,	2	.	.	521
Fall River,	2	.	.	490
Holmes Hole,	1	1		420
Salem,	1	.	.	216
Sandwich,	1	.	.	165
Total, Jan. 1, 1859.	508	19	44	177,049

Showing a diminution of 53 ships and barks, and 1 schr, with an aggregate of 17,041 tons.

Of the above is owned in the States of

Massachusetts,	433	13	33	149,221
Connecticut,	42	3	9	16,344
New York,	21	3	1	7,552
Rhode Island;	12	.	1	3,932
Total	508	19	44	177,049

The number of vessels and amount of tonnage employed in the whale fishery, since 1844 have been as follows:

	Ships & Barks.	Brigs.	Schs.	Tonnage.
Jan. 1, 1860,	508	19	44	177,049
Jan. 1, 1859,	561	19	45	195,115
Jan. 1, 1858,	587	18	49	203,148
Jan. 1, 1857,	593	22	40	204,209
Jan. 1, 1856,	585	21	29	199,141
Jan. 1, 1855,	584	20	34	199,842
Jan. 1, 1854,	602	28	38	208,399
Jan. 1, 1853,	599	30	32	206,286
Jan. 1, 1852,	558	27	35	193,990
Jan. 1, 1851,	502	24	27	171,971
Jan. 1, 1850,	510	20	13	171,484
Jan. 1, 1849,	581	21	12	196,110
Jan. 1, 1848,	621	22	16	210,663
Jan. 1, 1847,	670	31	21	230,218
Jan. 1, 1846,	678	35	22	233,189
Jan. 1, 1845,	643	35	17	218,655
Jan. 1, 1844,	595	41	9	200,147

In the compilation of the foregoing tables we would return thanks to our friends abroad as well as at home, for the prompt manner in which they have responded to our calls for information.

SHIP OWNERS RESPONSIBLE FOR A CAPTAIN'S CRUELTY.—An important question has been settled by the trial of the case of Thomas Croucher vs Samuel Oakman and others, in the Superior Court, before Judge Vose. The defendants are the owners of the barque Le Roy. Plaintiff shipped as mate for a voyage to the West Indies, and alleges that while in that locality a difficulty occurred between him and the captain and he was put in irons, and that afterwards the captain went ashore, came back drunk, and deliberately took a gun and shot the plaintiff while he was sitting in irons in his state room.—Plaintiff was taken ashore and kept under medical attendance for six month, after which he managed to work enough to pay his doctors and those who took care of him, and his passage home. He now sues to recover the wages he would have earned but for the detention, and $119 50 necessarily paid out. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff of $468 44.

LIFE INSURANCE.—A singular case connected with the subject of life insurance has occurred in this vicinity the present week. A gentleman, forty-one years old, who generally enjoyed good health, had his life insured for two thousand dollars, several years ago, and has promptly paid the premium (about a dozen dollars,) until Monday last, when he gave notice that he did not think it worth while to continue the insurance the present year, his heal

LATEST ADVICES.

Liverpool	Dec. 25
Havre,	Dec. 23
Sandwich Islands,	Nov. 17
San Francisco	Dec. 20

NEW BEDFORD OIL MARKET,

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN 16.

SPERM.—The market is firm but without transactions. Sales in other places amount to 2215 bbls. as follows:—In Nantucket 1100 bbls. at a price not transpired; in Falmouth 600 bbls. at 141 cents; in Warren, 200 bbls. at 140 cents, and in Boston, 315 bbls. at 140 cents per gallon.

WHALE.—The market for Whale continues quiet. The sales since our last embrace 660 bbls. at 48 cents per gallon, and 200 bbls. in Fairhaven at 50 cents

The stock of Sperm Oil on hand the present time is 7.600 bbls,—4.800 in this City and Fairhaven, and the balance in other places.

MOVEMENT OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

TO SAIL.

ARABIA, from New York for Liverpool	Jan 18
NEW YORK, from New York for Bremen	Jan 21
HUNGARIAN, from New York for Liverpool	Jan 21
EUROPA, from Boston for Liverpool	Jan 25
CITY OF BALTIMORE. fm N. Y. for L'pool	Jan 28
JOHN BELL, from New York for Glasgow	Jan 28
TEUTONIA, from New York for Hamburg	Feb 1
HAMMONIA, from New York Hamburg	Feb 1
CIRCASSIAN, from New York for Galway	Feb 2
CITY OF MANCHESTER, fm N. Y for L'pool	Feb 4
FULTON, from New York for Havre	Feb 4

TO ARRIVE

NEW YORY, fm Southampton for N. York	Dec 28
HUNGARIAN, from Liverpool for Portland	Dec 28
JOHN BELL. from Glasgow for New York	Dec 28
EUROPA, from Liverpool for Boston	Dec 31
JURA, from Liverpool for New York	Dec 31
ANGLO SAXON, fm Liverpool for Portland	Jan 4
CITY OF BALTIMORE, fm L'pool for N. Y	Jan 4
CITY OF MANCH'TER. fm Glasgow for N. Y.	Jan 4
TEUTONIA, from Southampton for N. York	Jan 4
CIRCASSIAN, from Galway for New York	Jan 7
AFRICA, from Liverpool for New York	Jan 7
FULTON. from Southampton for N. York	Jan 11

DEWAR & GEHRICKE,

SHIPPING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Proprietors of the Pioneer Line of Packets to Victora, V. I., and Puget Sound.

Office and Wharf on East Street, between Commercial and Market Sts,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PARTICULAR attention paid to the recruiting and refitting Whaleships and the re-shipment of Oil, &c. Whalemen's drafts purchased and the highest premiums allowed. *Agency* for the sale of *Lumber*, Masts and Spars deliverable at the Saw Mill, Puget Sound. Cargoes contracted for at lowest rates in competition with shipments from any port of the world, orders from abroad solicited. jan3'60-1y

ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

THOMAS S. ROFF,

MERCHANT AND SHIPPING AGENT

BEGS to call the attention of Captains of Whaleships, who may touch at St. Helena to his establishment where there is kept an abundant supply of Naval Stores of every discription and of the best quality, which he will supply with despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

Bills of exchange negociated, all cash payments 5 per cent. No discount upon Bills.

jy26'59-1y THOMAS S. ROFE.

JAMES L. LEWIS. GEORGE W. NORTON.

NOTICE.

LEWIS & NORTON,

COOPERS AT HONOLULU,

SANDWICH ISSANDS.

WOULD take this opportunity to inform the Agents and Masters of ships that they are prepared to execute all orders in their line with dispatch, and at as reasonable rate as any coopers in the same line.

Old and New Casks constantly on hand.—Shooks and Casks taken on storage, and no charge made for storage when the shooks are set up in their shop, and if taken away a very small charge will be made

REFERENCES.

P. S. WILCOX, ESQ.,
D. C. WATERMAN, ESQ., } Honolulu.
THOS. SPENCER, ESQ.,
WM. J. NORTON, ESQ., New Bedford.

jy25'59-tf

P. K.

TO PERRY DAVIS & SON:—Dear Sirs—I feel happy to add one more testimonial of the value of your Pain Killer to the thousands sent you from nearly all parts of the world. On the 8th of this month I fell from a second story doorway to the pavements, striking on my feet, and bruising them severely; also straining the ligaments of the ankles. When carried home my feet were black and swollen, and the pain so intense as to cause fainting. I immediately applied your Pain Killer, and continued to do so at intervals of about ten minutes. The second day the appearance was a greenish yellow, with little or no pain, and to-day I can walk with ease to my store.—Yours Respectfully, I. SUGGITT, High street.

Providence, May 12th, 1857.

The stain on linen from the use of the Pain Killer is easily removed by washing it in alcohol.

Sold by druggists, grocers, and medicine dealers generally. jan3-2w

C. BREWER & CO.,

SHIP AGENTS

F. R. WHITWELL, JR.,

[SUCCESSOR TO J. H. BURGESS.]

Soap Manufacturer

148 Ray Street, New Bedford.

HAS on hand or makes to order all the different varieties of Family and Shipping Soap

No. 1 Soap,
Extra No. 1 Soap
Family "
Pale, "
Sented, "
Dark, "
Excelsior, "

Salt Water Soap,
Navy.
German Erasive Soap,
Sperm Oil "
Transparent, "
Fulling, "
Scouring, "

The above Goods will be offered to the trade on better terms than can be had in New York or Boston markets. d21

FARM LANDS FOR SALE, 25 MILES from Philadelphia by Railroad, in the State of New Jersey. Soil among the best for agricultural purposes, being a good loam soil, with a clay bottom. The land is a large tract divided into small farms, and hundreds from all parts of the country are now settling and building. The crops produced are large and can be seen growing.—The climate is delightful and secure from frosts. Terms from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years by installments. To visit the place leave Vine Street Wharf at Philadelphia at 7½ A. M., by Railroad for Hammonton, or address R. J. Byrnes by letter, Hammonton Post office, Atlantic County, New Jersey See full advertisement in another column. nov29-6m

BILLIARD HALL.

Over the Exchange Reading Room,

COR. NORTH SECOND AND WILLIAM STS

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

☞ This spacious Hall has been leased for a term of years by ANDREW J. DAM & DAVID SILVESTER, where all lovers of the healthy and pleasurable game of Billiards will find the best accommodations.

Three very superior Tables have been set up, and no pains have been spared in appropriately and conveniently arranging the room. Everything will be conducted with the strictest conformity to social proprieties; and with careful endeavors to minister to the wants of the patrons.

No boys will be admitted unless accompanied by their Parents or Guardians, or having written permission from the same.

The proprietors, thankful for past generous patronage, respectfully solicit its continuance in their New Room. ie7'59-tf

FISHER & BAKER,

MANUFACTURE AND HAVE REGULARLY FOR SALE

BAKER'S IMPERIAL CANDLES,

[Warranted to stand Tropical Climate, and wel calculated for ships use and supplies]

ALSO

MANUFACTURE SPERM, WHALE AND LARD OILS,

No. 50 South Water Street,

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

mch29 '59-tf

MACKIE & CUSHMAN,

Counsellors at Law and Proctors and in Admiralty,

No. 34 School Street, BOSTON,

AND

No. 88 Union Street, NEW BEDFORD,

ADAM MACKIE, AUSTIN S. CUSHMAN

Mr. Cushman is Commissioner of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.

☞ Prompt attention given to all maritim causes, and to whaling voyages in particular. mch29 '59-tf

NEW BEDFORD PRICES CURRENT

[Corrected to Tuesday Jan. 9 1859.]

CASKS—DUTY: 24 ⅌ cent. ad val.	
New Oil sap, per bbl	— — @ 1 42
New Oil, sap drawn	— — @ 1 50
New Oil, ground tier	— — @ 1 60
Old Oil ⅌ gal	— — @— 3
Shooks, new ⅌ bbl	— — @ 1 08
WHALING CRAFT—DUTY: 24 ⅌ cent. ad val.	
[Time or 10 ⅌ cent. off for cash.]	
Harpoons, one or two flue ⅌ piece	— — @— 80
Lances, common	— — @ 1 00
Lances, cast steel	— — @ 1 12
Spades, cutting	— — @ 1 50
Spades, head	— — @ 3 00
Spades, blubber-room	— — @ 2 00
Spades, boat thick and thin	1 33 @ 1 50
Boarding Knives	— — @ 2 00
Mincing Knives	— — @ 2 50
Blubber Forks steel	— — @ 1 25
Pikes, long and short	— 20 @— 75
Toggel Irons	— — @ 1 10
Tracy & Brand's Whaling Gun	45 — @50 —
Tracy & Brand's Bomb Lance	— — @ 3 50
FLOUR—New Bedford, extra and double extr ⅌ bbl	6 25 @ 7 25
New Bedford, Common	4 50 @ 5 75
Western, Common	5 — @ 6 50
Southern	5 — @ 7 00
COOPERS TOOLS—DUTY: 24 ⅌ cent. ad val	
Cast steel hammer, drivers, punches chisels, and sets, ⅌ lb	— — @— 35
Anvils	— — @— 20
Bung Borer	— — @ 3 00
Flagging Irons	— — @— 83
Coopers Axe	— — @ 3 00
Coopers Adze	— — @ 2 25
MINCING MACHINES—	
Hathaway's Patent	100 — @— —
IRON POLES—	
Oak and Hickory ⅌ 100	5 — @ 7 —
WHALEBOATS—	
Smooth built	— — @—
Clinker built	— — @— —
CORDAGE—DUTY: 19 ⅌ cent. ad val.	
New Bedford, Patent, Russia Hemp ⅌ lb	— — @— 11
New Bedford, Patent Manila	— — @— 10

"HOT—HOTTER—HOTTEST."

We have passed through these degrees of comparison during the summer now drawing to a close, and now, that the nights are lengthening and growing endurable, and our friend John Frost, Esq., may soon be expected to visit us, we look back to what we have endured, as the soldier who aided in the storm of the Mamelon and Malakoff looks back to those days of fire. We have reason to exult. We have passed through a furnace seven times heated, and have come out unscathed. Our brains were neither baked nor liquified, and we retain our full complement of legs and arms. Talk of the tropics! Why, noontide on the Alameda at Havana is nothing to what we have gloriously endured. St. Lawrence was broiled on a gridiron, but perished in the experiment. We were broiled figuratively on a gridiron, and have survived—that's the exact difference between a martyr and an editor. It was nice fun, though, writing editorials towards the last of July and the beginning of this month, with the thermometer at 95° in the shade, suggestive, certainly, of "earning your bread by the sweat of your brow;" but we did it. We have a faint recollection, one day, when we felt particularly spiteful, rather disgusted with the course of the weather, and voting the "procession of the equinoxes," or whatever else the scientific men term it, meaner than a fourth of July procession,—we recollect, we say, about that time, in a Mephistophelian mood, advising our readers to "keep cool." Ha! ha! we knew they couldn't do it; we knew it would only aggravate them and make them hotter; but we wanted everybody else to be as miserable as ourselves. We are afraid to say how many tumblers of soda we swallowed after the perpetration of that effusion. We well remember meditating a desertion of our post—even went so far as to write to the British admiralty to know about that expedition to the Arctic regions—"positively the very last" to be undertaken in search of the very last remains of Sir John Franklin. We hunted up a file of last winter's papers, and read about people freezing to death, and envied them the luxury of their fate. But we have grown calmer now. We are soon to pass the threshold of autumn, the most glorious season in the world in New England. We feel capable of prodigious pedestrian excursions, of gigantic literary labors, of anything and everything requiring nerve, and, once more, we are happy.

◆

BOSTON.—Statistics show that this city has maintained its reputation, during the present summer, as being the healthiest locality in the United States. This result is as much attributable to the strict sanitary measures observed by the city authorities as to natural advantages.

◆

HAY.—The hay crop this year equals in value that great staple in this country—cotton.

◆

THE HARVEST.—We have an abundant one, thank Providence, all over this prosperous land.

◆

SPLINTERS.

.... In England, a man named Dunn has been writing love-letters to the Princess Mary. A very troublesome dun!

.... Jenny Lind seems determined not to give the Parisians an opportunity of criticising her fine voice.

.... Dante's motto, "Leave all hope behind who enter here," ought to be inscribed on certain railway cars.

.... The church revenues in Mexico have been largely appropriated by the state. They used to be very large.

.... The new ballet of the "Corsair," now playing in London, is said to have been invented by the empress of France.

.... Palmer, the English poisoner, was said to have made an indirect confession of his guilt to the Suffolk jailer.

.... It is said that the attachés to the French embassy to St. Petersburg paid 50,000 francs apiece for the honor.

.... Two amateur fishermen at Long Branch lately caught 404 pounds of blue fish in two and a half hours.

.... The first Presbyterian church in this country was organized in Philadelphia in the year 1698.

.... Missionaries have lately been very successful among the Choctaws. There are 1494 Choctaw communicants.

.... The Virginia gold mines are said to be yielding very well. The Mitchell mine has been valued at $15,000.

.... The crops in Southern Russia are coming in well, but little grain will be exported thence this year.

.... In Santa Barbara, California, raising pears for the San Francisco market is a good business.

.... Emigration from China to California, checked for a season, has lately been resumed vigorously.

.... A movement is on foot to obtain by subscription an equestrian statue of Washington for Boston Common.

.... There are said to be 68,700 Mormons in this country, of whom 38,000 are in Utah.

... The Mount Vernon Street Church (Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk's) will re-open in September.

.... A great excitement was raised in Paris because the Empress Eugenie stooped to pick up a fan!

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been playing with the greatest success at the California theatres.

Pasturing in the Highways.

The grass which grows in the road on which a man's land lies, is as much his as the fruit or shade trees standing there. All the public owns in the highway is the right of passing over it; and even the town authorities can take no more of the earth from it or anything else, than is necessary for making the passages safe and convenient for travelers. Horses and cattle, therefore, that run at large and feed by the roadsides, are in fact, just as much taking what belongs to the person over whose land the road runs, as a man is stealing his property who should cut down and cart off the apple trees or shade trees that stand in front of his house. But this is a small item in the objections that lie against pasturing in the highways. It obliges every man to be at the expense of maintaining a high, strong fence, which he ought not to be required to keep for the sake of making a "long pasture" for his neighbors. In France there are no fences on the roads. All the fences there on any farms, are those around the pasture grounds. So in some other European nations. Indeed, we know some of our towns in Maine, where the citizens have voted not to allow cattle to run at large; and the law is so well observed, that whole farms go unfenced by the roadsides. This is a great saving, and one to which every farmer ought to be lawfully entitled. The law ought to be as good a protector of a man's rights as cedar posts or stone walls. Or if allowed to get their living for their horses, cattle, sheep and swine out of the highways, they are bound to keep a shepherd with them all the time, for really, in law, no man is obliged to keep a rod of fence between his cornfield and the road.

Remarks.—Friend Drew has graphically depicted some of the evils growing out of turning stock loose in the highways,—but the greatest among them all has not yet adverted to,—and that is the great danger of misunderstandings, quarrels and litigations, growing out of the forays which cattle make upon property where they do not belong.

Every man is bound by principles of morality and kindness to be a good neighbor, and when he permits his horses, cattle poultry, or dog, to endanger his property, or the persons of his family, he opens the way for harsh feelings, for quarrels, and perhaps for litigation which may be continued for several years, and which may end in such expenditures as to drive one or both from the possesion of the farm! We have known such instances.

It is scarcely less than a crime, then, for a farmer to allow any of his stock to trespass upon the property of another. Accidents will occur, where stock will break a fence and get out, but there are exceptions, and even if they do considerable damage the matter is easily overlooked.

We look upon that man as a bad neighbor, who permits his stock of any kind—and especially his dogs—to injure or give anxiety to those around him.—[New England Farmer.

Preaching.—The venerable Dr. Noyes of Hartford, Ct., once said, when commenting on that verse of St. Paul—" 'It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believed,' —Paul does not say by foolish preaching, for, if it had been by that, the world would have been saved long ago!"

Sleep.—Long sleep retards the vital movements; diminishes the circulation and the vivacity of the pulse; thickens the liquids of the body whose thinner parts are lost in internal secretion, and in perspiration. Long waking, on the other hand, enfeebles the functions of the brain, and the nervous and muscular systems in general.

SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Lift a bucket of water from the Mississippi River at New-Orleans, and ask yourself the question, "From whence it came?" and the answer may be, from the sandy deserts of New Mexico, from the pine hills of Carolina, from the rolling prairies of Nebraska, or from the cotton fields of Georgia; from the British possesions north of the 49th degree of latitude, separated by a thin ridge of ice-covered rocks, from streams that flow into the Arctic Ocean, or from bower of orange and magnolia that perfume the cane-fields of Louisiana; from the frozen lakes that gem the bosoms of Minnesota and Wisconsin, or from the sunny fountains that gush up from the flowery plains of Alabama and Tennessee; from the lake bound peninsula of Michigan; from the hill-sides of waving grain in Pennsylvania and New-York; from the tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland. It may be a part of those mighty volumes that roll their never-tiring waves through Iowa and Missouri, through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio; through Kentucky and Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas.

It is a part of the ten thousand little rills that come humming their way from that mountain range wherein arise the Columbia and the Colorado of the West, or of those from whence the Delaware and Susquehanna hastens away to meet the rising sun. In the spurs of the Alleghany it has saluted the springs of the Roanoke and the Saluda, and far beyond the black hills it has locked arms with the mighty Soskashawan as he hurried on his cheerless journey to Hudson's Bay. The springs of the Connewango listen to the roar of Niagara, and the fountains of the Platte overlook the craters of the extinct volcanos of Utah. It has fertilized a country greater than the empire of Alexander, and has carried a richer commerce than all the rivers tributary to Imperial Rome.

GRATITUDE TO GREAT MEN.

Carlyle says:—"The world, we fear, has ever shown but small favor to its teachers. Hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the cross, the poison-chalice, have in most times and countries been the market price it has offered for wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who came to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles belong to old days; but the world's martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languished in priestly dungeons; Tasso pined in the cell of a mad-house; Camoens died begging in the streets of Lisbon. 'So neglected,' 'so persecuted they the prophets,' not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been."

Beware of Him.—The Lawrence Sentinel says, beware of a rascal who is going about selling a tooth-wash. The article he sells is muriatic acid, and will utterly ruin your teeth. If he offers it to you, boot him.

Liberty.—The word liberty has been falsely used by persons, who, being degenerately profligate in private life and mischievous in public, had no hope left but in fomenting discord.

—*Tacitus.*

☞Elopments of married women are becoming every-day occurrences. The ladies seem to consider it one of their "rights."

The Power of Money.—"If I were worth a million of dollars," said one friend to another, the other day, "I'd throw that inkstand at your head." "If you were worth a million," was the reply, "you might, with my consent, throw inkstands at my head all day."

SURGICAL NOTES.

Dr. S. Kneeland, Jr., furnishes some novel facts, to the Boston Medical Journal, from the surgical records of the Massachusetts General Hospital. In ninety cases of amputation of the leg there were nineteen deaths, caused either by the severity of the accident, fracture of the skull, or other accompanying injury. Of fifty-eight cases of cancer on the lower lip, only five were in females; of 20 cases of cancer of the tongue, 5 were females. Their were eighty-six cases of hair-lip, of which twenty-nine were females. Thirty cases of suicidal wound of the throat are reported, of which only four were females, and only two of the cases proved fatal, at the end of five and six days. Dr. Kneeland says:—

"It is rare that the suicide effects his object in attempting to cut his throat; from ignorance of the situation of the vessels, the cut is generally made too high up and too much in front; by the time the skin is cut, the pain prevents the completion of the suicidal act—the trachea is cut, but the great vessels escape, as we see by the small proportion of deaths among the cases, only one in fifteen."

LIVING WITHOUT WATER.

"One day, before we reached the Orange river," says Anderson, in his Four Years' Wanderings in South Africa, 'we fell in with a krall of Hottentots, whom, to our surprise, we found living in a locality altogether destitute of water! The milk of their goats and cows supplied its place. Their cattle, moreover, never obtained water, but found a subtitute in a kind of ice plant (messembry anthemun) of an exceedingly succulent nature, which abounds in these regions. But our own oxen, not accustomed to such diet, would rarely or never touch it. Until I had acually convinced myself—as I had often the opportunity of doing in an after period—that men could live entirely without water, I should, perhaps, have had some difficulty in realizing this singular fact."

HABIT.

"I trust everything under God," said Lord Broughman, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the school-master, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reekless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most attrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or swearing."

Statistics of England.—Cultivated lands and all their appurtenances are estimated worth $10,-860,000,000. The whole property of the kingdom is estimated to be worth $22,235,000,000. It would take 200 years for California to produce, at $50,000,000 of gold a year, the value of the agriculture of England.

The Vicar of Bray.—The well known story of the Vicar of Bray, a village in the county of Berks, is to be found in "Fuller's Worthies." He lived under Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Mary and Elizabeth, and was first a Papist, then a Protestant; then a Papist, and finally a Protestant again. "He had seen," says the historian, "some martyrs burned, two miles off, at Windsor, and found the fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by some one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling; 'notso,' said he, 'for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die Vicar of Bray.' "

Gas—Its Nature and Consumption·

Gas is now an article which is used by a large number of our citizens, and as we are sometimes surprised at the amount of our monthly bill, it is necessary we should know something of its nature to be enabled to economise in its consumption and be better satisfied with our disbursements.

Illuminating gas is a compound of hydrogen and carbon. The hydrogen alone, although highly inflammable, would give no light; thus the gas owes its illuminating powers to the carbon. The hydrogen, when ignited, heats to an incandescent state the small particles of carbon with it. These particles of carbon in passing through the flame, form so many centres for the radiation of light—when the carbon reaches the top of the flame it combines with the atmosphere and passes off in the form of carbonic acid gas. If the carbon be in excess, a portion of it will pass off in smoke.

It is necessary to maintain at the works a higher pressure than the many consumers require, hence the very great necessity that each consumer should be careful to see that there is no greater pressure on their individual burners than is necessary to afford the required amount of gas. The pressure on gas pipes increases 1-10 inch in every 12 feet of altitude, and decreases in like ratio with the same number of feet of depression, so if there be 6 10 inch pressure in the cellar of a house, there will be 10-10 pressure on a burner 48 feet above.

There are a variety of burners, each claiming some peculiar merit. The fish-tail has a flat top with two apertures at the centre, the channels of which are inclined inward, so that both the currents of gas cross each other at the base, forming a flat flame. This burner is especially adapted to burn gas at a low pressure. The bat-wing burner usually has a round top with a narrow slit extending across the top, which also forms a flat flame. This burner is suitable for a high pressure. The light from this burner may be increased from 25 to 30 per cent. by placing a hood, peecisely like the burner in form, with a slit wider than the burner, over it. The increased quantity of light is produced by diminishing the velocity of the gas before it ignites, which, however, inclines the burner to smoke a little. All burners afford the maximum quantity of light, when adjusted at the point where if the velocity of the gas was checked any more, the light would smoke. A writer on this subject remarks:

"If we would have small gas bills, particular care should be used always to keep the light reduced when not in use, as a small fraction of gas close to you, gives a light equal to a common lamp, and is better than a large one near the ceiling, and less expensive.

In experimenting it has been found that with a small fish tail burning 5 1-2 feet per hour, gives the light of 9 1-2 lb. candles, while with a larger burner the same consumption per hour gave light equal to 16 1-2 lb. candles, and with a still larger burner, with a less consumption, 5 1-5 feet per hour gave a light equal to 23 3-4 lb. candles. This demonstrates conclusively that the larger the burner used, the greater the quantity of light produced in proportion to the gas consumed, provided proper attention is given to the amount of pressure.

Illuminating gas, when mixed with atmospheric air, is of a very explosive nature, and will explode with the force ef gunpowder when ignited. Different proportions from one part of gas to eight parts of air, to equal proportions of each form the explosive mixture. Therefore great caution should be taken not to allow a light to be used when there is a strong smell of gas in the room, but at once open the windows that it may escape.

The gas meter, whose correctnese we are so prone to doubt, has generally three dials enclosed with glass, each dial having one hand moved by machinery. The hands cannot be moved backwards or forwards except by passing the gaseous fluid through the drum of the meter, and then only in a forward direction. The dial on the right indicates hundreds of feet. When the hand on this dial has completed its circuit, making one thousand feet, the hand on the middle dial moves one figure, and indicates one thousand feet, and so with the other, when the hand on the middle dial has performed its round, ten thousand feet of gas has passed, and the dial on the left hand moves one figure, and so registering up to one hundred thousand feet, when it begins anew at 0. All this movement is beyond control of the consumer or the gas company, hence there can only be a mistake in reading off the meter, and much as this instrument is abused it is a faithful servant, demonstrating that if consumers would always attend the taking of the account themselves, they would not be so often led to eroneous conclusions by the mistake of those who take the state of the meter.

Experiments on the illuminating power of gas show that one thousand feet at $4 gives light equal to

	65 lb. sperm candles,	at 50c,	$32 50
Or	78 lb. mould	" at 20c.	15 60
Or	75 lb. star	" at 33c.	24 75
Or	8 gallons sperm oil at $2,		16 00

That much saving can be made by the economical use of gas, there is no doubt, but like all other interests it requires attention. And while upon this subject may we not indulge in a hope that the Company which is supplying our city will, before long, open their hearts and furnish gas at lower, yet

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THE MINISTER AND THE FIDDLE.

A RESPONSIBLE friend is the voucher for the truth of the following capital story:

Half a century ago, or less, the pious but somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A——, in the State of Steady Habits. The Doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation approved; nevertheless he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudices of some of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care.

In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the Doctor's and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend to her the usual "How d'ye do?" she began:

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a *fiddle;* all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle. A *fiddle!* O, dear, what is the world coming to, when ministers will do such things?"

"Who told you I had bought Enoch a fiddle?" inquired the Doctor.

"Who told me? Why everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, Doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin? What's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch," said the Doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument, than the lady exclaimed:

"La, now, there; why it is a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the Doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait until you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but then who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle! It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. La me, just to think how people will lie!"

Fattening Animals.

The following hints on the subject, from the Albany Cultivator will be found of interest:

Substances in which the nutriment is much concentrated should be fed with care. There is danger especially when the animal is first put to feed, that more may be eaten at once than the digestive organs can manage. Meal of indian corn is highly nutritive. and when properly fed, causes animals to fatten faster than almost any other food. They will not, however, bear to be kept exclusively on this article for any length of time. Meal made from the heaviest varieties of corn, especially that grown in the northern and eastern States, is quite too strong for cattle, sheep, or horses to be full-fed upon. Hence one of the advantages of having the cob ground with the corn, by which the nutriment is diffused through a greater bulk, lays lighter on the stomach, and is more thoroughly digested.—The effect of pure corn meal on animals we suppose to be similar to that sometimes produced on our own species by the use of fine wheaten flour the subject becomes *dyspeptic,* and is forced to use bread with the bran mixed with the flour. The mixture of the cob with the corn answers the purpose of bran—the health of the animal is preserved, and the process of digestion goes on uninterruptedly. In fact, the advantage of grinding the cob and corn together for feeding cattle may be said to be well established. For hogs, the benefit of the cob is not, we think, so evident; those animals appearing to be better adapted to taking their nourishment in a concentrated form than those which ruminate or chew their cud. Yet food sufficiently bulky to effect the distention of the bowels is necessary for hogs.

Hay or straw cut into lengths so short as to be readily mixed with meal, answers a good purpose in rendering the meal easy of digestion, and in enabling the animal to extract the nutriment from it.

The conclusion arrived at from the result of a series of experiments, instituted by the Highland Society of Scotland, a few years ago, was, that the superiority of cooked over uncooked food for cattle is but trifling, and not sufficient to balance the cost; but for hogs, the extra cost of preparation was repaid.

The appetite and health of the animals are prompted by giving a variety of food. This fact has led to the preparations for fattening stock. For fattening hogs we have used, with advantage, the following mixtures:—1. Two parts potatoes and two parts pumpkins; boil together until they are easly mashed fine, then add one part meal, stirring and mixing intimately together. The heat of the potatoes and pumpkins will scald or cook the meal, and when cold, the mixture will be stiff pudding. 2. Two parts of potatoes and two of ripe paltable apples (either from corn barley, or oats and peas, allowing the same weights,) and mix together while the potatoes and apples are hot.

Hogs are more fond of food when it is slightly fermented (hot becoming pungently sour,) and they appear to fatten faster if it is given to them in this state. We have never seen hogs thrive faster than when fed on these mixures, with occasionally a little dairy slop and we have always found the pork solid and of good quality."

A NIGHT ON THE LAGOON.

The Colonel's Story.—Florida —The Lagoon.—The Raft. — An Ugly Customer. — A Cold Bath.— A Dead Shot. — Alligators' Nests.—Young Alligators.—Desperate Fight.—A Hungry Time.—A Good Dinner.—A Happy Expedient.—Escape.

"I am going to tell you an alligator story," said Colonel Johnson.

"Good !" I replied ; "I was on the point of asking you if you ever had any experience with alligators."

"I have had a pretty severe experience."

I had long desired to encounter an alligator—not one of your two-and-sixpenny alligators, but a good sized one ; and the next thing to realizing my wishes was to meet a man who had stood face to face with a genuine monster of the lagoon.

"When I was a young man," the Colonel began, "and Florida was scarcely settled at all, I had occasion to explore the territory in the service of the Government. Our party consisted of ten men. One day, when the labors of the expedition were suspended by the illness of our principal surveyor, I wandered away from the camp.

"In the midst of one of the lagoons which so abound in Florida, there was a small island, apparently containing not more than half an acre of ground. It was densely wooded in the middle, though a margin of a rod or more of sandy beach surrounded it. On the banks of this island I saw several mounds which attracted my attention. I didn't know what they were, and I was very desirious of making an examination."

"Were there any alligators in sight?" I asked.

"Lots of them ; regular varmints. I wanted to get on that island, but I was at least several miles from the camp, where we had a couple of light skiffs. How should I do it, was the question. Somehow, I don't like to give up anything, when I get started."

"That's a fact !" ejaculated Ben. "Maybe you swam over, Colonel?"

"No, I didn't. Why, bless you, Ben, the water was black with alligators—none of your lizards ; but regular sixteen footers, that would open their mouths wide enough to take in a wagon and six horses."

"Whew !"

"Call it four horses, then," said the Colonel with a smile.

"Don't doubt it, Colonel," added Ben, as he filled his cup with water of life from the jug, which he had placed at a convenient distance from him.

"I won't take off another horse, Doctor," added our leader, laughing. "At any rate, one of them would have made mince-meat of me. But I was bound to get on that island somehow, and I did, though I came within twenty-one of paying pretty dear for my folly, for it was folly, Ben, and I was a fool then—a greater a fool than I am now.

"So I cast about me for the means of accomplishing my purpose. Luckily my ingenuity enabled me to devise a plan, or I believe I should have saddled one of the big alligators and made him carry me over."

"Wish you had, Colonel. It would have made a better story of it," said Ben, who was beginning in some slight degree to feel the effect of the rum he had drank.

"The story is good enough as it is, Ben."

"Don't interrupt him. Go ahead, Colonel ; I want to know about those mounds."

"I suppose you do ; you nateral hist'ry chaps, have a queer curiosity—give up a buffalo hunt to look after prairie dogs ! All along the shore of the lagoon there were bits of logs, which had been washed down from the everglades. Well, I went to work, and dragged together a lot of these logs, and made a raft of them. It was a ticklish concern, though, for I had nothing to fasten the parts together with, and I should not have wished to have gone out of sight of land on it.

"It didn't want more than two hours of sundown when I got ready to undertake my voyage ; but it was no use to think of backing out, and with a pole I found, I pushed off, and worked my skittish craft over to the island, which was about about quarter of a mile off. I was over an hour on the way ; but when I got within about three rods of the shore, a thunderin' great alligator darted out towards me, and hit the raft a slap with his tail.

"Maybe, Doctor, you don't know what it is to get a slap from the tail of an alligator. Well, no two of my logs held together after that rap, and I wasn't nowhere."

"How big was the critter, Colonel?" asked Ben, whose gaze began to be a little unsteady. "About thirty-five or forty foot, say?"

"Oh, no, Ben ; not as bad as that. I never yet saw an alligator that would measure twenty foot. This one was fifteen or sixteen foot long, I should think ; I didn't measure him."

"You were knocked into the water, Colonel?" I suggested.

"Just so—I was in the water. When I saw I was in for it, I grabbed my double-barrelled rifle and held it up out of water, supporting myself on a log. But the varmint wan't satisfied with the mischief he had done, and the next minute I saw him making at me like a streak of chain lightnin' down a cotton-wood.

"I didn't know what to do, so I did nothin', and took things as they come. The rascal was so thunderin' mad, he didn't make good calculations."

"He never does," I remarked. "The alligator has a very small brain, and displays very little intelligence—so natural history tells us."

"That's a fact ; but when the varmint knows enough to swing his tail and work that thunderin' ugly jaw of his, it don't make so much difference about his brains. When I saw the critter scoot at me, I just wiggled the log a little, and drove one end of it right down his throat. That was a bad move for him, and a good one for me, for the alligator pushed me straight on the shore, for which I was very much obliged to him.

"When I found myself on dry land, I turned my attention to punishing the varmint for his insolence. He didn't make me wait long for a chance, for he crawled out of the water after me ; but he is a clumsy critter on the land, and I didn't fear him there. He wallowed along after me, while I was getting my rifle ready to give him a bullet. Now, you know, it's no use to shoot an alligator unless you can hit him in the eye, or right under the fore shoulder, where the skin is soft. The hide is just like a slated roof on a house. I got my aim all right, and let him *have.*"

"And you fotched him, of course," hiccoughed Ben.

"I did ; he was struck at the heart, keeled over, and died like a martyr. 'All right,' says I to myself, and turned then to look out for the pieces of my raft. But the logs had all floated out of my reach, and I had a very fine prospect of spending the night on the island ; and after that, of being bit in two by an alligator, or starving to death where I was.

"Things didn't look pleasant at all, and being only a boy then, I was a little trifle uneasy about my situation. The rest of our party were as much as seven miles distant, and it wan't at all likely that any human critter had ever set foot on the island before, or would be likely to for the next hundred years, to say the least.

"What to do, I did'nt know. It seemed to me just as though I had got to die there ; but I determined to make the best of it. I walked along the beach, till I came to one of the mounds."

"Yes, the mounds, Colonel," I added ; for I was curious, as an indifferent student in natural history, for anything in relation to my favorite science.

"I didn't know what to make of them. They were about four foot high, and made out of mud and grass. I got a stick from the bushes, and went to poking them. Knocking the mud and stuff off of the top of the heap, I found it was full of eggs, about as big as those of a goose."

"How many were there, Colonel?"

"I didn't count 'em."

"You didn't! That was a great mistake of yours."

"I had something else to think about. Besides, I never went into nateral history. I should rather guess there were over a hundred of them. For the want of something better to do, I poked the thing all to pieces."

"What sort of a critter was it that laid a hundred eggs?" inquired Ben.

"An alligator. This was his nest, or rather his hatchin' machine."

"Don't the critter set on 'em?"

"That's more than I know."

"No ; the eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun, and that of the covering placed over them," I added.

"That's mighty queer."

"When I had knocked the nest all to pieces, I was a little curious to know what was in the eggs ; so I smashed one, and there was a little alligator, almost ready to see daylight. Round on the other side of the island, I found a nest, where the young critters were just coming out."

"Where was the mother, Colonel? It is said she watches them very faithfully."

"She wan't far off. For just as I had finished breaking up the nest, she appeared, and made a dive at me, and I gave her the bullet from my other barrel. I left her there to die, and crossed the island through the vines and water oaks, to where the young alligators were coming out of the shells. The she-critter looked thunderin savage when she saw me, and I backed up to a tree, so as to see what was going on. The little cusses had just begun to find out where they were, and were yelping and barking like so many young puppies. The mother hadn't more than got 'em all drummed together, before a big alligator—I rather guess it was a he-critter—landed on the shore and waddled up to the spot. The she-critter didn't seem to like the visit very much.

"Thinks I to myself, I will load up again ; and while I was doing so, keeping one eye on the varmints, the he-one snapped up a couple of the brood and swallowed 'em. This seemed to me to be mighty unmannerly, and I didn't blame the she-critter for pitching into him, like a thousand of bricks. She had the real grit ; and it would done you good to see the critters fight it out. They bit and kicked, scratched and roared. If you had been there, Doctor, I would have bet a ten spot with you on the she-critter ; and, what is more, I should have taken it, for the she-one was too much for the other ; and after a pretty sharp fight, he sneaked off.

"The sun had now gone down, and pretty soon it was as dark as midnight. You ought to have heard them critters roar round me that night ! The very earth seemed to shake under me. And such a smell, Doctor ! Maybe you never smelt an alligator? Well, I don't want to be impolite, so the less I say about that matter the better. I never smelt nothing like it, except a New-York dandy, with a whole perfume shop spilt over him.

"I was tired as a dog, and I didn't exactly like to go to sleep there among the alligators ; but after a while, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I went farther from the shore and climbed up into a tree, and kind o' hooked myself into the limbs. I went to sleep there, but it wasn't a very soft bed, and I was rather restless. Once I dreamed I fell out of bed, and waked up with a groan ; but I found myself all right, changed my position, and went to sleep again. It was a thunderin' long night, though, and I was glad to see the first streak of daylight. I came down from the tree then, found a soft place on the ground, and tried to make up for lost time. After sleeping about three hours in this position, I waked up, thinking it was about breakfast time. Then the pinch came. I hadn't eaten anything since noon the day before, and I was pretty sharp set. There were plenty of alligators' eggs on the island, but

I wan't quite hungry enough to eat them."

"Ugh!" I exclaimed.

"That's just the way I felt—I couldn't eat 'em. But there were plenty of birds flying about, though just then they didn't come near the island. After I had waited till my patience was exhausted, a flock of half-a-dozen ducks lit near the water. I fired one barrel, and killed one of them, and took another as they rose."

"What kind of ducks were they, Colonel?"

"That's more than I know. They smelt strong of musk, and I concluded they had been feeding on alligators' eggs; but I never saw any such ducks before or since."

"They were Muscovy ducks—very seldom seen in this country. They belong to South America and the West Indies."

"Very likely; but I made a fire on the beach and roasted them both. I had a little paper of salt in my pocket, which I had used for my lunch of cold fowl the day before; and I relished my dinner that day full as much as I did our dish of Buffalo hump. After I had eaten all I could, and put the balance in my game-bag for my supper, I began to think how I should get out of that confounded scrape. There seemed to be no chance for me, except to swim over to the shore. It was no use to think of that, for the alligators would snap at any moving thing in the water, as quick as they saw it. It was no kind of use to think of fighting them in the water. I didn't care a shaving for them on shore. There was nothing on the island to make a raft of, though I remembered to have seen a single rotten log, about a foot through, in the bushes. As this log came into my mind, I started for the spot where I had seen it. It was about thirty feet long, and much decayed. Now, thinks I to myself, if I can only make two pieces of this log, my deliverance is at hand. I couldn't cut it in two with a hunting-knife in six months, and there I was. Now, Doctor, I *did* get that log into two pieces. How do you suppose I did it?"

"I can't imagine."

"I scratched a hole in the ground under it, and made a fire there. In a word, I burned it in two, though it took me till night to finish it. I had to keep watch of it all the time, to prevent the whole log from burning up. I had to sleep one more night on the island, and in the morning I rolled the logs down to the water and lashed them together with vines, making quite a comfortable raft.

"If it hadn't been for the cussed alligators, I should have had nothing to fear: but one slap from the tail of one of the critters would be likely to send me where alligators don't go. After loading my rifle carefully, I embarked, and, with a sapling I had cut, pushed towards the opposite shore. When I was about half way over, I saw a big alligator coming at me full tilt. I dropped my pole and waited till he came within three rods, and then let him have it. It was the best shot I ever made in my life, for the varmint scarcely kicked after I fired. I lost no time, and pushed on for the shore. I reached it, though there were half-a-dozen of the critters aiming for me.

"I felt at home once more, and made for the camp. My companions had searched for me all the preceding day, and had given me up for dead. When I got in, I found our surveyor was dead, and we had to give up the expedition and return to St. Augustine."

"I like your story, Colonel; but I had no idea the alligator would attack a man."

"Yes, they will, where they run wild. They will pitch into a boat, or anything they see. But the critters round the Mississippi are as harmless as mud-turtles."

Ben was fast asleep. He had been too far gone to hear the last of the story, and he was permitted to snooze off his debauch. The next day we returned to our camp on the Republican Fork. But the country to the south was so much more inviting, that we changed our course, and proceeded towards the Arkansas River. We crossed the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kanzas, and as we were advancing, found ourselves suddenly surrounded by hostile Indians; but this adventure

is reserved for another sketch.

Help the poor! they need assistance!
Pass them not unheeded by—
Exercise a strong resistance
'Gainst thy useless vanity,
And by acts of moral beauty
'Mong the lowly do your duty.

What are satins?—what are tatters?
They but indicate the clan;
Fashion's raiment only flatters
Outward show, and not the man.
Rags are eloquent revealings
Of the crushed heart's bitter feelings.

What is life that we so lightly
Should consider grief and pain?
Though for us all things shine brightly,
And there's fortune in our train,
Yet the hearts that we have slighted
Have by sorrow's frost been blighted.

Scoff not at the suff'ring lowly
Rather love them more and more,
Let us set examples holy,
If we w[illegible] their joy restore;
And our hallowing behaviour
Will be treasured by the Saviour.

Help the poor!—the weak and stricken—
While they struggle with their fate—
While their heavy sorrows thicken—
Help them ere it be too late;
While their hot tears upward bubble
Let us take them out of trouble.

God of mercy—oh, have pity
On the bleeding hearts around!
On the hearts that in this city
Stung with misery are found.
Look thou down upon the humble,
They who in the darkness stumble.

Help the poor! O, show them kindness;
They have hearts to feel and know
That there is too much of blindness
In the eyes of men below—
And by acts of moral beauty
Let us ever do our duty.

sortment.

HORSE FLESH.

The consumption of horse flesh in Europe is extensive. The Paris correspondent of the New-York Times says:—

"I have already mentioned the efforts which were making by scientific men in Paris to induce the municipal authorities to legalize the sale of horse meat. Several *savans*, but particularly M. Isidore Geoffrey St. Hilarie, and M. Renault, Director of the State Veterinary Hospital at Alfort, take the lead in this effort. The discussions and the experiments made within six months establish to the satisfaction of all who have given attention to the subject that the alimentary qualities of the meat of the horse repose on proofs no longer subject to doubt. M. St. Hilaire has lately published a work, in which he exposes the present state of the question, and defends it in the economical point of view. As to the question of the salubrity of horse meat, and its fitness to be eaten by man, there can be no dispute, since from the remotest period it has been used in besieged places, and under other circumstances, where no other food was attainable with safety and advantage. The only difficulty to overcome is that of prejudice.

"M. St. Hilaire declares that at this moment, 'the meat of the horse is habitually served out under the name of beef, or as venison, in the restaurants—sometimes of the first class—without a doubt on the part of the consumers, of the fraud that is practised upon them. He proposes, of course, the use only of horses that may have met with accidents which render their killing necessary. Of these alone, millions of pounds of valuable meat are lost annually to France. In almost all the German States, the sale of horse meat, under strict police regulations, has been authorized. In Brussels, the same authority has been granted, and two shops deal out each from four to six horses weekly, at prices much below that of beef. Horses from sixteen to twenty-four years of age are killed, and found to furnish a good and savory meat. So that the question of economy in dense and poor populations is settled. France held out a long while against potatoes, and now what a blessing to the poor is this plant! So, too, of maize, which is now, with new modes of grinding, coming into more general use in this country. The prejudice against horse meat will meet the same destiny."

☞The present Czar of Russia has constituted the Bible Society which was suspended during his father's reign, making it a donation of 25,000 roubles, about $20.000, and promising it an annual subscription of 10,008 roubles. There is a new edition of thirty thousand of the New Testament in Finnish and Esthonian, and many religious books and tracts are circulated.

☞The official list of passengers on board burnt Austria shows that 456 lives were lost, 88 saved.

CHAPTER I.

Oh you that have the charge of love
Keep him in rosy bondage bound
As in the fields of Bliss above
He sits with flowerets fettered round—
Loose not a tie that round him clings
Nor even let him use his wings
For even an hour, a minutes' flight
Will rob the plumes of half their lights.

MOORE.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BYLES.

A correspondent of the Transcript tells the following anecdote of the noted Dr. Byles:—

His grandson, named Samuel, lived, when a boy, in the neighborhood of the doctor at the south part of the city. As was the custom of the times, almost every dwelling had attached to it a garden abounding in fruit trees; and the father of Samuel, besides being blessed in this manner, had a tree which had acquired a habit of producing pears of a taste and flavor particularly agreeable to every one, and to none more so, than the reverend neighbor of the family.

It was the practice of the owner of the tree to annually present a basket of the fruit to the doctor, and on one occasion, Samuel was the messenger. The fruit was received, and the good pastor, after some commonplace remarks and inquiries about the health of the folks at home, inquired, in sweetest accents, "If Sammy had a pocket-book?" The answer was, "No, sir." "I am sorry," was the reply, "that you haven't one, as I was about to give you a ninepence to put into it."

The next year when a renewal of the neighborly kindness was in contemplation, Samuel asked to have a pocket-book to carry with him.

The present was received by the doctor with his usual winning smile, and the question was renewed—"Sammy, have you a pocket-book?" The boy's eyes brightened at the prospect of the receipt of the long-expected ninepence; and he quickly answered—"Yes, sir, I have."

"Well, I am glad to hear it," was the answer, "for if you hadn't, I was about to give you a ninepence to buy one with."

VALUE OF SLEEP.

Dr. Alexander was often heard to say in substance as follows:—"Clergymen, authors, teachers, and other men of reflective habits, lose much health by losing sleep, and this because they carry their trains of thoughs to bed with them. In my earlier years I greatly injured my health by studying my sermons in bed. The best thing one can do, is to take care of the last half-hour before retiring. Devotion being ended, something may be done to quiet the strings of the harp, which otherwise would go on to vibrate. Let me commend to you this maxim, which I somewhere learned from Dr. Watts, who says that in his boyhood he received it from the lips of Dr. John Owen—a very good pedigree for a maxim:—'Break the chain of thoughts at bed-time by something at once serious and agreeable.' By all means break the continuity, or sleep will be vexed, even if not driven away. If you wish to know my method, it is to turn over the pages of my English Bible, alighting on a passage here, and a passage there, backward and forward without plan and without allowing my mind to fasten on any, leaving any place the moment it ceases to interest me. Some tranquilizing word often becomes a divine message of peace, 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

"THE IGNO-RAW-MUS PARTY."

A good one is told of Mr. Fillmore in Europe, which will do, though the election is over. The best thing about it is its authenticity, for the fact was recently related by a gentleman in this city, who was an eye witness. Mr. Fillmore, just previous to his return home, was at a dinner-party. Another honored guest was a gouty old English lord, who in the course of the conversation inquired of Mr. Fillmore:—

"Eh, sir, what is this new party in your country, so called the *Igno-raw-mus* party?"

[Written for the True Flag.]

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND:
OR, THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY CARL CANTAB.

William Gaspar was one of that numerous class who are honest, not on principle, but because law and a regard to expediency recommend it. Every one knows, however, that it is quite possible that opportunities may occur in the life of every man for defrauding others without rendering himself liable.

Such an opportunity came to William Gaspar. To explain how this happened, we must cast a glance backward.

William and his brother Edward, two years younger, had been brought up by an uncle, well to do in the world, who, on their respectively reaching their majority, had started them both in business.

Edward was very different from his brother. While the latter was shrewd, cautious and calculating, not to say grasping and avaricious, the former was open and generous, social and a general favorite.

These qualities, amiable enough in themselves, retarded his worldly success, and led to some youthful indiscretions, though nothing criminal, which alienated his uncle for a time, and induced him to draw up a will, bequeathing his whole property to William, instead of dividing it equally between the two, as he had intended.

Edward soon saw the error of his course, and succeeded in regaining his uncle's favor. Still the will remained as before. The old gentleman had fully decided to alter it, but yielding to his habit of procrastination, he kept delaying to do so till it was too late. He was finally siezed with an attack of paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his arms, and in a few hours brought him to the grave. During this time, however, he found speech to say to William, (both brothers standing at the bedside:)

“I fully intended to alter my will, so that Edward should share equally with yourself in my property, but it is too late now—I am too weak. I rely upon you to see my intentions carried out.”

“Do not feel at all troubled,” said William. “You may fully depend upon my doing what is right.”

The old gentleman soon after died, and nothing more was said about business till the will was read.

The uncle's property consisted of his house and furniture, and ten thousand dollars in money —the house might be worth two thousand dollars. The furniture was old-fashioned, and worth little.

On the same day that the will was read, William said to his brother:—

“Edward, I promised my uncle to do what was right by you, though of course, the property is mine, unconditionally, so that I am not obliged to do so. I will tell you what I propose: I will make over to you my uncle's house and furniture for your share.”

“But,” said Edward, in dismay, “that is only one-fifth of the whole.”

“More than that; but even if it were only that, what then? Am I compelled to give you anything?”

“Not by law, certainly; but you know my uncle declared on his death-bed, that he intended we should share the property equally. You surely have not forgotten.”

“If he intended it, he ought to have made a will to that effect.”

“But you know procrastination was the only reason for his not doing so.”

“Am I to blame for that?”

“No; but at least, you can abstain from taking advantage of it.”

“Which I don't choose to do. The whole is mine, as it stands. I consider that I am acting a generous part in making over to you the house and furniture.”

“While you retain the lion's share,” added Edward, bitterly.

“Well, do you accept it?”

“I have no alternative. I feel that I am your power.”

“Very well, then. I have had the papers already drawn up, conveying the property to you. Here they are.”

Edward took them, and went away with a bitter feeling of injury in his heart. In his disappointment, he called on Squire Homans, an influential person in the village, and a near friend of his deceased uncle. To him he detailed his brother's conduct in relation to the division of the property.

“Did he understand your uncle's intentions in the matter?” inquired the Squire.

“Fully. He admits that he did, but alleges that he is not bound by law to give me anything; and even—if you can conceive of it—makes a generous act of the paltry fifth which he does actually surrender.”

“Why, this is infamous—thoroughly dishonorable,” said the old gentleman, striking his cane upon the floor with emphasis. “I could not have conceived your brother capable of such flagrant violation of justice, not to speak of the known wishes of the dead.”

“Nor could I; nor, I am sure, my uncle, otherwise he would have guarded against the possibility of it. But my brother is fond of money —that he always has been—and has not moral principle enough to resist the temptation which now assails him, especially since the law cannot touch him.”

“It is clear, then,” said Squire Homans, thoughtfully, “that there is no redress to be obtained from the law.”

“Nor from my brother's relenting,” added Edward, bitterly. “Having once got hold of the money, there is no chance of his releasing it. There is no remedy but to submit, I suppose.”

“Not so fast, my young friend; possibly there may be. If approached in a direct way it is very clear that there is nothing to be obtained from your brother. But where justice is to be had in no other way, we must resort to stratagem.”

“Stratagem! How?” asked Edward, in surprise.

“That I do not know, just at present. I mean, however, that your brother may be deceived into yielding.”

Edward shook his head.

“I am afraid, sir,” he said, “that there is not much chance of that.”

“Because you don't take time to think. Now I am older and better versed in the ways of the world than you are, and I think there is a chance.”

“My brother is too shrewd to be entrapped.”

“Perhaps so, but I am willing to wager my shrewdness against his. Besides, I have thought of something.”

“What is it?” inquired Edward, eagerly.

The old gentleman communicated his plan to Edward. The latter could not help acknowledging that it was plausible, and might accomplish the object in view.

What it was, the reader will learn from the course of the story.

William Gaspar was sitting in his office, plunged in a pleasing reverie in regard to his recent large accession of fortune, when, through the window, he saw the still vigorous form of Squire Homans, advancing up the pathway.

“What can he want?” thought William, in some surprise. “Good morning, Squire Homans,” he said, immediately afterwards. “Take a chair, sir. Can I serve you in any way this morning?”

“I wish to inquire,” said the visitor, seating himself, “whether you have yet disposed of your uncle's house and furniture. If not, I should be glad to purchase them.”

“Eh?” thought William, pricking up his ears. “Here may be a chance for a speculation; I can get it off my brother's hands cheap, and then sell it for an advance. Why,” said he, hesitatingly, “I have not yet disposed of it. What would you be willing to give?”

“As to that,” said the Squire, warily, “I might be willing to give four thousand dollars.”

William Gaspar endeavored not to look astonished, though he could not help feeling so, for the sum offered was at least fifteen hundred dollars more than the house with all it contained was worth.

“Four thousand dollars,” he echoed.

“Yes,” added the Squire; “but, mark you, on the condition that things are left precisely as they are — that — that there is no rummaging the house.”

“Eh!” said William, with sudden suspicion, “what for?”

“Why,” said the visitor, evasively, “you know I was an old an intimate friend of your uncle, and out of regard for his memory, I should like to have things remain as they were.”

“Tell that to the marines,” thought William, shrewdly. “As if a man would pay fifteen hundred dollars outright from mere motives of friendship. I wouldn't do it (this was true enough) and nobody else that wasn't a born fool. No, no, there is some mystery here. I'll find it out, if possible. That is a generous offer,” said he, aloud; “but I don't know that I care to dispose of the house—at least, at that price. I, also, would like to keep it for my uncle's sake.”

“Consummate hypocrite!” thought the Squire, though he did not say it. “Then you won't sell?” he asked, in a tone of the deepest anxiety.

“Why,” answered William, warily, “I didn't say that. I might, if it were worth my while.”

“Suppose I offer five thousand dollars?” urged the Squire.

“The plot thickens,” thought William; “what can he want of it? A thought strikes me! I have heard stories of my uncle's concealing money about the house. I know he had at one time seven or eight thousand dollars hidden somewhere, being afraid of confiding all to the banks. By Jove! that's the secret of it. I'll see how far the old fellow will go.”

“What do you say to five thousand?” again asked the Squire.

“I say this, that if it is worth that to you, it is to me.”

“I am induced by my friendship for your uncle.”

“And I by my attachment to his memory.”

“Name your price, then.”

“Eight thousand dollars.”

“That is enormous!”

“It is more than it is worth, I know; but the associations have some weight.”

“Can you make out the papers to-night?” asked the Squire.

William deliberated. He feared that if he let the Squire go, he might learn that the house now belonged to Edward. The first thing to be done was to buy it back. Then he could either sell it, or search it himself for the money he was now confident it contained.

“I think I can, if you will excuse my absence for an hour, and in the meantime remain here in the office—I don't like to leave it unguarded.”

“I will do so with pleasure.”

William Gaspar put on his coat, and sought his brother's house. The latter was expecting a visit. He received William coldly.

“Edward,” said his brother, with feigned cordiality, “I think, perhaps, I have not dealt with you generously enough.”

Edward remained silent.

“And therefore I will offer you, instead of my uncle's house and furniture, three thousand dollars, which you know is more than it is worth.”

“Perhaps so. But do you call that justice? It will leave you seven thousand besides the house.”

“I want to deal fairly by you. I will give you three thousand, five hundred. What do you say?”

“That it is enough for the house, but not enough for my share.”

“Come,” said William, “don't be unreasonable. I will give you four thousand, and complete the bargain on the spot."

"That would give me a third of the whole only."

"But you cannot expect me to share equally. Consider how good an offer I am making you already."

"If you wish to satisfy me, there is only one way to do it."

"How is that?"

"Take back the house and furniture, and give me six thousand dollars."

"You are not in earnest?"

"I am, thoroughly so. I shall part with the house on no other conditions. Perhaps you had better wait, and we will talk about it to-morrow."

"By that time the Squire will be at him," thought William. "I think I'll venture the six thousand. The Squire has offered eight, and if I keep it myself I may find it even better worth my while."

"Well, Edward," said he, "great as is the sacrifice, I make it. I shouldn't want to have it thought that I had disregarded my uncle's intentions."

"Thank you, William. I suppose to-morrow will be soon enough for the transfer."

"Better to-night. The sooner justice is done, the better."

Accordingly witnesses were called, and the writings made out. At the end of an hour, William returned to his office.

"Are you ready to proceed to the transfer?" asked the Squire, eagerly.

"Why," said William, "I should prefer on some accounts to wait till to-morrow evening. I want to mention it to my wife."

"Better clinch the bargain to-night."

"I would prefer not."

The Squire left the office. The next day William instituted a thorough search in the old house, but found nothing.

"He may be mistaken. I guess I'll sell it, and take the risk."

He called on Squire Homans in the evening.

"Well," said he, "I have brought the papers, and am ready to sell the house and funiture for eight thousand dollars."

"You remember the condition I imposed," said the Squire, "that they should be delivered to me untouched. Now if you will swear solemnly that you have not been engaged in rummaging the house to-day, I will do as I said."

William stammered and turned red. He did not dare to swear, for he knew that many could testify that he had spent several hours there during the day.

"I see how it is," said the Squire. "You have overreached yourself in your undue haste to overreach others. For your personal satisfaction I will say that the house contains nothing of greater value than the furniture, and that my only agency in this affair arose from the desire to see justice done your brother. Still, had you fulfilled your part of the contract, I should have kept mine, at any sacrifice. But your infraction absolves me. I am thankful, however, that my stratagem has succeeded, where principle failed, in accomplishing an equitable distribution of your uncle's property."

With rage and vexation at his own stupidity William Gaspar turned away. He never quite forgave himself for being so easily outwitted.

☞ A lady of Yarmouth, Mass., recently laid her washing out upon the grass. Upon taking it in she missed a pair of ladies' hose, for the disappearance of which she could not account. A yearling heifer, belonging to the place, after several day's sickness, died; a post-mortem examination was made, and the articles found in her stomach, partially masticated, but dry and wadded together.

☞ The citizens of Greene county are greatly excited by the mysterious disappearance of a young lady, named Tuttle. She went to visit a friend about three miles from her father's, and nothing was heard of her for eight days, when some school children found an over-shoe and a collar, which were immediately recognised as having belonged to Miss Tuttle. It is thought she eloped with a lover.

☞ A few nights ago three villains, named Harrison, Cundiff and Hull, went to a house occupied by Mrs. Shirley on Mike's Run, Virginia, beat the old lady very badly, committed a rape on her daughter, and, after breaking up the furniture and tearing down the house, left. Cundiff has been lodged in jail, and Harrison was arrested at Grafton, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Hull is still at large.

The Scrap-Book.

OUR BROTHER.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

A ship went out on the sea,
The lonely, lonely sea,
With a human hand to guide her right,
A human eye to watch at night;
The sky grew black, and the waves grew wild;
The man at the helm was weak as a child,
And she drifted out to the sea—
The lonely, lonely sea.

Woe! woe! for that ship went down
In the lonely, lonely sea;
Went down at night, when the waves were high,
And the drowning saw not a star in the sky,
And the wail of their terror died on the air,
And the angels in waiting caught never a prayer,
As they hovered o'er the sea—
The lonely, lonely sea.

List, now: that ship is a brother we love,
And he drifted out to sea;
We watched his sail in the gathering night,
And earnestly prayed to the Giver of Light
To guide him over the sea.
But alas! alas! the breakers were wild!
There's grief for the mother that waits for her child—
The child that knelt at her knee—
For prayer was dumb on his lips when he sank
To the dead of the lonely sea—
The lonely, lonely sea.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

How controlling and curious withal is the force of habit! We see this developed every day, in innumerable instances. Some persons have a habit of ejaculating certain expressions on every occasion when their mind is exercised, which often lead to scenes somewhat ludicrous. The sight of a large number of slaughtered hogs in market yesterday, put us into this train of thought; for we never see dead porkers fitted for the market, but an old Trojan reminiscence comes before us, in which a very pious female friend of ours, and a worthy member of the Methodist church, became so horrified that we don't believe she has got over it. The circumstances were as follows:

W——, a great revivalist in that church, and who, at the time we refer to, was holding forth for the benefit of the sinful multitude in Troy and vicinity, had caused so great a stir in that portion of the "vineyard," that the faithful devoted portions of the week days to various kinds of meetings, which were called "love feasts." W——, who was as great a "shouter" as he was a revivalist, had closed the services of the day, and was pacing up the aisle towards the church door, talking to his brethren and sisters, of which our friend was one, with the object of gaining their homes.

During this conversation, W—— felt very happy, and could not desist from edging in an occasional shout of "Glory!" It so happened, by the time they reached the church door, that a long train of trucks, laden with hogs for a packing house in the vicinity, was passing, and which was revealed to their gaze on the opening of the door; the result was, that W——, who was in the midst of his extatic shouts, delivered himself in—"*Glory to God—see what a load of dead pigs!*"—*Exchange.*

☞ An exchange paper says that it is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.

☞ Hon. Wm. T. Davis, of Plymouth, has been nominated as the candidate for Senator from the Plymouth Middle Senatorial District.

☞ The mortality among shipmasters, this season, is said to exceed anything of the kind ever known. Large numbers have died in the southern ports from yellow fever.

WIT & HUMOR.

THINGS UNKNOWN.

Show us the young lady whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

Who has ever seen the cow that had calves to its legs?

Where is the identical nose of the bellows that ever smelt a rat?

Where is the person who was ever felt for by the heart of an oak?

Was any barber ever applied to, to shave the beard of an oyster?

Where is the girl who was ever married to a pig's "chap?"

Where is the man to be found who has ever been sensibly felt by a hand of pork?

What vocalist can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

Who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton? [We know of many who have been pushed for one.]

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato has never been visible. Barnum may possibly discover him.

Was there ever an individual unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river?

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?

Is there a soul living who has heard a sentiment emanating from a breast of veal?

What sailor's wife ever wore a pair of ship's ear-rings?

HOOPS IN A HIGH WIND.

During the wind on Saturday afternoon, and while the dust was circulating so thick that no one could see more than the length of an eyelash in front, a lady dressed in the most elegant style, in coming round one of the corners, was lifted off her feet by the force of the wind acting on the great expanse of surface which she presented to it. The wind unfortunately did not set her down in the same position in which she was before being taken up, but turning her gently on one side, it laid her lengthwise on the sidewalk, where she commenced a series of gyrations, rolling over and over on the hoops of the skirts, and exhibititing a species of locomotion which is not generally appreciated, and which may come into fashion with high winds and large circlets of light material.

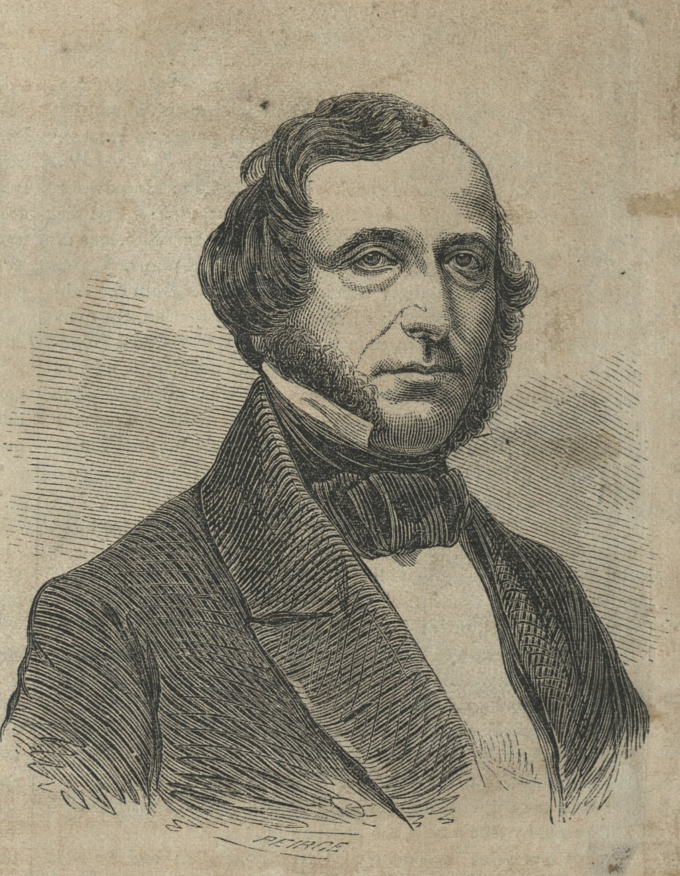
As the lady thus rolled over and over, several persons were knocked down and passed over by the lady and the hoops, without ever knowing that anything had bent them. Fortunately for the lady, the dust and the astonishment of the people out of doors permitted but a few to witness this new method of getting along in a stiff breeze and keeping up sail at the same time. As we came round a corner we found the lady wedged between a lamp-post and a hydrant, and immediately assisted her to an upright instead of a recumbent position.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

CULTURE OF VIOLETS.—The cultivation of the violet is very simple. It may easily be increased by dividing the roots in the spring or fall, and also by layers and pipings. To obtain new varieties, the seeds from the best sorts should be gathered as they become ripe, and sown directly. The plants will appear in about fourteen days. Those of the spring sowing will bloom in autumn, and the autumn plants in the spring; and if they are protected from the summer's sun, after ten o'clock in the forenoon, they will continue to bloom until the frost becomes severe. Indeed, this lovely little flower possesses the quality of blooming while the coming frosts of later autumn have put most other plants in the garden to sleep for the winter; and it is sometimes seen, in a moderate winter, partially covered with snow, with its buds ready formed to usher in young spring.

☞ Mrs. Betsey Eastman, of Hopkinton, N. H., on her *ninety-eighth* birthday, spun over five skeins of stocking yarn, and has, during the past year, spun over one hundred skeins of yarn, and knit about fifty pairs of stockings and socks.

COL. JOHN T. HEARD.

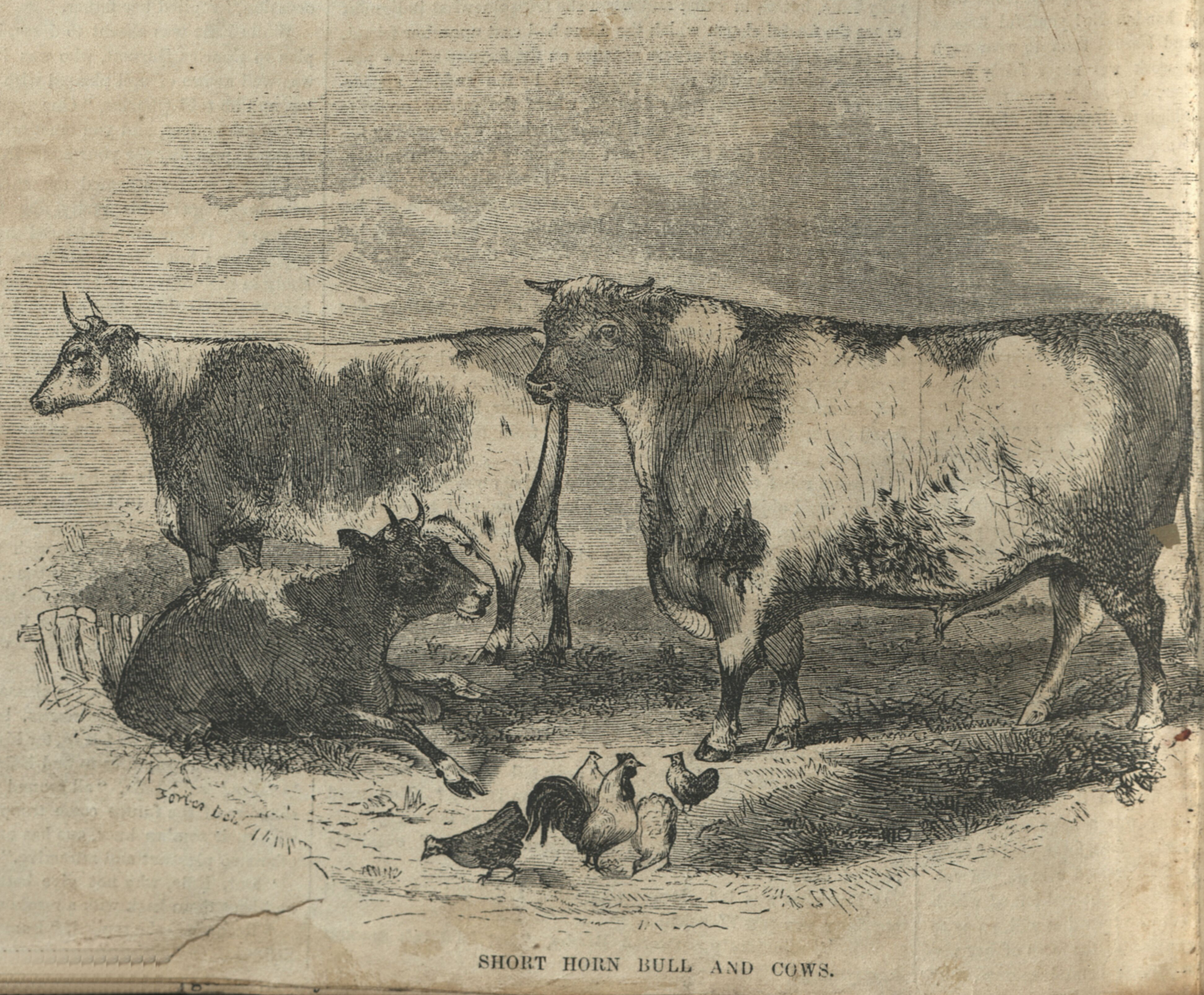
Our artist, Mr. Barry, has produced, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, a very correct and lifelike portrait of John T. Heard, Esq., of this city, a merchant of wealth and good position, a gentleman of high social and political standing, and present Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts. Mr. Heard is a native of Boston, was born May 4, 1809, educated at the common schools of Ipswich, Mass., from the age of four until fourteen; and subsequently at the Lexington (Mass.) Academy, then under the preceptorship of the well-known, genial-hearted, talented, upright, and somewhat eccentric Rev. Caleb Stetson. At the close of 1825, he entered the counting-room of his step-father, John W. Trull, Esq., and devoted himself earnestly and closely to business pursuits. During the period of his minority, his leisure hours were employed in scientific studies and polite literature—a wise and profitable appropriation of time, not unfrequently wasted by many young men in frivolous or hurtful pursuits, and one which exhibits its lasting good effects in the solid attainments and ornamental accomplishments which distinguish Mr. Heard among his brother merchants. Mr. Heard's early sympathies and associations were democratic in politics; and his business observation and experience led him quite naturally to take an interest in the prominent doctrines of political economy, which have been so largely discussed by political parties for the last twenty-five years. And hence he quietly and assiduously addressed himself to an investigation of the important subjects of banking, insurance and revenue. The results of his inquiry were, from time to time, communicated to the public, through the newspaper press, in well-considered, logical, effective and graceful articles, that always commanded respect, and sometimes exercised an important influence in the decision of the questions discussed. Strikingly was this the case, when, some few years ago, a wild clamor was raised against the mutual system of insurance and guarantee capital, as being unsound and dangerous. The leading and effective champion of the system was Mr. Heard; and in his able articles upon the subject, published in the Boston Post, he displayed a depth of research, and a power of argument, that compelled his opponents to succumb. In this way, we find him strongly identified with the support of public measures of democratic policy, and a democrat in principle and practice, though never a political partizan. His first vote for president was cast for General Jackson, in 1832, and since that time he has always voted for the presidential candidates of that party. He has served from time to time upon important committees in that organization, and freely contributed his means to help defray the necessary outlays of his political associates. In grateful recognition of his able and consistent support, the party have, from time to time, presented his name as a candidate for city, county, State and n



COLONEL JOHN T. HEARD.

A full and valuable history of this lodge, compiled with great care, and written in a graceful and attractive style, signalizes his connection with that body. Col. Heard's history makes a handsome octavo of some six hundred pages, and was published for private distribution alone, in the year 1856. He served the Grand Lodge in the office of Grand Marshal for two terms, and in December, 1855, was elected Senior Grand Warden. In December, 1856, he was elected to his present office of Grand Master, by a unanimous vote. This extraordinary manifestation of the esteem in which he is held by his brethren, is worthy of remark; and we are informed that the zeal and energy with which he discharges the manifold duties devolving upon him in this capacity, elicit the hearty commendation of all who are associated with him.

each eye; and the hair above the eye seemed combed up to meet the locks from the face. The roots of the horns were hidden by long locks of hair reaching to the forehead. His hide was loose, thick and soft, and the touch mellow. He had a most robust constitution, and never had an hour's sickness during a life of nine years. He was kept generally in ordinary condition, getting in winter only a few turnips to serve for water, and principally supported on straw. In summer, his tendance on the cows was so constant that he was very seldom seen grazing; and the trouble he took in looking after the welfare of any stock placed in the field with him was amusing. At length, he was fed on turnips from November until April, was then killed fat, and, after being cleaned, weighed 139 stone, English; his flesh was fine, and resembled ox, more than bull beef. The sketch at the top of the page represents an ox of the Hereford breed. The Herefords take the name from the county in which they originated. They are a fine race of cattle for steers, and in symmetry very similar to the short horns. At one time, much rivalry existed between the two breeds as feeders and profitable for beef; and at first the opinion seemed to tend rather in favor of the Herefords, but later statements seem to confirm the superiority of the short horns. There never seems to have been any doubt but that the short horn cow was a much better and longer milker than the Hereford. The above sketch is the likeness of an ox which belonged to Mr. S. Druce, Ensham, near Oxford, and was exhibited at the great show of the Agricultural Society in England, when it gained the first prize of its class, at four years and four months old. It will be observed that the muzzle is fine, the eye large, full and lively, and the horns tapering and sharp pointed. A bright white face is very common in the Hereford breed, which gives them a clean appearance, with white horns having brownish red points. The body is either dark or light red and white (a common color), or a dark rich chestnut brown. The handling of this ox was firm and mellow, the hide not thin, hair soft



SHORT HORN BULL AND COWS.

THE LATE DR. KANE.

Right Rev. Bishop Thomas M. Clark
and, pays the following just and eloquen
late Dr. Kane:—"A young man brough
courted by the affluent, at an age when a
of the world have their fondest attraction
the call of science and humanity, volunta
self from family and friends, and for tw
lies down night after night to sleep and
silent solitude of the frozen Arctic. End
and even cheerfully the absence of every
resource, every solace, which makes our
desirable; forgetting his own sufferings
to abler-bodied men than himself; ban
from his own mind all tormenting fears
that he might be able to cheer his despond
bending his slight frame without one mur
laborious tasks; humbling himself to the
eries; year after year he thus labors and e
biding his time of release. While I sp
before me the picture of a vast ocean of
silent, still, quiet as the grave; no living
its dead monotony; no bird or insect f
air; no flower or shrub or tree opening i
no life, no movement, no noise, not even
ters, not even the moan of the sea, or the
ing ice, to disturb the stillness. The n
and there is no morning, no noonday, no
the dim silver light of the moon and star
coruscations of electric fires, irradiate t
the midst of this crystal desert, there lies
speck, a little framework of timbers, an
underneath the deck of that frail barque,
man, with his sick companions groaning
by his side, a dim lamp swinging overhe
mosphere reeking with nauseous odors,
his journal, and in the intervals saying
words to his suffering friends. Before
his rest, I see him kneeling in prayer, co
self and his fellow exiles to the God who
thanking Him for their continued preser
ing a benediction upon the dear absent
At last the hour of release comes, throu
toils which the wildest fiction never conc
his way back to his own land, and the h
ful, admiring nation, leaps to greet him.
tries unite to honor him, and the pulse c
quickened at mention of his name. But only for
are we allowed to detain him here below; the bloo
frost could not congeal now begins to ebb; the fi
low, and at last the sad tidings reach us, that in or
islands of the tropics, the heroic spirit of this young
from its feeble tenement, and he is numbered with
dead. Again the heart of a nation responds in
honored remains are returned to the home of his
and citizens watch over the coffin through the s
once kept vigil in the Arctic snows—and then, ami
bells and wail of trumpets, that body is laid in its r

THE STEAM YACHT "EMPEROR

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

So accurately had the Indian calculated time and distance, that I was hardly at my place when a huge bull thundered headlong by me, and received a shot low and close behind the shoulder as he passed. He stumbled on for about ten or twelve paces, and then lay quietly down. I waited to reload, and on going up found him stone dead. The Indian then joined me, and said that the other two bulls had not gone far, but had taken different directions; so we agreed that he should pursue one, and I the

yards this time), he did not stir. I loaded and
time, whereupon he turned and faced me as if abou
As I was loading for a fourth shot, he tottered fo
two, and I thought he was about to fall, so I wa
while; but as he did not come down, I determine
finish him. Walking up, therefore, to within thirt
I fired for the fourth time directly at the region of
thought; but, to my utter amazement, up went hi
went his head, and, with a speed that I thought hi
of, he w
less tha
I ran ha
rapidly
and my
becomin
pleasant
might,
bulls, s
making
swerved
side to e
but to m
ed in d
he bolte
than I
ing me
protect
with th
rifle, and
sideway
the char
of gettin
horns, l
upon m
like tha
quake.
was shi
by one
clothes
er. I fl
scatterin
hens and
had hith
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from m
rections
last, I fo
snow; a
me (fo
quite), r
ated ar
subsided
I was, l
least inj
of the bl
deadene
mous m
and hai
his shag
—*Pollis*
in the Pr

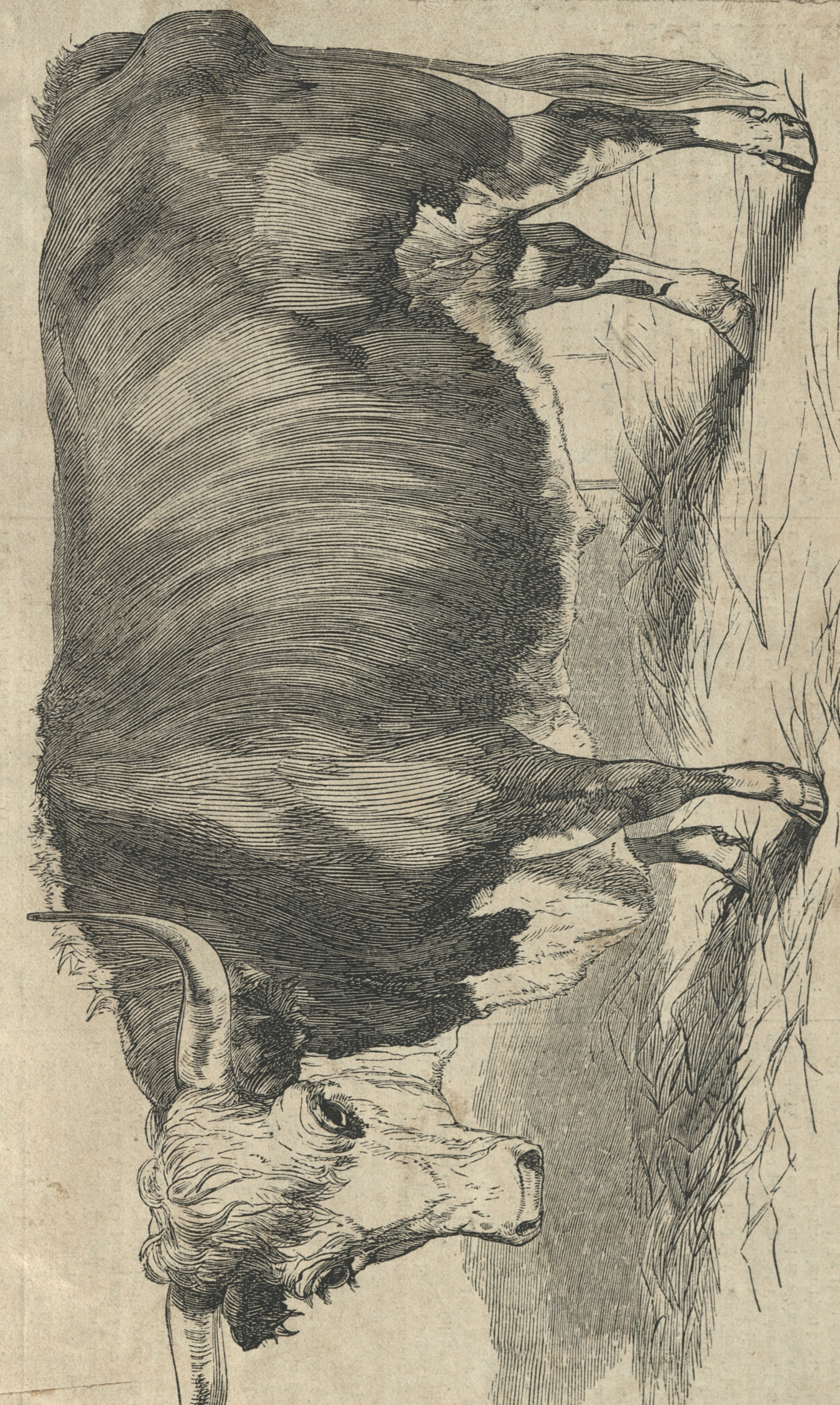
E DR. KANE.

omas M. Clark, of Rhode Isl-
ist and eloquent tribute to the
ng man brought up in luxury,
an age when all the pleasures
ndest attraction, in response to
manity, voluntarily exiles him-
nds, and for two long winters
ht to sleep and dream in the
n Arctic. Enduring tiently
bsence of every comfort, very
nich makes our daily life seem
own sufferings in ministering
n himself; banishing by for
rmenting fears for the future,
heer his desponding associates;
without one murmur to the most
g himself to the meanest drudg-
hus labors and endures, quietly
. While I speak, there rises
a vast ocean of ice and snow,
rave; no living thing breaking
bird or insect fluttering in the
r tree opening its leaves there
noise, not even the rush of wa
of the sea, or the crack of melt
stillness. The months roll on
, no noonday, no evening; only
e moon and stars, and the wild
fires, irradiate the gloom. In
desert, there lies a small, black
k of timbers, and down there,
hat frail barque, I see the young
anions groaning in their berth
swinging overhead, and the a
nauseous odors, quietly writi
intervals saying some cheerfu
riends. Before he lies down t
ing in prayer, commending him
to the God who never slumbers
continued preservation, and as
the dear absent ones at hom
se comes, through dangers an
ction never conceived; he find
land, and the heart of a grat
ps to greet him. Foreign coun
and the pulse of the world is
. But only for a little season
below; the blood which Arctic
ns to ebb; the fire of life burns
ch us, that in one of the sunny
rit of this young man has broken
s numbered with the illustrious
n responds in sympathy; the
he home of his youth—soldiers
n through the still night, as he
—and then, amid the tolling of
dy is laid in its resting-place."

IT "EMPEROR."

I loaded and fired the thir
ced me as if about to show fight
t, he tottered forward a step o
to fall, so I waited for a littl
own, I determined to go up an
e, to within thirty paces of him
at the region of the heart, as
ment, up went his tail and dow
that I thought him little capabl
of, he was upon me i
less than a twinklin
I ran hard for it, but l
rapidly overhauled m
and my situation w
becoming anything b
pleasant. Thinking l
might, like our ow
bulls, shut the eyes
making a charge,
swerved suddenly to o
side to escape the shoc
but to my horror, I fa
ed in dodging him, f
he bolted round quick
than I did, and affor
ing me barely time
protect my stoma
with the stock of n
rifle, and to turn mys
sideways as I sustain
the charge, in the hop
of getting between h
horns, he came plun
upon me with a sho
like that of an eart
quake. My rifle sto
was shivered to piec
by one horn, and n
clothes torn by the o
er. I flew into mid-a
scattering my prai
hens and rabbits, whi
had hitherto hung da
ling by leather thon
from my belt, in all
rections, till landing
last, I fell unhurt in t
snow; and almost o
me (fortunately n
quite), rolled my inf
ated antagonist, a
subsided in a snowdr
I was, luckily, not
least injured, the fo
of the blow having be
deadened by the en
mous mass of fur, w
and hair that cloth
his shaggy head-pie
—*Palliser's Adventu*
in the Prairies.

☞There is a man out West, who labors under the delusion that "Hon." placed before a man's name stands for *honest*.



HEREFORD OX.

THEY are raising blackberries in New Jersey which measure two and a half inches in circumference, and two inches in length.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The "professor" to whom you refer must have misunderstood your question, or else you did not catch the full import of his reply, for we are certain that so accomplished a scholar would not say that the terms *forefathers*, *progenitors*, and *ancestors*, mean *exactly* the same thing, and that there is not the *slightest difference* in the ideas or relations which they respectively express. By consulting any good authority on the subject you will learn that *forefathers* signifies our "fathers before us," and includes our immediate parents; that *progenitors* signifies those begotten before us, *exclusive* of our immediate parents; while *ancestors*, contracted from *antecessors* or those going before, is used when we wish to speak of those from whom we are remotely descended. *Forefathers* is a partial and familiar term for the preceding branches of *any* family; while *progenitors* is a higher term in the same sense, applied to families of distinction. In monarchic countries this distinction is always made by good writers, who speak of the *forefathers* of a peasant, but the *progenitors* of a nobleman. Furthermore, progenitors and forefathers, but particularly the former, are said mostly of individuals, and respect the regular line of succession in a family; while *ancestors* is employed collectively as well as individually, and regards simply the order of succession. We may speak of the "ancestors" of a nation as well as of any particular person; and the term may also be applied figuratively, as in the following instance (by Dr Young):—

"O majestic night!
Nature's great ancestor!"

By searching thoroughly into the derivation and etymology of these words and of their relatives, you will soon see clearly why these distinctions are made, and the exercise would be highly beneficial to you in many respects.

ALLEGHANY.—No. It is not fair, or honest, or Christian-like, to cheat in any kind of a trade. We know it is customary for men who pass for honest and upright people to conceal the defects and exaggerate the excellencies of goods, and horses, and houses which they wish to sell; but, notwithstanding this, we think that no really honest man would be guilty of deception under any circumstances whatever. No man can justly lay claim to honesty, who does not tell the truth, even though by so doing he injures his own interests; and there is no truth but the *whole truth*. Half the truth is oftentimes a downright falsehood, and he who knowingly stops short of setting forth the entire facts pertinent to a given case is guilty of lying. Dishonest men may squirm and writhe on these pointed statements as they please, but they cannot gainsay them. The fact is, there is far too little genuine honesty in the transactions of society, and especially among business men. The Son of Sirach says, "As a nail sticketh between the stones of a wall, so sticketh sin between buying and selling;" and it is the same now as it was thirty centuries ago, and we suppose it will be no better for thirty centuries to come.

HONORIA.—You are not the only woman who, in her girlhood, wasted many precious hours in "dabbling" in music and drawing, without the slightest benefit to yourself or anybody else. Hundreds and thousands of girls have done the same thing before you, and myriads will continue the same foolish practice hereafter. However, we do not totally condemn the elegant accomplishments of drawing and music; we condemn only the abuse of these accomplishments; we only wish that they should be considered as domestic occupations, not as matters of competition or exhibition, or yet as the means of attracting temporary admiration. One of the best motives that a woman can have to cultivate these talents after she marries, is the hope and belief that she may be essentially serviceable in the instruction of her family. And that she *may* be essentially serviceable, let no false humility lead her to doubt. She need not be anxious for the rapid progress of her little pupils; if she inspires them with a desire to excel, with the habits of attention and industry, they will certainly succeed, sooner or later, in whatsoever it is desirable they should learn.

HETTY HOMESPUN.—Let the foolish fop go. An honest country girl should know better than to fall in love with a city dandy. Suppose he should marry you! Could you grace his city home and bear your part among his fashionable relatives and friends? Of course you could not. You would be miserable in such a set. Nor could he properly fill a station in your home. He would be the but and laughing-stock of every plow-boy. Dry your tears, and marry some one of the fine young fellows of your neighborhood.

PALESTINE.—A thousand dollars would be an insufficient sum wherewith to undertake a journey to Greece, Jerusalem and St. Petersburgh. We cannot say positively that a man could not visit all those places at an expense not exceeding a thousand dollars, but we are quite certain that we should not feel safe to undertake the trip on less than three thousand. One is liable to many accidents and unlooked for expenses in traveling in strange countries.

ECLIPSE.—We do not know what a photograph of your horse would cost. Among those who paint the "likenesses of horses," the charge for a painting 22 × 27 or 24 × 32 varies from $30 to $50, according to the degree of finish desired. It will take the artist from ten to fifteen days to complete the picture, after he has seen and sketched the horse. Where more than one copy of the likeness is wanted, a reasonable deduction is made on the price of copies.

A YOUNG LADY writes us that she is twenty-four years of age, tall, well-formed, considered handsome, of good disposition, thoroughly educated, and in want of a husband; and she wishes us to help her get a good partner for life. We shall not do it. The idea of a woman's addressing a stranger on such a subject is disgusting to us. Whenever such an instance occurs, we cannot help thinking the writer has a pressing reason for her haste to get married.

BRINSLEY OAKES.—You should wait until you are of age before marrying, especially as your parents are opposed to the match. Your father has a perfect right to interpose his authority while you are a minor, and especially while you depend on him for your daily food and your entire support. No one has a right to talk of "independence," who does not earn his own living.

WALTER.—The ichneumon is found in Egypt, Barbary, the south of Asia, and the Indian Islands. The orang-outang is found in Africa, and it is stated by some authorities that it is also native to southern Asia and to Australia.

N. P. B.—We do not know of any one who would buy your old coins. Perhaps by advertising you might find some one who fancies such things that would pay you many times their real value for them.

G. W. R.—Why not buy what gutta percha you want, instead of searching for a recipe for its composition and manufacture? It would cost you many dollars to *make* as much as you could *buy* for fifty cents.

O. P. Q.—We do not wish to make this or any other department of the LEDGER a registry of quack doctors. You had better avoid them altogether; and if you want medical aid or advice, apply to some reputable physician.

J. P. W.—"Boz" is the *nom de plume* under which Dickens first wrote.

J. G. J.—We have no surgeon attached to our office, and cannot undertake to cure such a difficulty as you mention.

RED JACKET.—There are fifty-two numbers in a volume of the LEDGER.

MARY B.—We are much obliged for your good opinion, but we must decline to publish your story.

INQUISITIVE.—We never tell who our correspondents are.

⁎ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

HERMANN.—The "trial by ordeal" was an ancient and now obsolete mode of trial in criminal cases, when a prisoner who pleaded not guilty, might choose whether he would put himself for trial upon God and his country, by twelve men, as at this day, or upon God only, and then it was called "the judgment of God," upon the presumption that He would deliver the innocent. Of the "trial by ordeal" there were two kinds; one by *fire*, the other by *water*. Those who were tried by the fire ordeal passed barefooted and blindfolded over nine hot glowing ploughshares, or were to carry burning irons in their hands, and accordingly as they escaped, they were judged innocent or guilty, acquitted or condemned. The water ordeal was performed in either hot or cold: in cold water, the parties suspected were adjudged innocent, if their bodies were borne up by the water, contrary to the course of nature; in hot water, they were to put their bare arms and legs into scalding water, and if they brought them out unharmed, they were adjudged innocent of the crime of which they had been charged. The fire ordeal was for freemen and persons of better condition and the water ordeal for bondsmen and rustics. The "wager of battle" was altogether a different mode of determining the guilt or innocence of a party, and was only resorted to by knights and men of high degree. In this case, the accused or accuser demanded a resort to arms, and then the two parties met on an appointed day, and, in the presence of the immense concourse which such an event always drew together, fought till one or the other was vanquished or slain, and the one who conquered was adjudged to be in the right, and his defeated adversary was declared to have been in the wrong.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER says that several weeks ago he invited a certain young lady to accompany him on a pic-nic excursion that was soon to come off, and that his invitation was accepted. The day before the pic-nic he received a note from the young lady in which he was told that she had "altered her mind," and should not be able to accompany him. Mistrusting that all was not right, our correspondent set vigorously at work to investigate the mysterious affair, and, to his great indignation, learned that the "fair girl" had planned to go to the pic-nic with a man whom he had long suspected of being his enemy and rival. The injured Adonis at once determined on his course. At an early hour the next morning he armed himself with a cowhide, and took up a position that commanded a clear view of the front of his treacherous sweetheart's home. In a short time his rival drove up to the door with a "stunning" turn-out. Our correspondent rushed forward, and by the time the new-comer's foot touched the pavement he stood by his side, brandishing the cowhide. The interchange of greetings was but short and pointed before the combat began. Our friend soon discovered that he had been altogether too hasty in the matter, as he was no match for his rival, who wrested the cowhide from his hand, gave him a sound thrashing, and then rode off triumphantly with the young lady, who came out just in time to see the last half-dozen blows administered. Our correspondent now wants to know "what he had better do about it?" Our opinion is that he had better keep still, or else secretly take lessons in boxing until he is quite assured that he will be able to flog his rival, and then call on him for an "explanation."

A FRIEND.—Tipping & Crum, of your city, should not charge six and a quarter cents for the LEDGER. Five cents is the utmost price that should be asked for it in any section of the Union, and we are glad to know that, with some half-a-dozen exceptions, the newsdealers throughout the country act in accordance with this fact. Hereafter, we will send the LEDGER by mail to places where more than five cents is charged for it.

ARDENT LOVER.—You should increase your income before taking to yourself such a lovely and accomplished wife as you mention. A thousand dollars a year, though it does very well for you alone, would not be enough to support an educated couple of refined tastes in this city, or in its suburbs. "Refined tastes" are costly characteristics.

B. A. K.—When you go with the young lady to get the daguerreotypes, pay for both of them, without saying anything to her in regard to the price of them. Do not refer to the subject at all. It is always awkward to talk about such matters under such circumstances. The pleasantest and politest way is to say nothing.

ISABEL CARLTON.—Do you wish us to understand that you offer yourself for sale. If not, why do you send such a catalogue of your beauties and "fine points?" Our advice to you is, that you attend regularly to your devotions, eat plain food, avoid all spices, and drink nothing warmer than ice-water.

N. M. L.—The Vatican is a magnificent palace in Rome, for the Pope and his Cardinals. It is so named, because it is built on the Vatican hill. The "thunders of the Vatican" is a phrase applied to the anathemas and bulls of the Pope, which are dated at, and issued from, the Vatican palace.

JUDITH.—The best way to find your brother would be to advertize for him in the leading journals of New York, London, and Paris. You would be justified in extending to him sympathy and aid, notwithstanding the tyrannical commands of your guardian.

HEIR-AT-LAW.—Perhaps a copy of the will which you are so sure was executed, can be found among the papers of your uncle's old solicitor.

N. L. S.—The measure which Milton chose is the best for blank verse; but if you do not think so, you are at liberty to choose any measure you please.

DESERTED.—You can, of course, prosecute your faithless wife for bigamy; but in seeking to punish her, will you not inflict an irreparable injury upon your children?

POEMA.—Please save your postage stamps, and not annoy us with any more unsought for and unwished for contributions.

CITY HALL.—If you are in haste to get a judgment, and the claim does not exceed $500, bring the suit in the Marine Court.

JUSTICE.—If you have good proof, sue the deceiver for breach of promise; if not, let him go. You are incompetent to determine the matter without the aid of counsel.

EVANGELINE.—Your children will receive no harm from reading fairy tales, "Mother Goose's Melodies," the "Arabian Nights," and similar works.

JOROLOMAN.—All we know about real estate in Brooklyn is that it is very low. Now is a good time to buy such property.

WILLIAM THE NORMAN.—You can obtain the information you desire in any good history of Greece.

⁎ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

A strong force of United States ships of war is being concentrated in the vicinity of Canton, but solely with a view to the protection of our merchants in that remote quarter of the globe, so that the fears of those who imagined that we were to be made a party in the quarrel between England and China, as the ally of the former, may be dismissed as groundless. The first reports connected the action of our force at Canton with the hostilities initiated by the British, but, like most first reports of great events, travelling a great distance, they proved to be erroneous. The American guns were employed against certain of the Chinese forts to punish a special and local outrage on our flag, and the affair ended there, without involving us in the quarrel between our English friends and the Chinese. It is pretty generally conceded that our naval officers did not go beyond the line of their duty, in promptly punishing aggression, and we are glad that public sentiment sustains them, for we have ever been too slow to chastise enemies when the aggressors were weaker than ourselves—a generous but mistaken policy, fatal in the end to those spared. There is no doubt that the British hoped that the outrage on our flag, occurring simultaneously with their own troubles, would involve us in such a manner as to give them our powerful support in the strife in which they were engaging.

Fortunately this was not the case, and this country remains unentangled by such an alliance. It is pretty evident that the British officers in China were wrong in the step which produced hostilities, and, though the popular voice in England has sustained them, still that verdict does not affect the truth of the matter. On the other hand, the subsequent action of the Chinese has rendered it impossible to sympathize with them. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands," but it is one in which our interference, on either side, is uncalled for. That the Chinese are semi-barbarians, that their treatment of each other is atrocious, that their conduct to foreigners is absurd, we readily admit; and admit, too, that the interests of civilization would be incalculably advanced, could a free, unrestricted intercourse with China be established. But we must beware of admitting, or acting on the policy, that the "end justifies the means." Not for all the wealth that American commerce might reap from an opening of every port in China, with free trade with the interior, should we become a party to a war not clearly sanctioned by justice. Hitherto the sword of America has been spotless. Like the Castilian hero's blade, it has never been drawn without cause, and never sheathed with dishonor. Let us through all time preserve this pure renown; let our record in the future be as fair as our record in the past—unstained by a single blemish.

A PRINCELY ASS.

A certain Duke of Brunswick has been figuring in Paris in a style which certainly provokes laughter, as we read of his doings, as much as the professional efforts of a "clown to the ring" in a perambulating circus. He is present at all the balls of the Tuileries, and of course creates a sensation wherever he appears. He wears a wig which is as much blacker than black as lamp-black is blacker than white; his cheeks are covered with several coatings of vermilion, and he is covered with embroidery and diamonds. For example, at the ball before last, he wore a green military frock coat, so concealed beneath gold embroidery that but for a space in the black as wide as one's finger's breadth, it would have been impossible to have guessed the cloth's color; his pantaloons were red, but not *quite* so thickly embroidered; he wore epaulettes formed entirely of diamonds, and a hat covered with diamonds (the epaulettes and hat figured at the Universal Exhibition), and his breast was covered with fourteen orders in diamonds. At the last ball he appeared in black coat and "shorts," but he wore a double row of large diamonds as buttons on his waistcoat, four enormous diamonds at his shirt wristbands, large diamond shoe-buckles, and a "river" of diamonds for his watch chain. If this distinguished personage is not a "Guy," we do not know what a "Guy" is.

MUSICAL.—Russell & Richardson, No. 291 Washington Street, Boston, have just published "*The Family Circle Glee Book*," a really charming and valuable collection of songs, glees and choruses of the most popular pieces of the day. It may also be had of Mason Brothers, New York, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We predict for this work great popularity, for it is precisely fitted to the wants of every domestic circle.

FASHIONABLE.—How hard that the region of fashion cannot be allowed to have its exclusive nomenclature! But the term *soirée* has been adopted by prize-fighters, who give "sparring soirées" to their friends.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—Randolph of Roanoke was right when he said that without female society we male bipeds should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood.

SITTING DURING PRAYER.—D[illegible]r. Hall states that the usual attitude of sitting in prayer is unheal[illegible]hy as well as irreverent. "We venture," says the doctor, "to [illegible]rm that it is, in almost every instance, the dictate of bodily lazi[illegible]ness, or religious sleepiness."

LARGE AUDIENCES.—People [illegible]f all classes flock to hear Mr. Spurgeon, the most popular pre[illegible]acher in London at the present day. He holds forth to audience[illegible] of 10,000 persons.

FAT PEOPLE.

ere is a popular prejudice in favor of fat people. When we sure the rotundity of Falstaff on the stage, we forgive the fat his "manifold sins and transgressions" on account of his o. Shakspeare evidently had a lurking kindness for fat peo- he "fat friend" of Prince Hal is drawn with far greater th and force than the "lean and hungry Cassius." Beauty lumptitude has almost always been associated, and we be- ine-tenths of the public prefer the appearance of Guilietta to that of Rachel. The Turks and Moors and Chinese are us for their preference of women of weight, and the splen- Circassian hardly becomes eligible to the handkerchief of a a till she has undergone a course of chickens, rice and sweet- s, which have a wonderful power of producing *embonpoint.*

t there is such a thing as being too fat. Even Shakspeare es Hamlet exclaim, "O! that this too, too, solid flesh would t!" For the benefit of persons similarly circumstanced a Dr. cel has published a book on the "art of unfattening," as we term it. The great comfort is that fat folks now need not go hang; for drown they cannot. Ladies and gentlemen who not seen their shoestrings for years, may still hope to see yet. Two hundred pounds need be no solid ground for des- Mortals grown to the proportion of a Stilton cheese have returned to the aspect of humanity. Listen, all ye disconso- situation seekers, who are unable to advertise yourselves as out incumbrance!

r. Dancel's grand principle is this: To diminish *embonpoint* out affecting the health, the patient must live principally on t, eating but a small quantity of other aliment, and drinking little, and that little not water. In a hundred parts of human there are seventy-nine of carbon, fifteen and a fraction of hy- gen, and five and a fraction of oxygen. But water is nothing the protoxide of hydrogen; and hydrogen is one of the main ents of fat. Therefore, the aspirant after leanness must eat few vegetables, or watery messes, or hot-rolls, puddings, tarts, oes, haricots, pease-soup, charlottes, sweet biscuits, apple- s nor cakes in any of their protean forms; because all these es have carbon and oxygen for their principal bases. If he persist in living on leguminous, farinaceous, and liquid diet, will make fat as certainly as the bee makes honey by sucking ers. Chemistry tells us that the principal base of meat is e, which does not enter into the composition of fat; while the ipal element of fruits, sugar, flour and starch, are carbon and rogen, the element of fat. Human fat is found ready-made in ain aliments which are not flesh, as in olive oil and all the inous seeds. If you live principally on lean meat, you will t fatten so fast as those who follow a regimen composed of onic and hydrogenic bases.

may be objected to the above theory that butchers and their lies are almost always fat. The fact is granted, but not the ence. As shoemakers and their families are proverbially the rst shod, so butchers and their families eat less meat than the t of mankind." Poultry, fish, farinaceous food, are their te diet. We accept Dr. Dancel's theory, and if we find our- s in danger of following in the footsteps of the mighty Daniel bert, we shall discard potatoes and puddings and become ciously carnivorous.

MARRIAGES.

this city, by Rev. Mr. Grafton, Mr. Alfred S. Woodworth, of Roxbury, Miss Anna G. Grafton; by Rev. Mr. Brooks, of Malden, Mr. Edgar H. e, of Phillipston, to Miss Abby F. Hardin, of Winthrop; by Rev. Dr. ett, Mr. Alexander Boyd, of Roxbury, to Miss Harriet F. Wheeler; by Mr. Richards, Mr. Josiah Hayward, Jr., of Salem, to Miss Helen M. mberlain.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. William E. t to Miss Claricy E. Dunn.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. ard H. Howe to Miss Abby E. Wales, both of Dorchester.—At Somerville, Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Samuel Shorey to Mrs. Frances Brent.—At New- by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. D. H. Knowles to Miss Huldah Piper, of San- nton, N. H.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Joseph D. Kitchen to Lucy Dushuttle.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Joseph R. Rams- to Miss Hannah K. Grimes.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr. Elisha Rich to Miss Betsy B. English.—At Wrentham, by Rev. Mr. Ropes, Mr. lter H. Judson to Miss Mary G. Proctor, both of Boston.—At Taunton, by Mr. Pollard, Mr. Greenleaf Bassett to Miss Elizabeth Eldredge.—At t Boylston, by Rev. Mr. Cross, Mr. Lyman Cross to Miss Jane L. Spencer, Clinton.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. John Brown to Miss eline Osgood, both of Amesbury.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Catherine Carlton, 90; Miss Lucinda N. Hurlbert, 22; Mordecai L. Wallis, 78; Miss Fanny B. Weld, 22; Mr. Frederick Emerson, Miss Frances B. Sewall, 23; Mrs. Margaret Bartlett, 57; Mr. R. H. Ingalls, Mr. Charles E. Howes, 19; Mr. Philip Bixby, 54; Mr Henry M. Moore, of firm of Moore, Riddle & Co., publishers of the Puritan Recorder, 29; , only child of Mr. Isaac C. Trowbridge, 3 years.—At South Boston, Mr. iah Dunham, 83, one of our oldest citizens—At Charlestown, Mrs. Lucy wife of F. T. E. Bryant, 30.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Abby G. Waterman, 44.—At erville, Mr. Ebenezer F. Cutter, 56.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. James G. y, 44.—At Cambridge, Mr. Silas B Fillebrown, 58, formerly of the ited States Army.—At Roxbury, Mr. Benjamin Fisk, of Millbury, 64.—At ton Upper Falls, Mrs. Lucinda H. Pettee, 50.—At Waltham, Mr. N. P. nks, 74, father of Hon. N P. Banks, Jr.—At Salem, Mrs. Lydia W Wil- , 81.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Miriam S. Mason, 58.—At Rowley, Miss Mar- ette Cressy, 27.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary A. Campbell, 37.—At East sbury, Mrs. Mary Deal, 82.—At Randolph, Mr. Joseph Tower, 76—At ston, Mrs. Vesta L. Dewing, 54.—At Taunton, Mr. William Eddy, 78— Worcester, Mrs. Susan Morse, 79—At Shrewsbury, Widow Eunice Os- , 90.—At Fall River, Mr. Veranus Field, 52.—At New Bedford, Mrs. nda S. Gray, 38.—At Pittsfield, Mrs. Mary Balcom, 52.—At Marlboro', George Bates, 23.—At Littleton, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Edwards, 41.—At pleton, Mrs. Mary L. Eddy, 27.

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WAR SPECULATIONS.

It is said, that it is confidently believed in Vienna that most of the States of the German Confederation will unite to aid Austria against France, and that Russia will also lend her help to punish *le grand nation*, and avenge the disastrous results of the war in the Crimea. The independence of Italy, for which Louis Napoleon contends, will be offset, by the crafty diplomatists at the Court of Vienna, by the independence of Poland, whose territories have been, for many years past, under the hated rule of Russia and Prussia. Of course this complication of the war problem is not at all satisfactory to the monarchs of the two latter countries, and as the only way to avert it will be to join with Austria as her allies, they may accept that horn of the dilemma, and then it will only require Great Britain to lend her strength to the same cause, and Napoleon III. will find himself in the same formidable fix in which his illustrious uncle, "Napoleon the Great," was placed, when his immense military power was opposed by a world in arms. There is, we have every reason to believe, not the least probability that England will furnish any Wellington for this threatened shock of arms, or that she will take any other than a strictly neutral position; but it is barely possible that the allies, incited by Russia, may aim a blow at British power in India, in which case Great Britain might be led into a league with France. Much as we abhor the character of Louis Napoleon, it must be admitted that his government is neither weak nor vacillating, nor are his personal courage and firmness to be called in question. He is bold, unscrupulous and bloody, and these are qualities which he will need, if he would not abandon the *role* which he is playing.

MAN is an image of the Deity that occasionally acts as if it were anxious to fill a niche in the temple of the Devil—the only creature, which, knowing its mortality and immortality, lives as if it were never to die, and too often dies as if it were never to live—the sole being gifted with reason, the only one that acts irrationally: the nothing of yesterday, the dust of to-morrow—a fleeting paradox, which the fulness of time alone can explain, a living enigma, the solution of which will be found in death.

A HEAD might not unfrequently be justly defined as a bulbous excresence of special use as a peg for hanging a hat on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs—as a snuff-box or chatter-box—as a thing to fit a halter or a guillotine—as a receptacle for freaks, follies, prejudices, passions—for anything, in short, but brains.

A DISTINGUISHED politician complained that Mr. Webster assailed him and then retired from the Senate without giving him a chance to reply. It was very much like the case of the chap who set up a complaint that a thunderbolt had struck him and didn't wait for him to strike back

IT is said that a person has discovered a method of making good printing paper out of old newspapers. We are inclined to think that editors who make up their editorial articles of old news may as well have them printed on paper made in the same way.

THE burglars in our city, though they have plied their trade very industriously, have lately made hardly enough to pay expenses. They say that they have abandone their trade till times improve and counting rooms are worth breaking open.

PLEASANT enough was the magnanimity of the person, who, being reproached with not having avenged himself of a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

THE politicians tell us that corruption is stalking abroad at noon-day. If so, we rather think that it is stalking upon the legs of those who are talking most about it.

WE like the one-hour rule adopted by Congress. If a member has so much wind in his stomach that he cannot get it off in an hour, he had better send for a doctor to treat him for the cholic.

A GREAT many people, who profess to be ready for any emergency, call themselves "minute men." Perhaps they would be more correct if they were to call themselves mi-*nule*-men.

THE STAGE SUPERNUMERARY.

The pay of the supernumerary is merely nominal. From ten to twenty-five cents per night will usually induce him to enlist in Hassarac's band of Forty Thieves, or any other "gorgeous" enterprise, legal or illegal, on the stage. He has been known to become a perfect "fiend," for the reasonable sum of one dime. Money is no object. The riches of Peru open to him as he follows Pizarro's brilliant fortunes; but, like a disinterested filibuster as he is for the nonce, he is indifferent to their attractions: he walks in caves, resplendent with emeralds and rubies as big as his head, but heeds them not. Yet what feats will he accomplish, what miracles achieve! He is like an antelope in the facility with which he descends precipices and makes his way among rocks that appear (to the lads in the pit) inaccessible. He will come from the highest mountain pass in two or three minutes, by taking a serpentine course and traversing the same ground several times over, and could, if he would take a direct route, effect it in one—the remotest peak being not more than a minute's walk from the footlights. Of all characters, he is the most changeable. We have known him, in a single night, to participate in a drunken revel with fellow smugglers, drinking piratical toasts from pasteboard goblets; then appear, in a few minutes, as one of a company of marines, resolutely bent on exterminating the outlaws; again, after a short interval, come on in a rustic dance, having, we are in hopes, retired from public service to the peaceful pursuits of agricultural life. An hour passes, a short hour, and our joy at his reformation is dashed, upon recognizing him in one of the devils in "Don Giovanni." In despair at his incorrigibility, we give him up as a hopeless case, and go home to moralize.

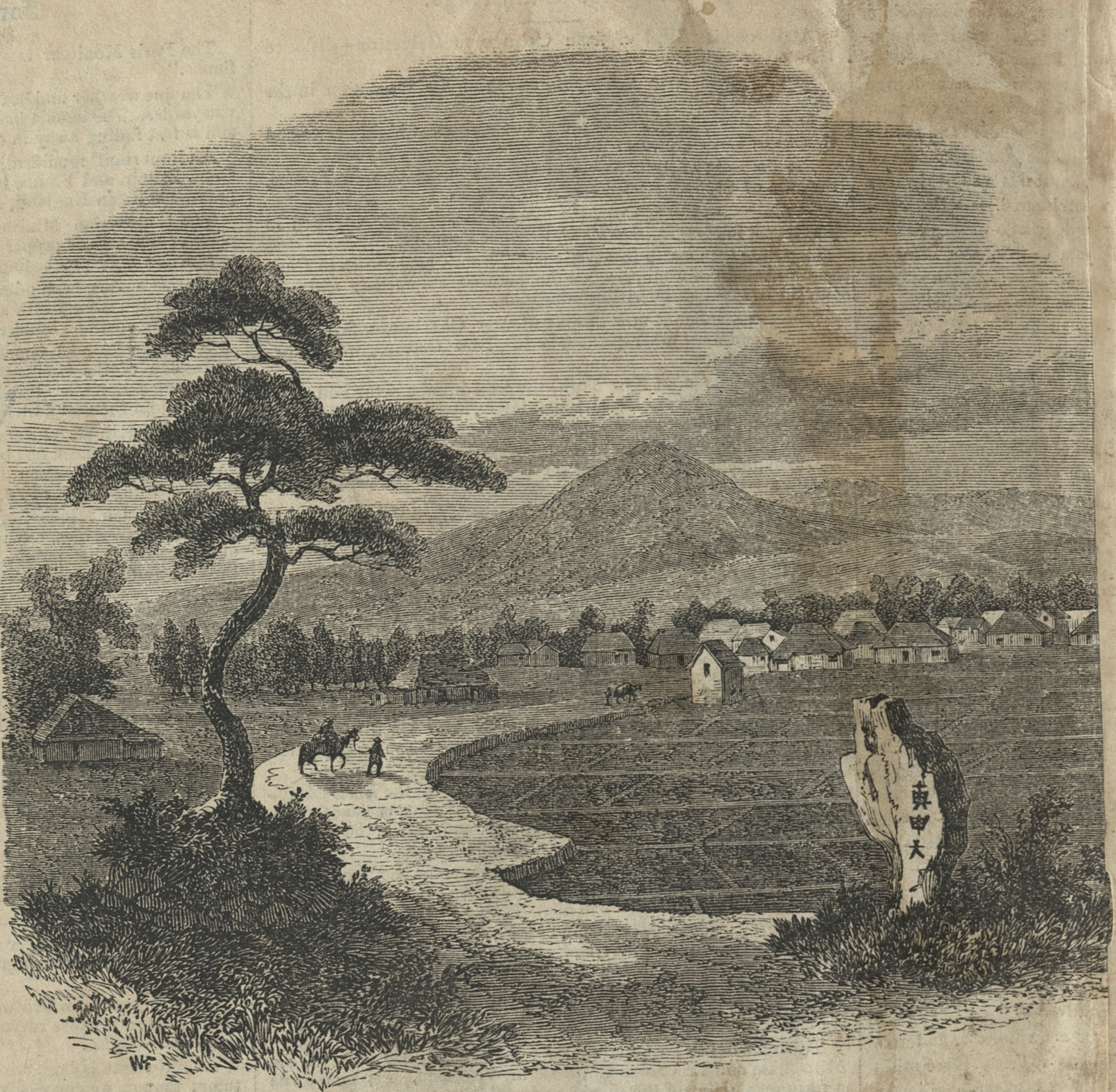
A FREE ART GALLERY.

The establishment of a public free Art Gallery in our city, on a basis corresponding with the wealth and intelligence of our population, would result in manifold benefits. It would afford to all classes of our citizens a permanent source of innocent and rational amusement and instruction, and would be the sure means of withdrawing thousands from ignoble and depraving, to healthy and refining enjoyments. Every soul is gifted with a love for the beautiful in Nature and Art. Debarred as we are in a great measure from the contemplation of nature, we need so much more in the city to have recourse to Art, in order that we may not be without objects of beauty, calculated to awaken in us emotions of admiration and delight. A free Art Gallery, liberally furnished with the fine productions of the statuary, painter and engraver, would to some extent answer a common want, and prove a constant blessing. There can be no doubt of the elevating influence of works of high Art upon the mind. Goodness is naturally associated with beauty, and vice with deformity. In no way can this be better exemplified than by the master artist. There is no virtue which may not thus be made to appear more excellent; no vice which cannot be rendered more repulsive. Perhaps a chiefest good derivable from such institutions as the one we have suggested, is their service to the cause of morality. The free Galleries of Europe have withheld multitudes from vicious and criminal associations. The men of the monarchy understand this. Beyond this, such an institution, by educating public taste, would create an ever-increasing demand for works of superior merit, and thus encourage artists to more difficult and praiseworthy tasks. The standard of excellence would be educated by degrees, until we should boast artists equal to the best. In this country, the munificence of individuals is left to supply much, which in other countries is afforded by Government. And the State is never wiser than when it spends its means and energies to educate, refine and delight its people. It is the true business of the State to do thus. A donation in behalf of a free Art Gallery, as liberal as that of Astor for a free Library, and Cooper for free Education, would entitle the giver to the gratitude of generations. It would be a monument to preserve the donor's name, prouder and more lasting than a pyramid. But, if we cannot have a great gift, a multitude of small ones would accomplish the same end. If we but had the proper public room for a grand collection, much in the way of Art Contributions might be expected from artists and wealthy patrons of Art. From a small beginning a great end would soon appear, and the good thought would be soon seen in public morality and taste. Who is a candidate for gratitude and fame; who will by an ample gift lay the corner-stone of a public free Art Gallery in our city?

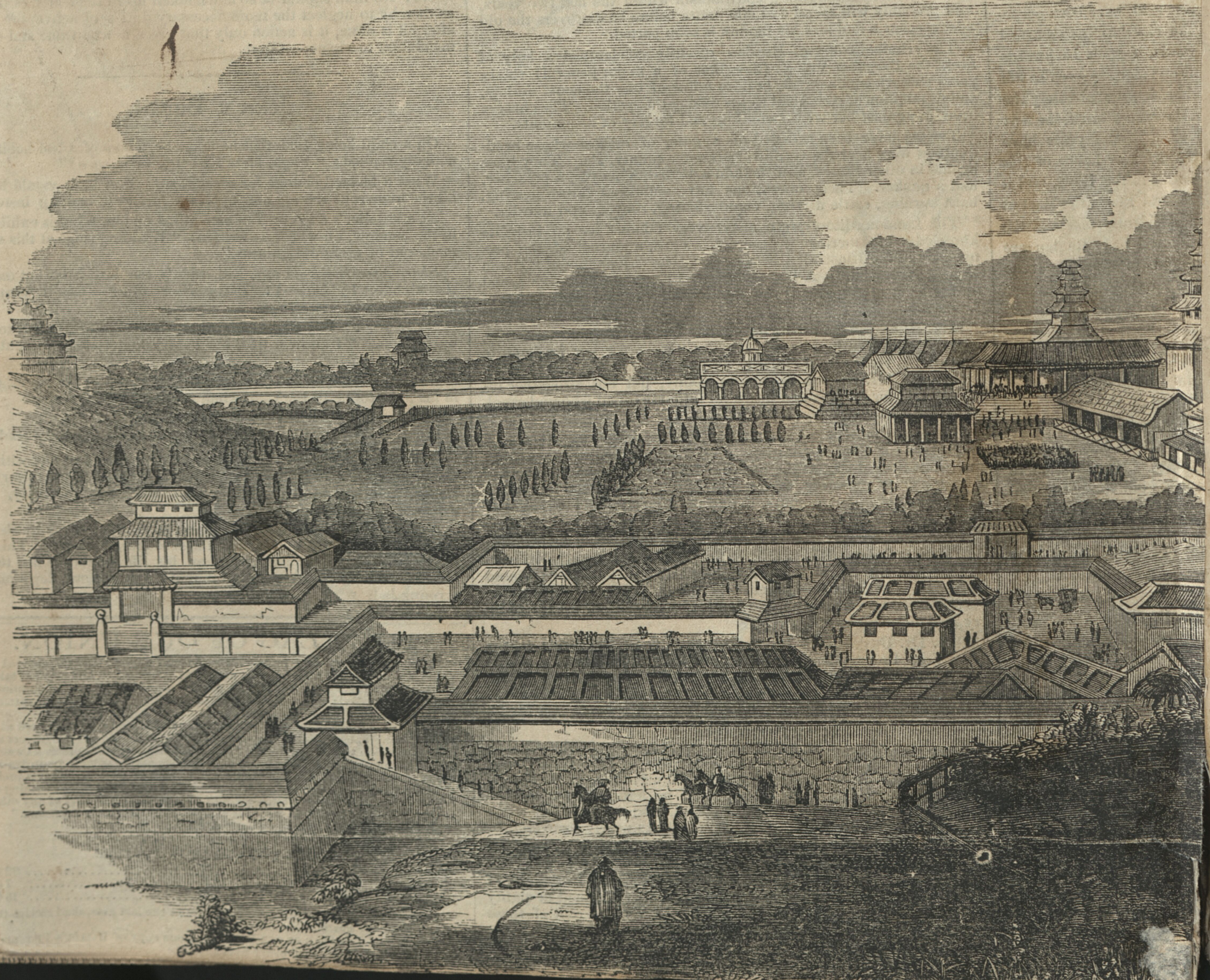
SKETCHES IN JAPAN.

The interest felt in every thing relating to Japan has received a new spur from the recent publication of the History of the Expedition, by Dr. Hawks. We therefore continue our pictures of Japan scenery with which we have from time to time presented our readers. The first is a scene on the road to Jeddo. The primitive habitations scattered on the route are quite characteristic and note-worthy. On the road are seen a couple of pack-horses. The horses seen by the officers of the expedition, were much inferior to European and American horses in size and spirit, but far better than the Chinese. There is a sketch of a horse, by a native artist, in Dr. Hawks's book, which, though rather faulty in drawing, conveys probably a correct idea of the style of animal in general use in Japan. If this is one of their model horses, their cavalry cannot certainly be well mounted.

In the interior, however, the Americans were told that great attention was paid to the growth of horses and fine cattle, and that in the vicinity of the Nonoga lake, a mountainous region in the north part of Niphon, the chief occupation of the inhabitants was stock-raising. At their annual festival, which they call Sang-natz-Sanuitz, horse-races are common. It appears that the Japanese care less for speed than for endurance in their animals. The race track is a complete circle, and the competing horses are started by the riders at full speed. The horse which performs the greatest number of circuits within the period allowed for the trial, and is pulled up at the close in good condition is declared to be the winner. It is enough that a single horse outlasts all competitors—if he is blown by his exertions the prize is never decreed to him. Hence the riders study to be acquainted with the bottom of their nags, as well as their speed. Racing one horse against another, neck and neck, for the supremacy, rarely occurs, and then not designed, but when the horses them-



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO JEDDO, CAPITAL OF JAPAN.



HEROISM OF PRIVATE LIFE.

The terrible catastrophe at Last Island, Louisiana, will long be remembered. In this tragedy there were many dramatic episodes in which individual courage shone with peculiar brightness. Delicate ladies, amidst all the horrors of the tempest, displayed the utmost fortitude and presence of mind. Mrs. Cropper, of Iberville Parish, is one of the heroines of this modern deluge. She remained with her children in the kitchen when the main part of her house had been swept away. A skiff passing, she made use of it to gain a point where the water seemed shallower. Abandoning the frail boat, which the waves would have soon swept into the gulf, she told her children and servants to join hands and form a solid barrier against the current. She had previously made them take off their shoes that they might have a firmer foothold on the sand. They faced the point of the horizon whence the wind blew. Whenever a wave rolled towards them, they stooped forward at a signal from Mrs. Cropper, and the wave swept over their heads, without their losing an inch of ground. They passed the entire night in this dreadful position, beaten by the tempest, constantly swept by the waves, and seeing nothing around them but a furious sea. In the morning, they were all safely taken on board the "Star." Mrs. Troffier, of Bayou Goula, floating with her mother and brother on some boards, had an infant in her arms. In a few hours it gave no signs of life; but Mrs. Troffier persisted in clinging to it, at the risk of being swept into the gulf, and to administer from time to time some drops of nourishment. They were all saved, after passing the night in the water, and the child lived. What a thrilling example of maternal tenderness and courage!

◆

Kossuth.—The great Hungarian is living with his family i Vethor, Isle of Wight. It is said that he is regarded in Englan as a "mercenary political charlatan who played a bold game fo riches and won the stake." We do not believe it. We believ him to be a sincere enthusiast, injudicious, perhaps, at times, but true lover of liberty and of his country. We cannot afford t place him among our fallen idols.

◆

A brilliant Scene.—The New York Academy of Music o an opera night presents one of the most dazzling scenes that th eye can rest on. There are ladies there who wear quarts of di monds, but they don't look like quartz.

◆

Dignified Magistrate.—An English sheriff lately san "Villikins and his Dinah" at a county dinner, and was encore Fancy our mayor, Mr. Rice, executing "Dance, de boatma dance," in Faneuil Hall!

◆

Cause and Effect.—In Newark, N. J., there are twenty-fo watchmen to a population of 60,000, consequently burglaries a not infrequent there.

◆

☞ **Mr. F. Gleason** has removed his office from Tremo Street to No. 292 Washington Street.

◆

SPLINTERS.

.... It is said the expression the "height of the fashion" obsolete—changed to the "full of the fashion."

.... Society, like changeable silk, must be viewed from eve point to ascertain its true colors.

.... The German opera has been fairly inaugurated in Ne York, the most cosmopolitan of cities.

.... Abstracting feathers from beds and selling them, is newly-discovered fraud of house-servants.

.... The singers Grisi and Mario have one of the most magn ficent villas in the world, near Florence.

.... Miss Nightingale has modestly refused all public demo strations since her return to England from the East.

.... Mr. Macaulay is handled severely by Frederick Devon i a pamphlet on the first Lord Darmouth.

.... Mr. Barnum has taken Cordelia Howard, the child-actres to Europe, to make a fortune for her.

.... Parodi and Strakosch will make a tour through the Unit States this winter, giving a series of concerts.

.... Miss Emma Stanley's "Drawing-room entertainment" everywhere successful. Her changes of dress are marvellous.

.. Benson J. Lossing has written a "Family History of t United States," complete in a single volume.

.... Laura Keene expects to open her new theatre in the cour of this month. She has hosts of friends.

.... One hundred thousand francs have been sent from Ne York for the relief of the French sufferers by inundation.

.... "Belle Brittan" describes a lady at New York with a fi dress over which "a pint of diamonds was poured."

.... Some rogues in England have lately been selling heavi plated lumps of coarse metal for pure gold.

.... At Burlington, Mass, they had a picnic at which thr bushels of berries were used in one pie.

.... Peaches have been selling in Chicago at fifteen cents apie or seven for a dollar.

.... Professor Morse received a very polite invitation from t Emperor Alexander to attend his coronation.

.... Recent advices from Nicaragua state that Gen. Walker prospects are improving. No sickness there.

OSTENTATIOUS HUMILITY.

There is a vast sight of it in the world. Under many a cloak of professed humility, lurks the restless heart of intensest vanity and pride. The anecdote of the self-accuser in the conference meeting, whose charges of hypocrisy and wickedness against himself, were answered by a brother, with "Amen! that's so," and who thereupon retorted, "slanderer! I am as good as you," illustrates the spirit of much showy humility. It is a sham humility, taken on for effect, and to glorify one's-self. True humility makes no display nor vaunt. If it leaves the world for a cloister, it doesn't advertise the fact. If it be a part of sincere repentance, it prefers acts to words to show it. All great and noble souls are humble. No such soul blazons its humility. These professed humble ones—these humilitarians, to coin a phrase, are just the proudest of human beings. You couldn't wound them worse, or insult them more, than to take them at their professions.

◆

A Sensible Man.—What the world calls avarice is oftentimes no more than compulsory economy; and even a willful penuriousness is better than a wasteful extravagance. A just man, being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death than borrow ofh is friends in his lifetime.

A young lady was sitting in a coach, near Eleventh street, a few days ago; the horses became frightened—(the driver having left the box)—and ran away, upsetting the carriage and killing the unfortunate girl, whose face was entirely torn off.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. M.—Yes, there is a rule for averaging the dates of bills for goods purchased at different times. You start with the earliest date, and find the difference in time between that and each other date, then multiply the amount of each bill by the difference between its date and that of the earliest bill; add all the products together; divide the sum of the products by the whole amount of all the bills, add the quotient to the earliest date, and the sum will be the average date of all the bills. In the example you sent us, for instance the bills ran—

June 5, $18,38
" 11, 251,00
" 17, 63,49
" 22, 91,00

Now, the difference between June 5th and June 11th is 6 days; between the 5th and 17th, 12 days; and between the 5th and 22d, 17 days. Therefore the bill dated June 11th, and amounting to $251, is to be multiplied by 6; the $63,-49 by 12, and the $91 by seventeen; so the example will stand thus:

June 5, $18,38
" 11, 251,00x6 =1506,00
" 17, 63,49x12= 761,88
" 22, 91,00x17=1547,00

423,87) 3814,88 (9
3814,83

Here we have as our quotient, which, added to 5, the date of the earliest bill, gives us 14, which is the average for the date of all the bills. In the explanation of the improved note and bill table, in "Preston's Interest Tables," you will find a very good method for averaging the dates of bills, &c., which, though not quite so brief or simple as the above, yet leads to the same result practically.

Etiquette.—In making a call with a lady, you should both ascend the steps and enter the house together; or, if the door be narrow, let the lady precede you into the hall. You should wait for the lady to signify her desire to go, and then permit her to precede you. If there be no servant to open the outside door, open it yourself, and let the lady pass out. We do not think it advisable for a student to "nerve himself up with liquor" for any occasion.

Quakerdom.—We do not think it would be in any way beneficial either to your daughters or sons to have them learn and practice billiard playing. The game affords no exercise to mind or body, and as for the "training of the muscles, the hand and the eye," that is "all in your eye." Trundling hoop, boxing, fencing, running, jumping, rowing, horse-back riding, or wood-sawing, would be better exercise for both your boys and girls, than billiard-playing.

Charles.—You could acquire a good knowledge of history by reading Rollin's Ancient History, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Goldsmith's History of Greece, the historical writings of Robertson, Hume, Smollet, Macaulay, Allison, Thiers, Napier, Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, and any others you should happen to hear of.

Anonymous.—As a general thing, it is advisable for a husband to be older than, or at least as old as, his wife, but some of the happiest couples have been those where the wife was older than her husband. Every such case must be settled on its especial merits and circumstances, independently of all others.

Davenport, Iowa.—Your solution of the sheep problem published in the Ledger of the 17th July is correct. We have received over a hundred correct solutions of it, and this answer must suffice for all who have worked it out and sent us the result.

S. J. W.—Each person must settle such matters for himself. We think, however, that no man of proper spirit would marry a woman who is in the habit of making fun of him to his acquaintances.

Jacques.—If you are really the thrifty young man you say you are, you incur no risk in marrying, although it would probably be wise in you to defer taking such a step for a couple of years.

Pronink.—We think that it is indiscreet for any young man to make a habit of visiting lager-bier saloons.

Sylvan.—It is dangerous to trust a man who has committed a crime.

☞ General Scott was seventy-two years old on the 14th of May. He has been in the army half a century..

Beargrass says the following question has occas much discussion among his acquaintances, and he wo like to have a quietus put on it by the Ledger; therefore w submit it to our readers, who are learned and skillful such matters. The question is: What is the *present worth* $1000, due thirty years hence, allowing money to be wor six per cent. per annum?

Glenzoran says he is engaged to be married, and that his means are small, and his business dull, he shall not in a condition to marry under two years. He has inform his betrothed of this, and told her that if she was unwilli to wait so long, he would release her from the engagemen She does not wish the engagement to be broken, nor is sh satisfied to wait so long, and Glenzoran asks, "Do you n think she should wait contentedly, or put an end to the e gagement?" Before answering this question, we should li to know all the facts of the case. If, at the time the engag ment was made, you did not tell her that she would have wait two years, she certainly has just grounds of complai against you; and, in any case, it is not unnatural for her feel some discontent at the state of things you describe. Yo should not be petulant with her, but should exhibit toward her the utmost gentleness and consideration.

A Constant Reader.—Your question about deserters fro the U. S. Army is so indefinite we cannot understand yo meaning, and therefore cannot give you an answer. This i common fault with correspondents, and is one reason wh many communications receive no attention. In the haste writing, or through inexcusable carelessness, words vital t the sense are omitted, and thus the question has no point o meaning. This should not be. Correspondents should rea over their letters carefully, and correct mistakes and suppl omissions, before sending them to us.

F. F. L.—You had better pay no attention to the lady request for a release from the engagement. If your state ment is correct, she is behaving most abominably; and al though, under the circumstances, you would act very foo ishly in marrying her, yet you should do nothing which wi prejudice your claims upon her, inasmuch as you are justly entitled to the large sum of money you have advanced for her support.

A Teacher.—We have read something about an "Association for Sending Teachers out West," but we can give you n definite information concerning it. If you can possibly rai money enough to go West on your own hook, you had better do so, and not be helped and hampered by any association. Self-reliance and independent action are the main springs o success in all trades and professions.

A Regular Subscriber.—If the parties injured you b publishing something false about you, you could of cour bring an action for libel against them with a fair chance gaining proper damages. But if, as your letter seems to in ply, it was a mere hoax, or bit of fun, you would probabl be ridiculed out of court. As for the young lady—leave h to time and her own heart.

Howard.—It must be a bold "speculator" who woul state that Howard, the world-known philanthropist, who h long been dead, "has started a philanthropic association i Philadelphia, and called it after his own name." You shou follow the general and wise rule of never sending your mo ney to parties of whose honesty and responsibility you ar not positively assured.

Nora.—No; we do not think it is an "act of presum tion" for our correspondents to adopt the names of chara ters in our stories, for their signatures. It is just as prop to select some fictitious name, or the name of some histori character, for a signature, as to sign one's initials.

Spartacus.—If your round shoulders have not becom physiological fixture, like bow legs, or any other defect person, you can cure them by persistently keeping yo shoulders thrown back, and by always sitting and standi in an upright position.

Isabel Hortense.—We should not think of taking such liberty with a contributor as to "publish her real name a the street and number where she lives, in the Ledger;" therefore, little Miss Isabel Hortense, we shall have to deny your request.

J. M.—We think that a man would act very foolishly wh should marry a woman who, as he positively knows, is i the habit of flirting with, kissing, and generally making fr with her male acquaintances, although she is engaged to him, and knows that he is disgusted with such conduct.

G. K. H.—If your statement is correct, you would b morally justified in abandoning your old sweetheart an seeking another for your wife, but the first-named could su you for breach of promise, and probably get damage against you.

A Young Man.—Your only safe way will be to invest you money in good first mortgages. You might better do thi and take five per cent. than to invest in stocks which prom ise to pay twice that interest. Be sure that the mortgage are all right, before you let the money go out of your hand

Robin Hood.—You must search the advertisements in th daily papers to find out where the "best bows and arrow are for sale." We do not wish to advertise any kind merchandise whatever, by stating where we think the be can be obtained.

Louise.—The game of philopœna is played differently i different places, and consequently disputes are constantl arising as to the payment of the forfeit. The best way is t have a distinct understanding at the time, as to what sha occasion the forfeiture.

Leonidas.—Among good-natured young ladies you can d anything which your sense of courtesy or benevolence prompts, even if you exhibit awkwardness or an ignoranc of etiquette in the doing of it.

Harry and Helen.—When the postage on a letter or pack age is ten cents, of course three three-cent stamps will n pay it; you must also put on a one-cent stamp.

T. J. G.—When you call on a lady friend and find anoth gentleman present, he should retire first, unless he be he lover, or his call be a business one.

C. A. S.—If you wish to learn the French language, em ploy some good teacher—a Frenchman, and study whatever books he recommends.

Junius.—Mrs. Southworth does not write for any publica tion whatever except the Ledger. She is now engaged i writing a new story for our columns.

Akron.—As, according to your own statement, you in sulted the lady, you must make a suitable apology, befor you can hope for her forgiveness.

G. H. B.—We have seen it stated that blood is sometimes used by refiners in the purification of loaf-sugar.

J. L. C.—We do not insert "marriage notices" in th Ledger.

C. C. B.—We do not get the Ledger bound for You can choose your own bookbinder.

In nature, there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'er-flourished by the de

WIT AND HUMOR.

Certificate of Character.—A hoosier was called upon a stand out West, to certify to the character of a brother hoosier. The testimony was as follows: "How long have you known Bill Whack?" "Ever since he was born." "What is his general character?" "Letter A, No. 1—'bove par a great ways, I judge." "Would you believe him on oath?" "Yes, Sir-*ee!* on or off, or any other way, I conclude." "What, in your opinion, are his qualifications as to good character?" "He's the best shot on our prairies, or in the woods. He can shave the eye-whiskers off a wolf as far as a shootin' iron 'ill carry a ball. He can drink a quart of grog any day, and chaws tobacco like a hoss."

Taking the Will for the Deed.—On opening the will, some time ago, of a gentleman who had expended an extremely handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following: "If I had died possessed of ten thousand dollars, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Thompson ——, but as I have not a dime he must accept the WILL FOR THE DEED."

An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and with a knowing look replied:—"Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—but after all I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be!"

Queer Conceits of Authors.—In the present day, it seems to be a great point gained by authors to get novelty in the titles of their productions. A publisher's advertisement announces the publication of a work to be called *Laurels and Flowers.* We have some idea of bringing out a sort of companion, to be called *Gammon and Spinach.*

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's wool* on your back. There now!" Poor Smith was floored!

Municipal Corporation.—The corporation of a town; which may perhaps have been called the corporation, from its being, as it were. the stomach, or recipient of all the dinners and feasts paid for out of the municipal money.

True Dignity.—A woman, examined recently at the Sessions, said—"I live by peddling. I sell all sorts of needle work to ladies. I never sold such *low things* as lucifer-matches!" Thus, it seems, there is an aristocracy of peddling—that eschews brimstone!

Medical Student's Exami
often heal by the first intention?"
is rich and the doctor is poor."
ensue?" "When you pop the qu
no."

During the session of a c
terior, a witness was asked if h
when he hesitated for a moment,
the laughter of the court, "No, si

It is said that two of a t
yet we often see two and even th
and be very friendly.

Why is a wet umbrella lik
Because it's *dripping.*

A young lady of this city a few evenings since dressed herself in a light muslin dress over very large hoops. While sitting before the fire, a door leading into the room was opened suddenly, and the draught of air occasioned thereby inflated the balloon-like dress, and carried the muslin against the fire grate. In a moment the poor girl was enveloped in flames, and although she had the rare presence of mind to leap into a bath close at hand and turn the faucet, she was so severely burnt before the flames were extinguished that fears are entertained of her recovery.

The official accounts of the Indian massacres in Northern Iowa and Minnesota show that the bodies of forty-one whites have been found, while a much greater number of persons are missing. The Indians not only murdered men women and children in the most brutal manner, but committed outrages worse even than slaughter. The United States troops are now driving the savages out of the country.

A young lady in Chester county, Pa., recently got married "in fun" to a man who also regarded the matter as a "joke." The silly parties however discovered that it was no "joke" nor "funny," but a most serious fact—they being soundly married very much against their will. The trouble and expense of a legislative divorce were necessary to relieve the "jokers" from their embarrassment.

The body of a girl named Hannah Scott, who though only 14 years old looked 18, was recently found floating in the North River at the foot of Reade-st, with a rope around her neck and nearly nude. Her step-father testified that she left her home a month previous, since which nothing had been heard from her. She was probably decoyed from home to ruin and death by some unspeakable villain.

England has signified (through her minister for foreign affairs) her intention of giving to the United States full play in Central America, and indeed all over this continent. The Western world is to be left to us; Southern Europe to France; Southern Asia and India to England; and Northern Asia to Russia. The rest of the nations must take their chance.

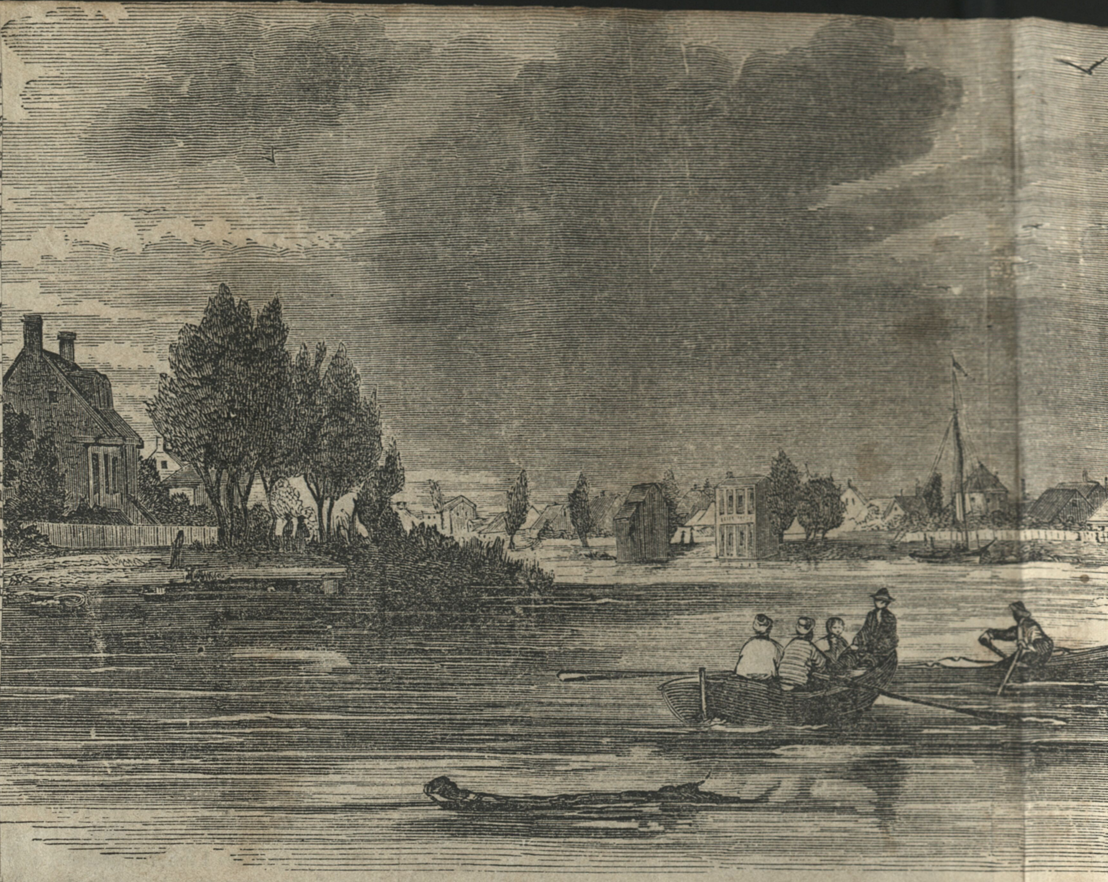
News has just arrived from Sidney (Australia) that a settlement of eleven Frenchmen and fifteen Sandwich Islanders in the township of Morari, in New Caledonia (South Sea), were suddenly attacked in January last by the natives, and every one of them barbarously murdered.

A miserable ruffian was a few days since arrested for assaulting an aged woman, whom he struck with his fist in the face and stomach with such violence as to endanger her life. He was let out on $500 bail, instead of being sent to the penitentiary for life as he should have been.

People should be careful how they carry revolvers on their persons. A Mr. Shull, from Pennsylvania, while on his way to Iowa a short time since, was shot by his own revolver, which went off in his pocket. He was seriously wounded.

The Emperor of Austria is about to visit Hungary, on which occasion he will extend a general amnesty to all Hungarians who are exiled or imprisoned for political offences, excluding only Kossuth; him, he will not do justice to. This is the greatest compliment he could pay Kossuth.

Mr. H. A. Allendorph, of Clinton, in this State was recently engaged in loading wood, on his farm, and hav
ha worked very hard, he suddenly exclaimed, "I hav
overdone myself," and immediately expired.



THE BELIZE.—MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE BELIZE.

The first of the two large pictures on this page is an accurate view of the Belize, one of the mouths by which the "Father of Waters" seeks an outlet to the Gulf. At the present time when so many statistics are being published in reference to this great artery of trade and travel, the sketches we publish will be regarded as possessing peculiar interest. The scene we first present is a rendezvous for pilots, and on the low shore to the right a lofty look-out is erected for their use, from which they can descry vessels at a great distance. The buildings all along the pass are picturesque, and the trees planted at intervals impart a very pleasing aspect to the scene. Many of the little houses sketched in our view, are occupied by pilots. As soon as vessels requiring their services are signalled, they put off to discharge their arduous duties. From the Belize nearly all vessels are towed up to the city of New Orleans, and the vessels employed for this purpose are very different from the little steam-tugs that ply in our harbor, as the force of the mighty current they are obliged to stem requires powerfully built craft and ponderous engines. Our readers are referred to the second engraving for a correct representation of these craft. One of them is seen alongside a large ship, while another in the distance has two vessels in tow—one to starboard and one to larboard of her. The long ladders seen in these tow-boats are peculiar to them. By reason of the immense extent of lowlands existing about the delta of the Mississippi, fogs are of very frequent occurrence. Indeed, a foggy state of the atmosphere appears to be its normal condition. These fogs generally settle and hang upon the surface of the water, only extending upward forty or fifty feet, so that above them the air is comparatively clear. Thus the masts of ships reach entirely clear of the obscurity while their hulls are

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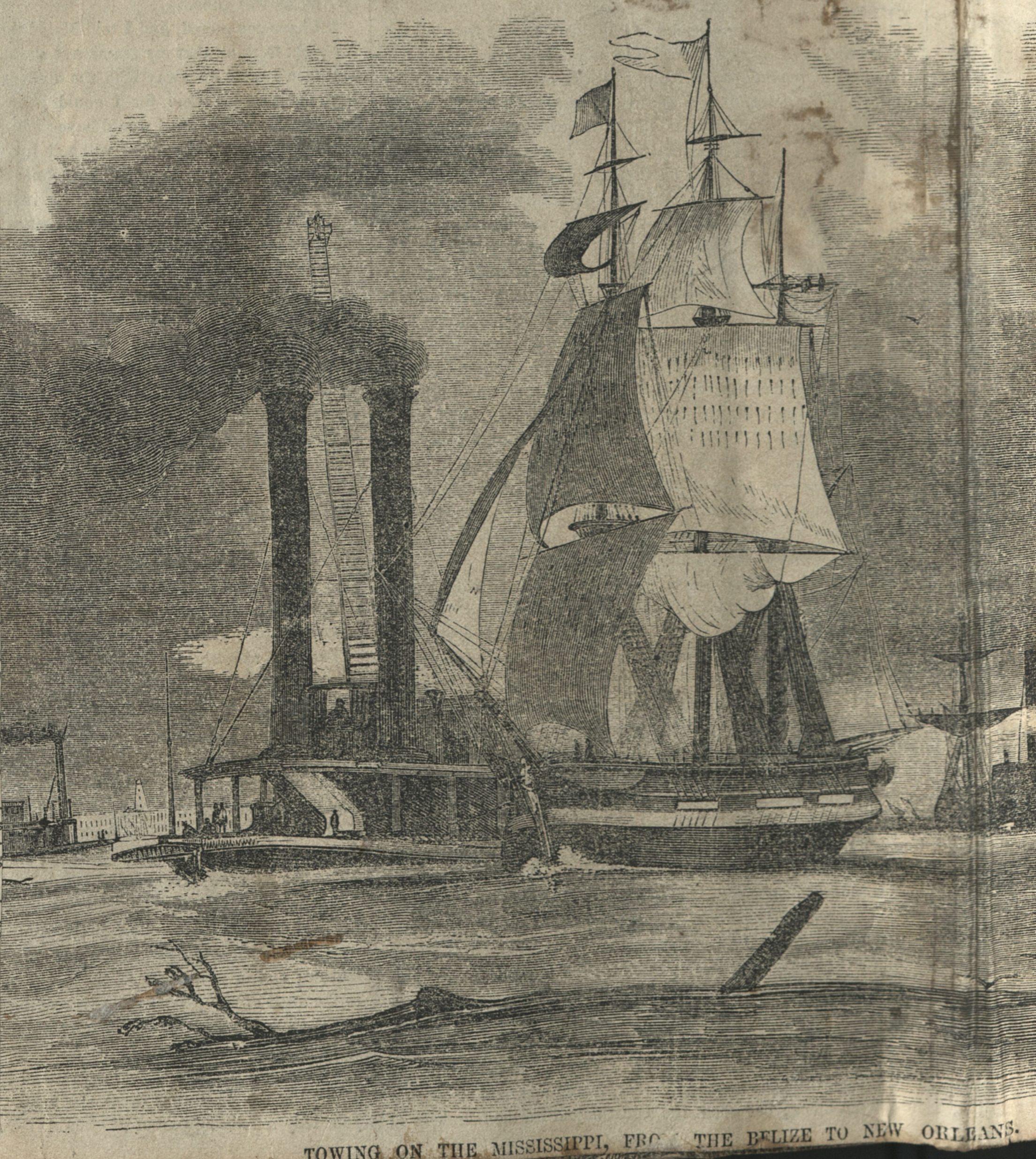
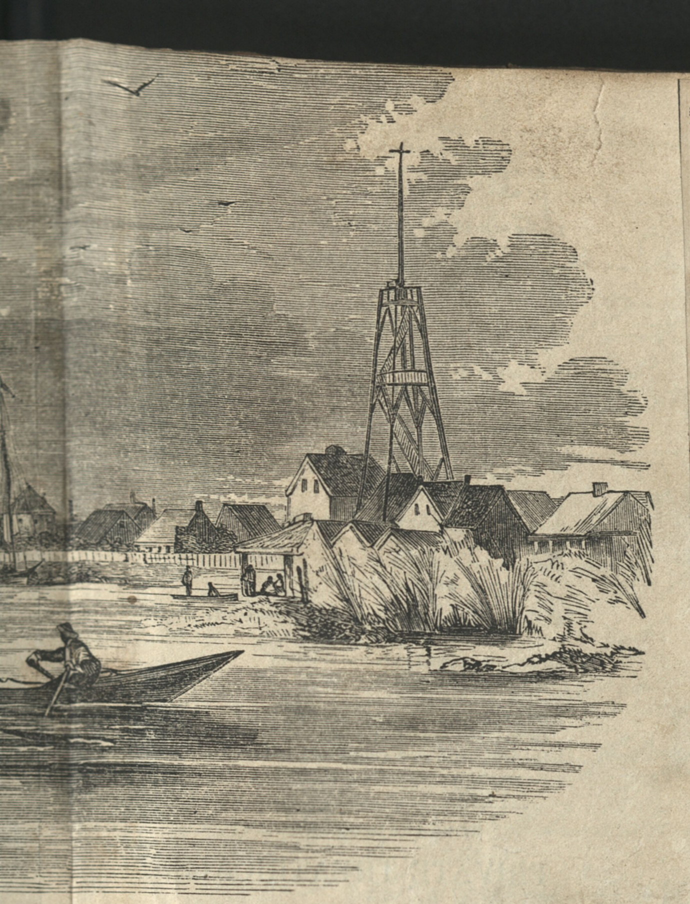


TOWING ON THE MISSISSIPPI, FROM THE BELIZE TO NEW ORLEANS.



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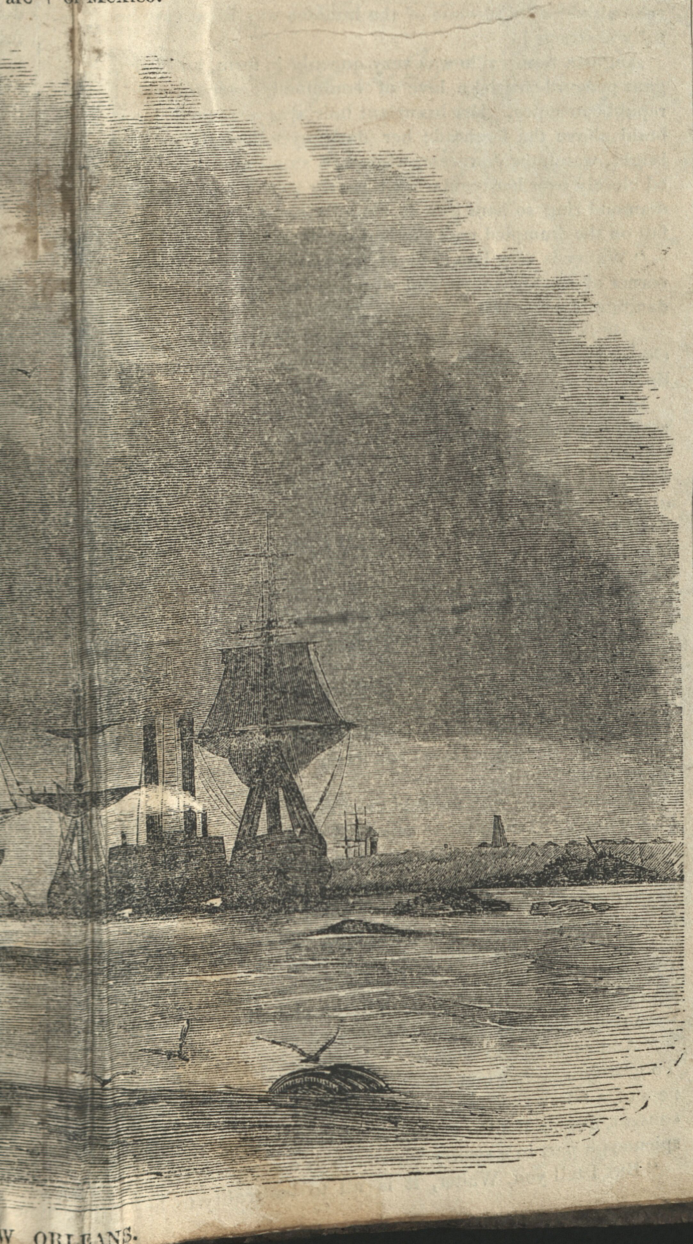
immersed in the lower stratum of fog. The steamboat people take advantage of this very peculiar phenomenon, and, by means of the high ladders shown in our engraving, are enabled to keep a bright lookout aloft. From these ladders the men descry the masts of ships waiting for tugs below, and are enabled to steer directly for them. They are also enabled, by the same means, to avoid collisions with vessels. If the fogs reached a much greater elevation than they do, the delays and dangers of an entrance to New Orleans would be often disastrous. In approaching the pilot ground, the snorts and screams of the high pressure steam engines are heard long before the boats to which they belong can be descried. The river opposite the city of New Orleans is half a mile wide and from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet deep. It preserves the same width almost to its en rance to the Gulf of Mexico.



W ORLEANS.

INQUIRER.—The Federal Government has to provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may at any time be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress. When the militia are called out by a State government to serve the State, they must confine their operations within its borders; and when in the service of the Federal Government, they cannot be compelled to cross the frontiers of, or in any manner to leave, the United States; although they are at liberty to *volunteer* to go beyond the boundaries of the Republic. During the war of 1812, when the battle of Queenstown was raging, the militia absolutely refused to cross Niagara river, and help their brethren of the regular army, although the latter were overwhelmed by the enemy's superior forces. The Federal Government is also obliged to protect each and every State against invasion; and also, on application of the legislature, or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence. But one State cannot interfere in the affairs of another, even though requested to do so.

B. M. J.—You are right. Unless a couple are married or engaged, it would not be proper for the girl to permit the man to promenade with his arm about her waist, even though nobody else should be visible. If it would be right for anybody to do so, it would be right for everybody to do it; and if it be *right* to do so, then there could be no harm in having it known. A wife, or a betrothed sweetheart, would not feel alarmed to have it known that her husband or her lover put his arm around her waist in walking; but a woman would consider her reputation injured, were it reported that she was in the habit of permitting her male acquaintances to take such a liberty. This is not an unimportant matter, especially as it seems there are girls who "can't see where the harm is." Ask them if they would like to have it known of all men and women, that they are in the habit of thus promenading with their male acquaintances. That is the test.

MARY ANN.—Mary, Queen of Scots, was second cousin to Queen Elizabeth. The latter was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, and the former the grand-daughter of Henry's sister, Margaret. Mary was married four times. She fled to England in 1567, and was put to death for conspiring against the life of Elizabeth, at Fotheringay Castle, on the 8th of February, 1587, at the age of forty-five years. It is difficult to speak with accuracy as to her character, inasmuch as historians greatly differ in regard to it, and also inasmuch as very little dependence is to be placed upon history, at any time. She was probably as good a woman as any queen of that age cared to be.

MISS A. B.—We do not remember receiving or publishing any of your poems. We do not wish any more contributors; we have had an announcement to that effect in our paper for years. When we solicit contributions, then you may claim that, in "justice," we are obliged to respond by letter to notes from persons who would put that labor upon our shoulders. At present we have not time to reply to one person in fifty who addresses us in regard to publishing their articles. We deny the right of literary aspirants to so occupy our time, to the detriment of our legitimate business.

SOLITUDE.—It is not a good plan for a person given to melancholy, and to brooding over misfortunes, to spend much time in solitude. Better mix with society freely, and engage in some active and engrossing occupation. Too much brooding on the unhappy past leads to a morbid and unhealthy state of mind, which not unfrequently terminates in insanity or suicide. Break up the habit as soon as possible, and cultivate the utmost cheerfulness of heart and mind. This world is not half as bad as you imagine it to be.

A LOVER wants to know if it is proper for his sweetheart to receive costly presents from a male acquaintance, and if he would be justified in reproving her for doing so? That depends on circumstances. If the friend is some good-hearted old gentleman, who has long been a friend of her family, there is no harm in accepting them; but if the friend is some young fellow, who wishes to ingratiate himself as a rival, she should reject his offered gifts. Love and common-sense should regulate such matters.

CREDULITY.—The gentleman's affection was doubtless sincere, and he probably would have married you had it not been for the obstacle you mention. You did right to discourage his advances so peremptorily; for, though your worthless husband had long been absent, you were still his legal wife, and any manifestation by you of affection for another man would have exposed you to calumny, and perhaps led to lamentable circumstances. A woman should, if she can, always avoid the possibility of the appearance of evil.

N. G. Y.—It is not probable that you will be troubled by the constable any more. He has no right to interfere with you or your property, unless he come armed with power delegated by a higher authority than himself. A constable has no more authority than any other man, until a warrant or execution is put into his hands. He cannot, of his own accord, seize any man's property, or arrest his person, unless he detects him in the commission of some flagrant act.

ABIGAIL.—Graceful hoops *are* graceful; but stiff, pokey, ugly-looking hoops are not graceful. Very short women should not wear very large hoops, if they have any regard to appearances; while tall and slender women may emulate a beer-barrel in the number of their circumgyratory surroundings, and look all the better for it, if the hoops are of the elastic, swaying kind.

WILLIAM.—It is well enough for boys to go hunting or fishing occasionally, but too frequent indulgence in such recreations begets habits of idleness and a distaste for regular study and labor. A boy who *likes to work*, and *is ambitious to do his duty*, is in no danger of being harmed by relaxation; but a lazy, shirking fellow should have but few holidays.

AN OLD TRAVELER.—We are not particular about the names of steamboats, hotels, or anything else, in our stories and articles. Our aim is not to "puff" anybody or anything; and the names of boats, hotels, &c., being used for illustrative and not historical or statistical purposes, it makes no difference what they are called.

FRIGID.—You will find a statement of the difference between love and friendship in the LEDGER of August 15th. You can easily tell when you "truly love," because *then* you will have no doubts on the subject, as far as the sincerity of your own heart may be concerned.

REMLAP.—You can get a permit to visit the Tombs by applying to the Mayor, Recorder, City Judge, or the keeper of the prison itself. In fact, almost any municipal officer can give you a line that will enable you to gain entrance to the Tombs, as they are not very exclusive in regard to visitors.

FILLMORE.—Every man must be his own judge as to what kind of exercise will be best for him.

GOVERN YOUR IMAGINATION.—In proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only embitter disappointment and highten calamity; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

J. K. S.—The reason why literary men are not oftener elected to high offices, is probably because the public do not consider them sufficiently practical in their views to take charge of the material interests of society. As for "the injustice and neglect with which authors are treated," *that* we consider the most contemptible "*bosh*." Why is an unfortunate author any more deserving of pity than an unfortunate mechanic, clerk or farmer? If a man makes a book, and cannot sell it, wherein does his case differ from that of his fellow-citizen who makes an unsaleable patent-churn? The only difference we can see between these classes is, that the mechanics, farmers, seamstresses, and other hand-laborers, bear their ills and hardships with quiet dignity and manly uncomplainingness, while authors whine and blubber over theirs, and offend the general ear with their complainings. Justice compels us to add, however, that great souls complain not in any department of life: neither Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Carlyle, or any other great-hearted author, complains. They accept their fate, *and triumph in it*, whatever it be. Let us hear no more about "injustice to authors." In fact, if they always had strict justice meted out to them, many who have died in their beds would doubtless have been hanged.

ENGLAND.—Should your son take out naturalization papers in this country, and live here long enough to perfect his citizenship, and then return within the British dominions, he could be seized and punished as a deserter, and the United States Government could not and would not interfere. A little reflection will soon convince you of this fact, and of its justice. Were it otherwise, any European offender could come over here, live five years, and then go back as a citizen of the United States and bid defiance to the laws he had outraged. Such a state of things would not answer at all. Your son must stay here, or at least keep out of the British dominions, forever, if he would be safe, or else get a pardon from the government. Twelve copies of the LEDGER, including the American postage, will be $1 76 each, or twenty-one dollars and twelve cents for the dozen. If you can get a draft on New York, you had better do so; if not, the money would have to be sent by mail.

JUST EIGHTEEN.—You are old enough to know better. We suppose, however, that a girl must be true to her nature, and flirt. The idea, however, that you are actually in love with three beaux, would be comical were it not melancholy. You seem to have mistaken the emotions of animality and the promptings of cupidity, for love; or, perhaps, you are simply bewildered, like a gosling in a thunder-storm. As to your choice of a husband, from among the three fascinating beaux, we have nothing to advise in regard to it. As a general thing, a girl should not marry until she knows what man she loves best; but as you seem to think that it is an easy matter to love three at a time, the rules and principles of ordinary mortals of the feminine gender, will scarcely apply to your case. Why not let the three beaux *vote* on the question—a majority to elect your husband? They could perhaps arrange the matter harmoniously.

J. S. B.—You can get all the back numbers of the LEDGER containing the stories of Orion the Goldbeater and Karmel the Scout. If you wish to have your subscription date from the 7th of June, 1856, you can do so, and we will send you the LEDGER from that date. We have no objection to your subscribing for five years. We send the LEDGER to different post-offices for members of a club, when desired; but all the subscription money must be sent at one remittance.

QUEEN MAB.—Of course there never were any such beings as fairies and genii in the world. It does no harm for children to read stories about such things, and Jack the Giant-Killer, and to believe that—

"The cow jumped over the moon;
While the little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

L. M. S.—We have repeatedly said that a young girl should never conceal anything from her mother; and in love affairs, especially, she should fully confide in her parents. Many a woman who has gone and is going down to a dishonorable grave, would have escaped her wretched doom had she sought her mother's love and counsel, instead of trusting to the deceitful protestations of a strange villain.

EUREKA.—We do not see the force of your reasoning. Every man must conduct his business in his own way and —take the consequences. David could not fight in Saul's armor; and although it was probably the best suit of steel then in existence, he preferred to take his simple stone and sling. A man should thus always choose what he can best work with.

ITALIA.—Before setting out on your three years' tour of Europe, you had better master the French and German languages. With them on your tongue and plenty of cash in your purse, you can make yourself understood anywhere in Europe.

HERMIONE.—Your babe probably has the thrush. If so, a little powdered borax and sugar, sprinkled in its mouth three or four times a day, will cure it. But you had better call in a physician, as it is a dangerous business to treat a sick child in a hap-hazard manner.

MRS. W.—You will inherit your deceased husband's property entire; not from him direct, however, but from your son who died after his father's decease. Had the boy lived, you would have had only your dower, or one-third. All the legal demands against the estate will have to be paid.

JULIUS.—What is called Ethiopian minstrelsy is, for the most part, of Anglo-American origin. The orthography of the verses is Ethiopianized, but the melodies and harmony are such as only white men can originate.

G.—Tell the girl that you love her, and you will soon ascertain whether she reciprocates your affection, or merely regards you with feelings of friendship.

J. C. B.—We will not deviate from our advertised rates, no matter how large a club you may raise. We send papers to club subscribers at different post offices.

JUL[illegible].—You can send a daguerreotype by mail. Do it up in many thicknesses of paper, and prepay the postage upon it.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

GOLDEN AGE.

his fine steamship
for the Austra-
Steamship Com-
's line, is one of
finest boats ever
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city to carry and
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85 feet in length,
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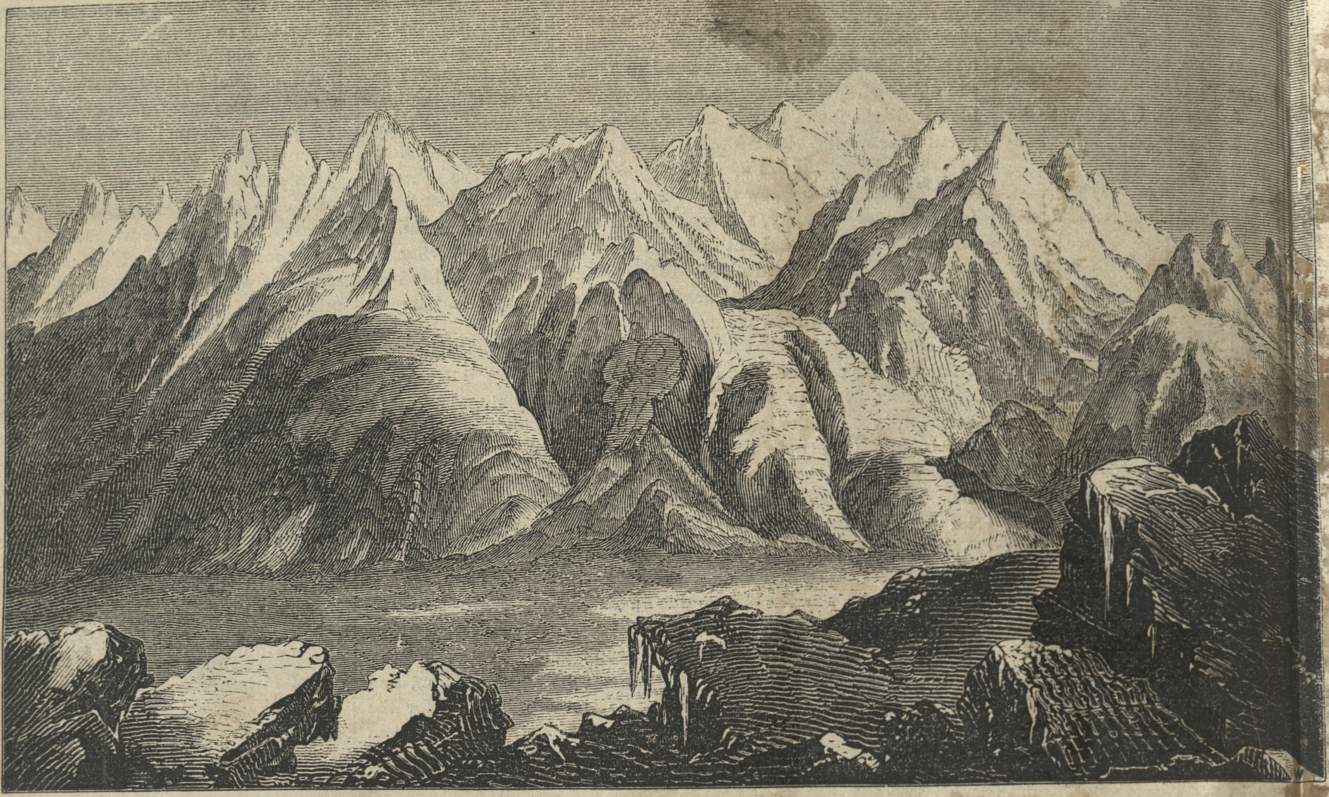
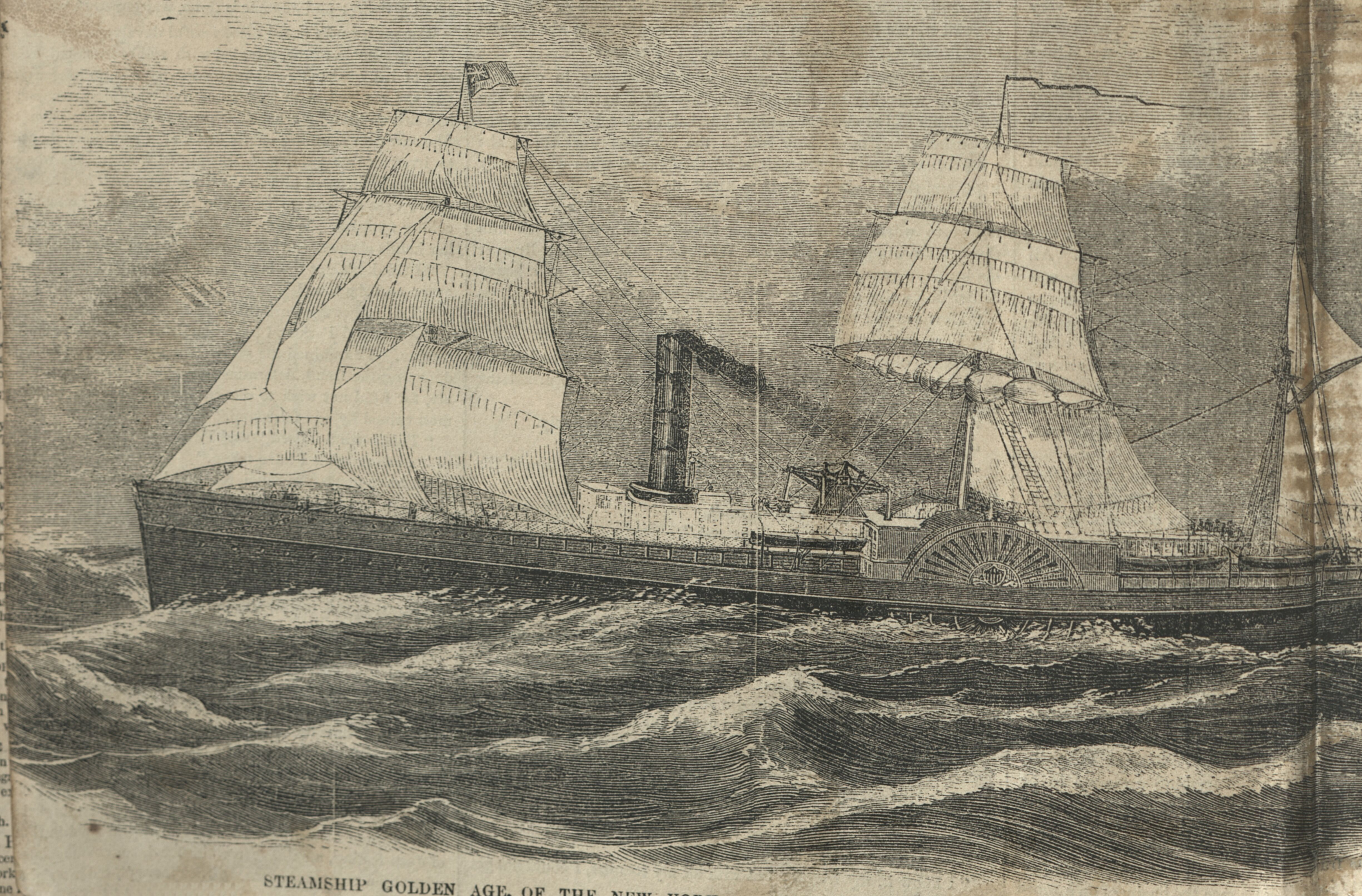
e tonnage of 2864
She has a beam
ne of somewhat
liar construction,
liameter of whose
der is 85 inches,
twelve feet length of stroke. The boilers constitute the
peculiarity. They are each 40 feet in length, and are fitted
ith furnaces at each end, the smoke-funnel ascending from
entre. By this arrangement it is claimed that economy in
space and fuel is gained, and the truth of the proposition is
y clearly proved so far as regards space. The steerage is
up with accommodations for six hundred passengers. The
s are furnished with neat mattresses and pillows; the latter
ered life preserving by means of an impermeable cotton felt-
Particular attention is devoted to the ventilation of the
Twelve-inch ports open into the cabin, preserving a com-
circulation of air, and affording eligible opportunities for
scape of fevers, plagues and the nuisances that do afflict emi-
s so sorely. The saloons are pannelled in rose, satin and
woods; upholstered in crimson and gold plush and rich
ings; gilded with taste; adorned with mirrors and furnish-
ith the newest appliances for the pleasures of the table.
e each table is suspended a lamp of new construction, fix-
pon a ball-and-socket joint, so as to preserve its perpendic-
at all times. Altogether she is a noble specimen of American
manship.


THE CHAIN OF MONT BLANC, AS SEEN FROM THE BREVENT.

[See Letter, page 279.]

VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

Friday, the Sunday of the Mahomedans, is also their day of recreation. We are now in full spring, the season in which the Turks frequent the country. This is the time for their excursions to enjoy the day, either on the banks of the Sweet Waters of Asia or of Europe. The former is, however, more resorted to in the autumn, and the latter draws the greater crowd in the present season. On Friday lately, the Sultan repaired there after mosque, as also the ladies of his harem. Many thousand caiques might be seen gliding along the Golden Horn, filled with the families of the pachas, all bound for the same destination, the Sweet Waters of Europe, and filled with the veiled beauties of the harem. The scene reminded one of the Arabian Nights, and of the brilliant descriptions of the East, only to be met with in the poems of Moore or Byron. The waters of Europe were sweet indeed last Friday. Many thousand sweet creatures were there, spread about the green meadows in groups of four or five, with little children and young girls in their brilliant Oriental costumes. The valley of the Sweet Waters of Europe is at the extremity of the Golden Horn, where two small rivulets enter the sea. The Sultan has a kiosque on the border of these streams. The valley
so completely changed the texture of
can well distinguish the finely chiselled
neath it. I had never seen such an asse
dies before, or rather of ladies belonging t
thought the accounts and descriptions of
gerated. They are not. If there was on
young women in the highest class of be
Grecian nose, and that clear, soft, dar
What eyes, and also what looks! They
seated in little groups, picnics. They had
ners with them, and also sweetmeats, whi
listening to the most discordant humdrum
was being performed by parties of four or
of guitar, not unfrequently accompanied
the only excuse the Turks have for sing
mirer of Oriental minstrelsy; they have
with these thousand damsels arrayed in
Turkish soldiers, negroes on white horses,
nians, Persians, Circassians, and some
intermingled, some idea may be had of
Sweet Waters on Friday.—*Notes on Turk*


STEAMSHIP GOLDEN AGE, OF THE NEW YORK AND AUSTRALIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S LINE.

page 279.]

is not more than half mile wide, with green hills rising at each side. It is almost entirely meadow, interspersed with trees here and there, and a little wood on the left side. It is not cultivated, neither is much care taken of it. At any time but spring or autumn it is indeed barren, and towards the centre swampy, and during the winter months frequently under water. At present it is, however, in its full beauty and verdure. On Friday it was peopled by many thousand persons. I never saw it so full before. The way was blocked up by carriages filled with Turkish ladies, and the river was literally so full of caiques that you could not pass. The fair natives of Armenia and Georgia were there spread on the grass, while black eunuchs on white Arabians whirled about with jealous eyes, watching over the property of their masters. The Turkish veil hides the greater part of the face from view, but these fair Orientals have of late years

the texture of this covering that you
finely chiselled nose and rosy lips be-
een such an assemblage of Turkish la-
ladies belonging to Turks, and had often
nd descriptions of Oriental beauty exag-
If there was one there were a hundred
ighest class of beauty, with the straight
t clear, soft, dark, almond-shaped eye.
nat looks! They seemed very happy—
icnics. They had all brought their din-
sweetmeats, which they were enjoying
cordant humdrum Turkish music, which
parties of four or five men with a s
ntly accompanied by a guttural
ks have or singing. I am not a
elsy; they have no ear for music.
nsels arrayed in every colored cos
s on white horses, smoking Turks,
ans, and some hundred British o
may be had of the brilliant scene
—*Notes on Turkey.*

BEFORE THE DAWN.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Sitting in silence and alone,
The shadows round her falling,
Poor Susie made her plaintive moan,
Upon her lost ones calling.

There was no light upen the ground,
Her gloomy foot-path cheering,—
No dawn of hope was spread around
To banish cause of fearing.

She sat in darkness, with her tears
Fast as the shadows falling;
And backward to the vanished years
Her heart was wildly calling.

Long had she struggled bravely on,
But heart and flesh were weary;
And she had cast her down forlorn,
Where all was dark and dreary.

But just before the morn we know
The night is deepest ever;
And in the hour of sorest woe
There 's *one* forsakes us never.

And when poor Susie in the strife
Sank down, and thought to perish,
Beside the rugged path of life,
A friend was sent to cherish;

To raise her from the chilling mould—
Her life and strength renewing;
And cheerly now thro' heat and cold
Her path she is pursuing.

BY C. G. DUNN.

The winter wind blows o'er the moor
And sweeps along the lea;
There's misery at the poor man's door,
There's wretchedness at sea.
God bless the sailor on this night
And guide him through the storm!
For sad's the heart without the light
Of hope, to keep it warm.

There are chilled forms to-night, and weak
That lounge not 'round a fire,
Where cheering flames of comfort speak
Of gratified desire.
God bless such stricken ones to-night
And guard them with thine arm!
And in their hearts renew the light
Of hope, to keep them warm.

God bless the sailor on the sea!
God bless the toiling man!
God bless the house where poverty
Sits gloomy-faced and wan!
God bless all of my fellow-men
And shield them from the storm;
For sad's the heart without the light
Of hope, to keep it warm.

SCANDAL.

"Believe not each aspersing word,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story false
Which ought not to be true."

AMUSING DUEL.

Baden-Baden, says the London Times, which has been so long one of the temples of folly, would seem—if the chronicles of the place which the newspapers supply may be trusted—to have taken a tone and temper at once moral and practical. The code of the gaming-table, is, apparently, falling from its authority, with the threatened deposition of the gaming-table itself. Two strangers, an Englishman and a Prussian, quarrelled, according to a very common incident, over their play, and agreed in the usual course to fire at one another, as the recognized means of settling a dispute. The Englishman was so lucky as to win the first fire, and so unlucky as to miss his adversary. The latter had only now to shoot his man at his ease, and prepared to take his aim accordingly, when the Englishman cried out, "Stop, stop—I'll buy your shot." The first impression made was that of the novelty of the proposal—the second, that it contained the preliminaries of a mutually profitable transaction. The conditions of the arrangement were accordingly entered upon; and the two leading elements were, that the Englishman was rich, and the Prussian a good shot. The redemption was valued at £1000, and the parties returned to the city, alike satisfied with their bargain. The case was worth reporting, and we are glad it was the Englishman who set the first example of this clear insight into the *rationale* of duelling.

Devonshire Cure for Warts.—Take a piece of twine, tie it in as many knots as you have warts, touch each wart with a knot, and then throw the twine behind your back into some place where it may soon decay—a pond, or a hole in the earth. *But tell no one what you have done.* When the twine is decayed, your warts will disappear; without any pain or trouble—being, in fact, charmed away!

To Revive a Fading Flower.—Cut the stalk, and hold it a few moments in the flame of the candle, and then set the flower again in the cold water, when it will recover its strength almost visibly after this violent assistance, and blossom immediately.

The Spider.—It is an oriental idea that the spider draws its venom from the rose; and thus it is that too often from the sweetest sources comes the blight of happiness and human affections.

Derry.—No; you have no right to pass over your neighbor's land against his wishes, no matter how great the convenience of such passage would be to you nor how much inconvenience the denial of such right of way may subject you to. As to the question whether or not long-continued custom has given you such a right of way, *that* can only be decided by a legal tribunal before which *all* the facts shall be set forth.

A Lady Subscriber puts the following case: suppose on coming out of church, a young lady discovers that it is raining slightly, and at the same time discovers a gentleman acquaintance in the vestibule, who speaks to her, remarks that it is raining, asks if she has an umbrella, is told that she has none, and then, after accompanying her to the sidewalk, politely touches his hat, wishes her good-day, and walks off under his umbrella, leaving her to make her way home in profound astonishment and the rain. The gentleman's reason for not offering to escort her home is that he was afraid of offending by offering her his services, as their acquaintance was but very slight, and he supposed she would ask him to protect her from the rain if she desired him to do so; on the other hand, the lady supposed he would and should volunteer his services as umbrella holder. Which is right? The lady is right. It is never improper for a gentleman to offer to do a lady a real, substantial service, where the necessity or desirableness of such service is unmistakeably apparent; but it might well be a most awkward thing for a lady to *ask* for help even when she exceedingly needed it.

A Stammerer writes us from Philadelphia that our advice to those afflicted with stammering, given in the Ledger of April 25th, has already been of great service to him. He has been troubled with this affliction from childhood, and has spent much money to gain a cure, but the benefits that have resulted from following the practice we recommended have already far exceeded those of all other tested remedies; and he wishes us to make this fact public in order that his fellow-sufferers may be encouraged at once to commence practicing the course we laid down in the Ledger of the date aforementioned. The advertisements of quacks, who promise "to cure stammering in an hour, without pain or fatigue to the patient," should be disregarded; or, at any rate, their fee should not be paid until they have performed the cure.

A Lady Reader says a young man called on her a short time since, and that after his departure she missed her daguerreotype which had been lying on the table. She suspected her visitor of having taken it, and on investigation learned that her suspicion was correct. She has several times asked for a return of the daguerreotype, but her requests have thus far been refused, and she wishes to know what she can do to regain her miniature? She should inform her father, or if she has no father, then some one who can act energetically for her, of the fact, and request him to get the daguerreotype; and if the purloiner refuses still to give it up, then make an affidavit of the facts of the case before a magistrate, and have him arrested for stealing the miniature. Such impudent meddling with other people's property should be severely punished.

Mrs. E. B. W.—A remedy for pimples on the face has been sent us, for the efficacy of which we cannot vouch, though it is highly commended. It is as follows, namely: Wash the face, just before going to bed, with sour milk or buttermik, and when dry rub it thoroughly with dry wheat flour. In the morning wash in soft cold water and rub vigorously with a coarse towel. In ten days, it is said, all signs of pimplification will disappear, and your mirror will reflect back a state of things of which you may be justly proud.

Coelebs.—Josephine was older than Napoleon. There would certainly be no harm in marrying a woman two or even six years older than yourself, if you loved her. Many of the happiest marriages have been those wherein the wife was the elder. There are scores, yes thousands of men who need not only a wife but a mother and guardian to keep them from making fools of and ruining themselves, and when these can all be united in the same woman it is a most fortunate circumstance—for the man.

A Brooklyn Apprentice Boy says his master and also the foreman of the establishment is in the habit of knocking down the boys employed therein, and kicking them in the stomach and face while they are down. One boy had his eyes nearly put out in this way, and often their faces are much disfigured. The question is, what can be done with these inhuman monsters? Be sure of your facts and that you can prove them, and then complain to a magistrate of their ill-treatment of yourself and your fellow-apprentices.

L. T. Anderson says he asked a friend what time it was and was answered, "The time past noon is equal to one-fifth of the time before midnight." He has been trying ever since to make out what the hour could have been, but he can't do it, and now he wants us to try to solve the problem and tell him what the solution is. Any boy who has studied and mastered vulgar fractions can tell him. It was two o'clock; at which time the two hours past noon are equal to one-fifth of the ten hours before midnight.

Henry.—Wait patiently until you shall have acquired your profession and got a fair start in business. By that time the young lady's father may discover how unjustly you have been aspersed and grant a gracious consent to your union with his daughter. If such a happy result be not attained you will at least then be in a position to act independently, and your experience will enable you also to act much more wisely then than now.

Annie Galena.—Every family must judge for itself whether or not it would be disgraced should one of its daughters go upon the stage. For our part, we would rather see a daughter of ours (if we had one) innocently sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, than have her become the familiar companion of those who frequent the green-rooms of theatres.

A Couple Once Lovers, who have come to the conclusion that they had better not marry, but still cherish mutual sentiments of friendship and esteem, wish to know if it would be proper for them to enter into a "friendly" correspondence with each other. Yes; let them correspond, and the matter will probably terminate in their marriage.

C. A. B.—Many people have learned to play the guitar without a teacher, and we know no reason why you could not do the same; you should be better able to determine that question than we are. Good teachers of the guitar in this city charge from $20 to $40 a quarter.

J W. S.—Book-keepers get from $500 to $3000 a year in New York. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, for a person who has never had practical experience as a book-keeper, to get a situation as one in a first-class house in this city.

O. H., of Newark, is desperately in love with a young lady, and he wants to know how he shall make her aware of the stupendous fact. The only way that strikes us, at present, to let her know it, is for O. H. to tell her of it.

A. B.—The way to get copies of the "reports" made by the different departments of the United States Government, is to apply for them to some member of Congress, or to officers in the department which make them.

An Apprentice, who is unaccustomed to female society and correspondence, wishes to write to a young lady, but is at a loss how to commence his letter—whether to write "Dear M——," or "Dear Miss M——," or "My dear M——," or "Respected Miss," or *what*. In your first letter it would be proper to address her as "Madam;" and then let your terms grow more intimate as the correspondence progresses.

Emma.—Pennsylvania is called the "Keystone State" in a political sense, because she is of such great importance in a Presidential election, and also on account of the greatness of her material resources. Such appellations as the "Keystone State," the "Empire State," the "Old Dominion," etc., are harmless bits of assumption and egotism on the part of those who adopt them for their respective States.

Isabel.—We have no recollection of having received the letter to which you refer. A lady must exercise her own judgment as to whether she should cut the acquaintance of a gentleman with whom she had danced at a public festival. She would have a right to do so, if she did not wish the acquaintance to be continued.

Critical.—There is no valid reason in the nature of things why the unfortunate parentage of your sweetheart should occasion the non-fulfilment of your engagement with her. You say she is beautiful, accomplished, amiable, and would make you a good and loving wife; secure her then, by all means; such prizes are rare.

Hardwicke.—A gentleman should precede a lady in going up stairs and follow her going down. In case he meets a lady on the stairs, he should stand with his hat in his hand until she has passed; or, in these days of hooped petticoats, it would perhaps be safer for him to beat a retreat altogether.

Martha M. J—— should return to her friends. We are requested by her afflicted mother to state that her expenses will be paid, if she will do so. Young people should be careful how they jeopardize their own happiness, and that of their parents, by ill-conceived matches.

An Old Subscriber.—If your letter should be mailed at New Haven for New York, it would have to be prepaid at the former place, no matter where it came from thither. If, however, it were mailed at some foreign port, it would be subject to the rates prevalent at that port.

J. M. W.—The custom of a mercantile house would settle the form and style of address to be adopted by its clerks. The number of partners would have nothing to do with the use of the "we"; such a form would be proper if there was only one owner of the house.

Henry A.—Your memory can probably be strengthened by practice, just as any other faculty can, or as your muscles can be strengthened by exercise. There is no other way of improving it.

A Young Subscriber.—Kent's Commentaries is the first work usually read by law-students in this country. It would be better for you than Blackstone, though it would do you no harm to read both.

F. W. H. C.—We have often said, and still say, that we do not wish to engage any new contributors. That a person will write for the Ledger gratuitously is no inducement for us to engage him.

Iowa City.—It would be unlady-like and indelicate for a girl to take any steps to let a man know she loved him, before he had declared his love to her. You had better patiently await the developments of time.

Carolie.—The symptoms you mention are not those of coming insanity. You would do well however to refrain from reading and study for a while and take plenty of exercise. Consult also your family physician.

Lewis M.—It is impossible to make strangers or even friends look upon a personal grief with your eyes. You must simply bear your troubles as bravely as you can, and trust to time and Providence for their amelioration.

Carrie.—If a girl's lover *will not* accompany her to concerts, etc., she would not be blameworthy for going with her friends, and leaving him to mope in the chimney-corner alone.

Struggling Genius.—Such ailments of the voice and lungs as you speak of, are matters of too much importance to trifle or experiment with. You should secure the best medical advice you can obtain.

Highwayman.—Dick Turpin is no creation of fancy. He was a veritable villain who infested the precincts of London, and met his deserts at Tyburn many years ago.

C. H. H.—A "legal tender" of any sum is to offer to pay the amount in the lawful coin of the United States, according to the rules established by Congress.

Woodward.—Do not risk your eyesight by resorting to any advertised remedies for sore eyes, but consult some physician in whom you have confidence.

A Little Boy.—It is always impolite to answer "What?" when addressed. You should reply "Sir," or "Madam," as the case may be.

Miss M. W.—We are much obliged for your partiality to the Ledger, but must respectfully decline engaging any new contributors.

Canada West.—We do not insert matrimonial advertisements in the Ledger however skilfully they may be disguised.

Two "Grass Widows" are hereby informed that we do not care to answer questions concerning matters which are a disgrace to their sex.

J. C. B., Middlebury, O.—By writing to the Commissioner of Patents at Washington you can probably get copies of some of the reports of that department.

E. H. F., Utica.—The words of the song "Sweet Home" were written by John Howard Payne, who died several years since. The air itself is an old Sicilian melody.

Jenkinsville.—We believe that in Massachusetts a party cannot get a divorce for "desertion" until the expiration of five years from the time the desertion took place.

Young America.—You can get the Ledgers containing the last five installments of "The Storm Secret," by sending us twenty cents.

G. A. C.—The story to which you refer—"The Gunner's Shot"—is an old offair, and has been going the rounds of the papers both in this country, and in England, for several years.

H. K.—A corporation, whether municipal or otherwise, can not take the real estate of a person for its own use without remunerating him for the same.

Nicholasville.—You can get the Ledger as far back as June 7th, 1856, immediately, by sending us $2 as you propose. The postage will be half a cent on each copy.

Frederick, Westfield. We do not take subscriptions for less than a year.

O. T. J.—You are right. The Ledger has been published some twelve years; it was originally a business paper.

W. W. C.—There is no remedy for "hair growing down on the forehead?" What harm is there in letting it grow?

Orlando.—If we remember aright, the population of London is now estimated at two and a half millions.

E. W.—No person has a right to republish any of our copy-righted stories; nor will we permit any one to do so.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

HOME.

Rings there a dearer, more magical word, from the vocabulary of human speech? Is there one oftener in human thoughts and on human tongues? If there be, we wot not of it. Beloved word, at some period of life the proudest property and boast of every human soul. All that are born have one dearest spot for memory to point at, and that spot is Home. On the land or on the sea, that cradle-spot never leaves the soul's vision. Humble or high, palace or cot, it matters not—it is Home. The Switzer, among the Avalanches; the Arab of the Desert, and the Guacho of the Pampas, idolize it alike. From the furthest points of wandering, and through all times and fates, all who are born of woman ever turn their feet or their memories toward home—

> "Sweet, sweet home,
> Be it never so humble, there's no place like home."

Home, of itself, is an ever-living thought in the human heart. The tenderest associations linger there—the fondest visions, the brightest dreams. Father, mother, brother, sister, these are the figures grouped there, fadeless and imperishable. To be homeless—O, crown of wretchedness! Home, home, home! possessed or remembered, yours are the ties that

> "Outlive time and cold mortality,"

and renew themselves in every sad, and every joyous hour forever. You are the Alpha and Omega; beginning on earth, and ending—Oh, no, never-ending, God grant, in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Home, home! fond, longing heart-cry of millions. Be the triple guard of reverence, love, and duty, round about thee. Profane, O man or woman, whatever other shrine thou wilt, but spare home, love home. protect home, treasure home! It is the best of our mortal refuges. Over the wide earth, may God bless every human home; and when earth fails, in His own infinite heart take us to our everlasting home.

OUR VIEWS ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

Considerable newspaper discussion has arisen in this country upon the defeat of Mr. Thackeray, who lately "ran for Parliament." Some papers have issued spasmodic diatribes upon the subject, vehemently declaring that the "great satirist's defeat is a disgrace to England," and such other like nonsense. For our part, we think the Britons did a very sensible thing when they defeated Mr. Thackeray, who, although a keen critic and severe satirist, has never exhibited any pre-eminent, or even ordinary, capacity for statesmanship, or the practical management of complicated affairs.

The mere fact of a man's being competent to write a satire, poem, or novel, of ordinary or extraordinary merit, furnishes no basis for confidence in him as a legislator. There is so much impudent assertion kept up in newspapers and magazines about "injustice to authors," "claims of literary men," &c., &c., that superficial people have come to believe that all sorts of scribblers are a much-abused class, and that "authors" are the most worthy and valuable members of society. The truth is, authors that behave themselves, pay their debts, govern their passions, and bring up their families in a praiseworthy manner, are just as good, and no better than toilers in other fields who likewise do their duty to themselves, their families, and society. A man who writes a good book, is entitled to the same consideration as he who earns his living in any other honest way; and the woman who works with her pen, is neither more nor less to be commended than she who works with her needle or flat-iron. All honest and useful labor is equal in dignity and praiseworthiness, when pursued with the proper spirit.

THE Prattstown Reveille says a blacksnake and rattlesnake fight came off in that vicinity a short time since, which was witnessed by the editor and several others. The blacksnake, after making all sorts of darts and dodges to confuse its antagonist, suddenly caught the latter round the throat, and coiling round and round the neck of its victim, soon choked the rattlesnake to death.

A BEAUTIFUL babe, daughter of Edward and Edith Stranahan, of Williamsburg, was strangled a few days since, in a fit of whoopingcough. It is said that the early administration of a strong dose of alum in such an emergency, will relieve the patient of strangulation. It would be well for parents to be provided with such a simple remedy.

The body of the unfortunate son of Napoleon, (who was murdered by inches by his mother's relatives o the imperial house of Austria,) now lying at Schonnbrun, are shortly to be removed to Paris and deposited by the sid of his father, in the Invalides. Thus does Napoleon rul the fates, from his mausoleum.

A BOY aged fourteen years, named Joshua Lee living in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, while playing nea the door of his father's house, which is situated in a remot section, was suddenly attacked by a large black bear, an so severely torn by the animal's teeth before he could b rescued, that he died in a few hours.

A CHILD in Montgomery county, Texas, wa lately stung in the eye by a hornet. The pain was so intense, the screams of the poor little sufferer became unbearable, and after a while it went into convulsions and died. A post-mortem examination of the victim revealed the fact, tha the sting of the hornet had penetrated the brain.

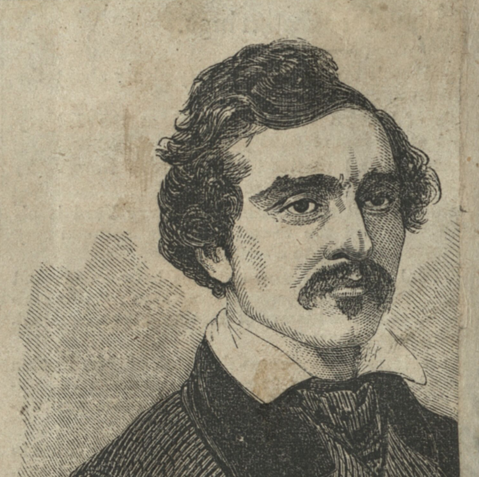
THREE boys who were bathing in the East River off the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a few evenings since, were al drowned. Boys must be cautious about entering the wate beyond their depth, unless means of rescue, in case of accident, are readily accessible.

A MAN was dangerously stabbed in the breast, few evenings since, while standing at the corner of Wate and Roosevelt streets, by a young woman whom he had deserted, and who had followed him night and day for a wee in order to get a chance to wreak her vengeance.

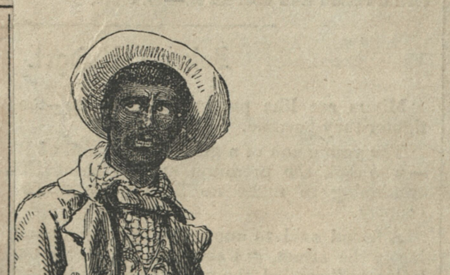
A BOY seven years of age, living in Bayar street, was so cruelly beaten, a few days since, by his fathe that he soon died in great agony. The unnatural paren beat him with a heavy cane, until the poor child's back wa a mass of clotted blood and gore.

GEORGE CHRISTY.

The accompanying portrait is a correct likeness of George Christy, the most celebrated Ethiopian performer the world ever saw. Mr. Christy was born in Palmyra, State of New York, November 3d, 1827, making him at the present time, twenty-seven years old. He was sent to school at an early age, and although he excelled in all the branches of education peculiar to boys of his age, after school hours the master often found him at the head of a party of boys whom he had assembled together for the purpose of giving theatrical entertainments, or, as they called it, *a show*. George was, as he ever has been, the very head and front of this species of amusement; and subsequently, under the auspices of E. P. Christy, made his debut as Julius, the bone-player, in the spring of 1839, since which time he has attained the very first rank in his profession. He has been mainly instrumental in making an immense fortune for one manager, and is now accumulating a rapid fortune for himself, having entered into copartnership with Mr. Henry Wood, of Minstrel Hall, 444 Broadway, where he can be seen every night. George's versatility is unparalleled, his fame world-wide, and his success the result of the most untiring study and perseverance. There are few residents of New York, or casual visitors to the metropolis who have not witnessed and enjoyed the original genius of George Christy, for it is genius that enables a man so thoroughly to identify himself with an assumed character, and to render the exhibition one of such marked popularity. This style of entertainment is of recent origin and is strictly American in its character, and has been exported to all parts of the civilized world, reaping for its exhibitors large fortunes and abundant popularity. The likeness and characters we give are true to life.



GEORGE CHRISTY, THE NOTED ETHIOPIAN



CHRISTY, AS "GINGER BLUE."

PARTED.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

The ocean rolls between us now
For many a thousand mile,
The last fond kiss has pressed my brow
Yet thus I sport and smile.

Oh! who would think to see my face,
That hope's bright dream had fled?
Who could believe I long to rest
With the untroubled dead?

Ah! none can see the aching heart
That beats within my breast,
And none can know how thankfully
This weary head would rest.

The lip may often wear a smile,
The laugh ring clear and gay,
While the poor bleeding suff'ring heart
Pines silently away.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

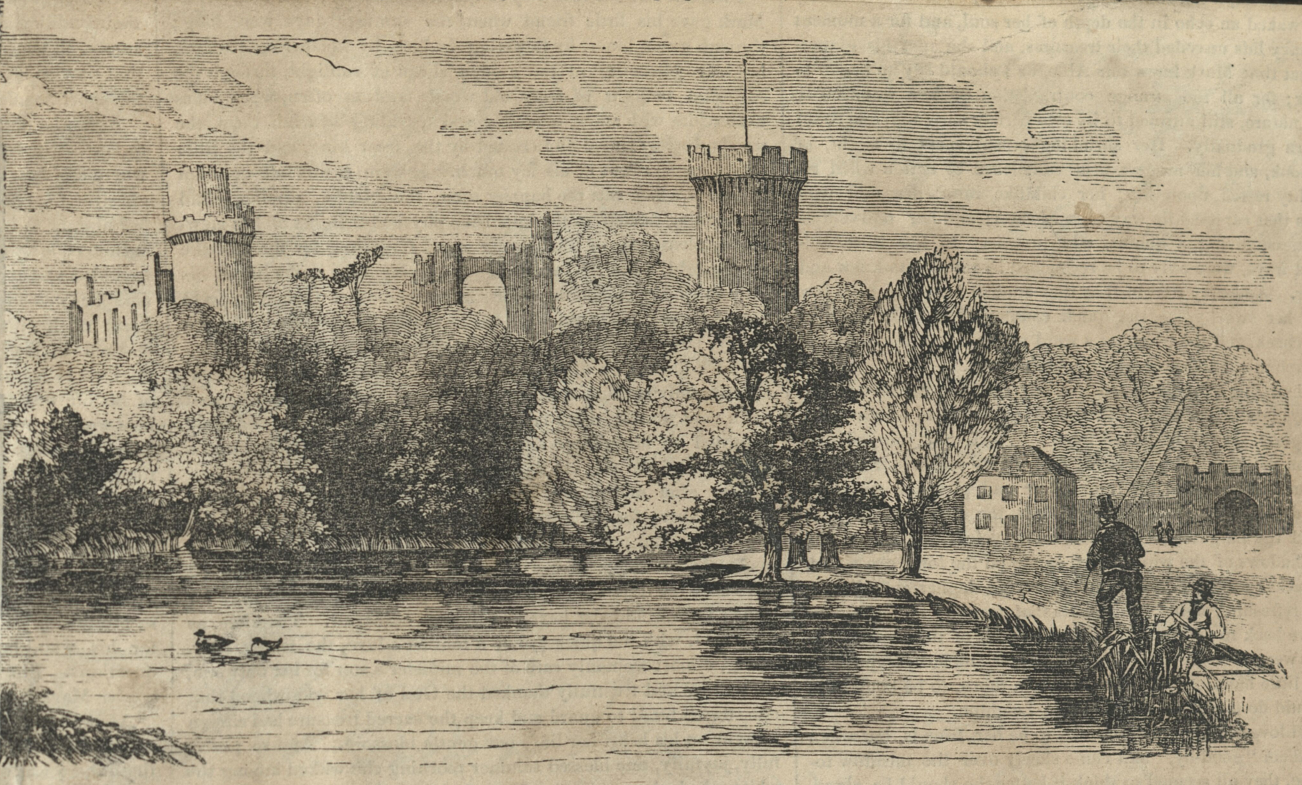
MOSCOW.—"I sometime since loved a beautiful girl, but business calling me to a distant part of the country, I left. We *understood each other*, although no express engagement was made. While absent I became acquainted with another young lady, to whom I engaged myself. Since then, she receives the visits of other gentleman, and otherwise acts so as to displease me, although I have warned her that the breaking of our engagement would be the consequence; but she is indifferent to all. I wish to know if I would not be perfectly justified in returning to my first love."——Perhaps you would be; but your "first love" would be a fool to have anything further to do with you. Your own statement shows that you are incapable of constancy or truthfulness in affection.

E. K., of Springfield, Mass., writes in reference to a cure for the bite of a rattlesnake inquired for by a former correspondent, that, "A physician now residing in this vicinity, who lived many years in the Western States, says that any kind of spiritvous liquors is a certain remedy for a rattlesnake bite. It must be taken in a quantity sufficient to intoxicate the patient; intoxication not ensuing until the poison of the reptile has been neutralized. The wound should also be thoroughly washed with the same liquor." This is valuable information, if true, and worth remembering.

CLARK, Hartford.—The best way for a young man who has to work fifteen hours a day, and who is bent on studying law, to accomplish his favorite object is to begin by reading "Parsons on Contracts," then "Greenleaf on Evidence," and next "Kent's Commentaries;" and then, if possible, he should get a situation in some good lawyer's office, where he will have to copy papers, and can become acquainted with the *practical details* of the profession, meantime re-reading the above named works, and studying such others as his legal friend shall advise.

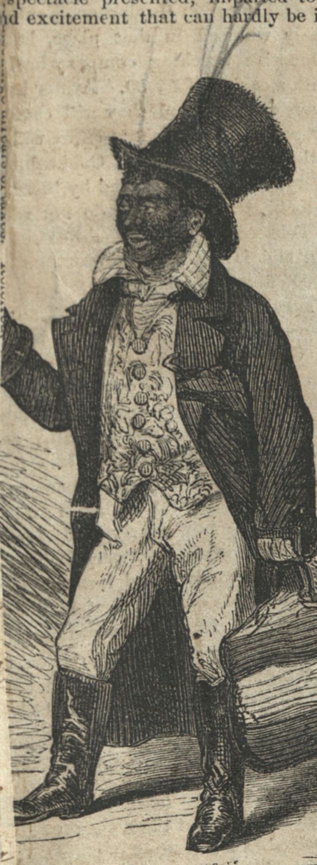
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRF.

A recent performance at her majesty's theatre i
been signalized by an event unparalleled in the
and one which, some two score years hence, m
down to a new generation by garrulous septuage
of the most brilliant reminiscences of days gone
pearance of four such dancers as Taglioni, C
Grisi and Lucile Grahn, on the same boards an
pas, is truly what the French would call "*une*
rale," and such a one as none of those who behel
to witness again. It was therefore as much a
riosity as of interest, to hurry to the theatre t
spectacle; but every other feeling was merged i
when the four great dancers commenced the se
esque groupings with which this performance op
a scene was never witnessed more perfect in
The greatest of painters, in his loftiest flights,
have conceived, and certainly never executed,
faultless and more replete with grace and poe
formed by these four *danseuses*. Taglioni in
head thrown backwards, apparently reclining in
her sister nymphs. Could such a combinatio
place in the ancient palmy days of art, the penci
er and the pen of the poet would have alike bee
perpetuate its remembrance. No description c
exquisite, and almost ethereal grace of movemen
of these great dancers, and those who have



WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND, FROM THE RIVER AVON.

oast of having once, at least, seen the perfection of ncing so little understood. There was no affecta- arent exertion or struggle for effect on the part of *artistes;* and though they displayed their utmost re- e was a simplicity and ease, the absence of which completely broken the spell they threw around the he details of this performance it is difficult to speak. eps executed by each *danseuse*, each in turn seemed eminence. Where every one in her own style is liar individual taste alone may balance in favor of other, but the award of public applause must be wed; and the *penchant* for the peculiar style, and on for the dignity, the repose and the exquisite grace terise Taglioni, and the dancer who has so brilliant- he same track (Lucile Grahn), did not prevent the iation of the charming archness and twinkling steps Grisi, or the wonderful flying leaps and revolving erito. Though each displayed her utmost powers, n of the fair dancers was unaccompanied by envy. shower of bouquets descended on the conclusion of one or the other of the fair *ballerine*, her sister dan- ward to assist her in collecting them. The applause and equally distributed. This, however, did not excitement of the scene. The house, crowded to ented a concourse of the most eager faces, never a moment, from the performance; and the extraor- t of enthusiastic applause, joined to the delightful spectacle presented, imparted to the whole scene d excitement that can hardly be imagined by those



GE CHRISTY, AS "JULIUS CROW."

A. B. C.—"If a young lady takes a gentleman's daguerreotype without his knowledge or consent, and has it copied, which is the rightful owner of the copy, the lady or the gentleman?"——We think, that, unless the gentleman had copyrighted his physiognomy, or his daguerreotype of it, that the law would decide in favor of the lady, although the decree of good-breeding would be against her. The gentleman, however, could prosecute her for trespass, for taking his property without his consent.

Belle S.—Should your sister marry against the consent of her parents, they could no longer control her actions, nor in any manner break up or interfere with the marriage. Your argument that your sister's "father is presumed to have the exclusive control of her acts," etc., is true *now;* but a parent's *legal* control of his daughter ceases with her marriage, whether she marry with his consent or in opposition to his wishes.

R. T. W.—Stammering has been successfully treated, and there seems no reason to despair of lisping. The former is cured by certain lessons given to the stammerer, which in after life he must repeat daily. Probably they are sentences of easily pronounced words. You should institute lessons in language where few sibilations occur. By patient perseverance you may overcome what appears simply a bad habit contracted carelessly in youth.

E. T. B.—The Northmen were originally from Norway and Denmark; they settled in Normandy, and hence the name of Normans. By Anglo-Saxons are now generally meant that mixed race which inhabits Great Britain and America, in whose veins flows the blood of nearly all nations, but in which still preponderates the sturdy, honest, enterprising and indomitable Saxon element.

Randolph, Galesburgh.—If you still love the young lady, you had better return to her and get married. Misunderstandings will sometimes occur between those who love each other dearly; and as your engagement was broken off by the misrepresentations of third parties, you should not censure the poor girl too severely, nor cast the blame upon her.

G. F. E., Reading.—Although we would not lay it down as a principle that parties of different religious belief should never intermarry, we are satisfied that, except in cases where they possess very superior heads and hearts and souls, and are in fact almost angels, such discordant religious faith is sure, sooner or later, to occasion much unhappiness.

Arithmetic.—You are both right, only your billion is according to the English method of notation, while your friend's is a French billion. According to the former method a billion is written in four periods, thus: 1,000,000,000; according to the French method it is written in five periods, thus: 1,000,000,000,000.

Edward H.—"In case a young lady loves two gentlemen at the same time, and I am one of them, what is the best way for me to get rid of the other?"——Your best course would be to convince the young lady that you are by far the better, more amiable, more devoted, and more lovable suitor, and that you will make a better husband than your rival.

DeClermont.—When a husband and wife separate, or are divorced, the father is usually allowed the custody of the children, unless some special reasons are shown why he should not have it. When the wife obtains a divorce from her husband for infidelity on his part, the Court usually gives her the custody of the dhildren.

Doctor, Meredith Village.—We think it very ill-bred for any one to call a benevolent female association nick-names, or to attempt to ridicule, in any manner, the earnest efforts of ladies to benefit the less fortunate members of society.

L.—Our present supply of contributions is so very abundant, that we cannot accept any additions to it. Consequently, your earnest "Life Sketches" are declined, with many thanks for your courteous attention.

Perplexed.—You need not be perplexed at all. Had you not offered to see the old lady and her niece home, you would not have acted the part of man. Your being engaged does not set you free from the obligations of politeness.

L. H. B.—The best way to win the love of a girl is to let her see that you love her, and to convince her, by your conduct, that you are a manly, noble fellow, to whom she can with safety entrust her happiness.

John Thomas.—If a perfect mathematical circle touches a plane the point is termed a tangent. No number of degrees, or any part of a degree, is occupied—only a point which has, scientifically regarded, no length.

James Wallace.—Why come to us when so many skilful physicians can be consulted in Boston? They can examine you, and tell whether it is a tendency of blood to the head, or simple bashfulness, mixed with vanity.

C.—Profanity in a young woman is awful and disgusting. We should have very little faith in the virtue of a girl who was habitually addicted to such a vice.

Maggie.—It is not right for acquaintances to tease a girl on account of her diminutive stature, or for any other bodily or mental peculiarity or defect.

W. D., Lancaster.—You had better call on the lady. When a person acknowledges a fault and promises amendment, one's resentment should be assuaged.

Henry, Troy.—You were right. No person should attempt to read, or otherwise ascertain the contents of a love-letter written to a third party, against the consent of the writer.

T. J. S.—When a sweetheart refuses to listen to all explanations of a lover's necessitated absence, and rejects his overtures of reconciliations, he is of course freed from all obligations to her.

W. T.—The gas in a balloon is, of course, under a greater atmospheric pressure when on the ground, than when the balloon is a mile up, where the surrounding air is more rarefied.

W. Browning.—The "Writings of a Boy of Thirteen" may entertain his parents, but we cannot receive them, for we have to entertain a criticising world.

Stephen K.—A few letters of introduction to merchants here may get you a situation. Still, the metropolis is already overstocked with candidates for clerkships.

J. P. K.—You had better make the young lady a visit. Wooing can always be done better by voice than by ink.

A **Constant Ledger Reader**, Utica.—The only thing for which a divorce can be obtained in this State is, conjugal infidelity.

honor to our city.

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rs that he cannot abide a dark complexion any
etter than *Master Slender* could abide hot meat;
nd he has put it under an inexorable interdict of his
arder. Even high caste does not propitiate if the
an be dark; and Brahmins themselves are no ex-
eption. Mr. J. C. Gangooly is an East India Brah-
converted to Christianity. He has been for-

weigh with a light breeze from the S.S.W. In the course of the day the wind freshened up to what the sailors term an eight-knot topsail breeze, and it was the opinion of the knowing ones in those matters, that the squadron reached Newport about midnight.' As to the further movements of the squadron our correspondent was not informed.

Land Office Decision.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office has decided that under the postal pre-emption law of March 3, 1855, the right to select and pre-empt a section of public land for each 20 miles of the postal route run by the mail contractor is exhausted by the selection under the *first* contract, and that no renewal of contracts, renews the right to make selections.

dered to be printed. From the Mayor, adverse to the resolution directing the Croton Aqueduct Board to have the Gate Houses, Aqueduct, and their appurtenances for the new Reservoir constructed by Fairchild, Walker & Co., under the contract made 2d of April, 1858. Referred, and ordered to be printed.

The Board then took up the General Orders, and having passed a number of routine papers, reports and resolutions, adjourned to the 18th.

sued under and by virtue of the ordinance of January 3d. As observed that ordinance was free from all objection, and it was this act of the Common Council which gave force and vitality to the bonds. The issuing of the bonds, filling them up, and dating them were mere ministerial acts and if through the carelessness of the clerk a mistake was made in dating them, we do not think this renders it

The motion for a peremptory mandamus is

will please atten
aug9
☞ NOTICE
GALVESTON,
foot of Maiden-la
of their goods wi
aug9
☞ NOTICE
POOR is now
aug 9t

BAYARD.—"What becomes of animalcula when frozen, boiled, or swallowed—are they destroyed?" Our correspondent seems to have some suspicion of the immortality of animalcules. How can he imagine that any animal can withstand the operation of boiling or being eaten? The animalcules certainly do not seem to care much about being eaten, as if it were a mere joke, but this we suspect arises from the blissful ignorance or stupidity with which they are gifted. Animalcules are easily destroyed, but their eggs are not.

JUSTITIA.—We should have to hear the other party's statement before we could give an intelligent opinion on the case. An angry man is incompetent to state a case correctly in which he is one of the interested parties. The only advice we can venture to give is that you wait until your anger has entirely subsided before doing anything about the matter.

A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN wants to know whether poverty increases or diminishes love? We don't know, but are inclined to the opinion that it would increase pure, unselfish love, and decrease interested and selfish love.

A FRIEND OF THE LEDGER has a friend who had for some time been courting a certain young lady with much encouragement. Just as he was about to offer her his heart and hand in exchange for her own, our correspondent was astounded by the intelligence that she had been privately married to another but a few days previous. He at once informed his friend of this afflicting fact, as gently as he could. The information quite prostrated the unhappy lover, who rushed into the wildest dissipation to drown his mortification and grief, and who is now constantly in a state of beastly intoxication. The friends of the unfortunate man now severely censure our correspondent for imparting to him the news of his false sweetheart's unfaithfulness, and he appeals to us to know whether he is justly censurable or not. Of course *not*. His friend would have been at least equally shocked had he declared his love to the heartless and conscienceless woman, and *then* been told that she had married another. In fact, in such an event he would have been, if possible, more thoroughly humiliated and crushed than on the occasion of our correspondent's making the disclosure to him. The false-hearted woman is the only person to blame.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER.—You can never govern your children by fretting and scolding at them, nor by administering severe chastisements. The first thing for you to do is—*to learn to govern yourself*. Until you shall have done that, you can never properly govern anybody else. Good temper, firmness, a strong sense of justice, and common-sense, are the most valuable requisites in a father, and he who possesses them not will always have an unruly family no matter how much he scolds and frets at his children, whips them, and boxes their ears, and shuts them up in dark closets, or resorts to other ingenious devices for torturing them and spoiling their dispositions.

W. P. C., Madison, Wis.—Counting this number (May 16th,) we have this year issued thirty-one numbers of the LEDGER, all of which can be furnished you for $1,24; and in them you will get *complete*, the stories of "The Refugees," "Karmel the Scout," the "Abducted Heiress," and "The Wild Knight; or, the Unknown Crusader," besides all the other stories, sketches, and admirable reading matter of said thirty-one numbers.

HENRIETTA.—When for any cause a marriage engagement has been broken off, it is not obligatory upon the parties to return the presents which have passed between them, although in cases where ill-feeling arises it would be better to do so. No persons of proper delicacy of feeling would wish to keep mementoes of those with whom they are at variance.

A WIDOWER.—When you find a woman whom you would like to marry, and who would marry you, and to whom your children would not object as a mother-in-law, you would perhaps do well to wed with her. A man who cannot decide for himself in such a purely personal master, is hardly fitted for the responsibilities of a husband or a parent.

C. E., Jamaica.—Your attempt to overthrow the Sabbath and the universe generally, is too weak and ridiculous to require any refutation. A man who would write such nonsense should be taken in hand by his mamma and spanked into the enjoyment of at least sufficient sense to enable him to see what an ass he is.

E. W. F., Boston.—The publisher you refer to is the man of "Cold Victuals" fame. We do not blame you for putting in a good word for your neighbor, but we cannot help the rapid decline of his paper. He seems to have made up his mind to ruin it. He should quit dealing in "Cold Victuals" and give his subscribers at least one "warm meal."

FARMER S. S.—It makes but little difference in what State an intelligent, industrious, and frugal farmer settles down; such an one will thrive anywhere, whereas a farmer of an opposite description will thrive nowhere.

JONATHAN.—Some travelling book agents make good wages, and some spend what little capital they commence with, get discouraged, and give up the business in disgust. It is far from being a pleasant or safe business.

R. S.—If a young lady considers her letters of sufficient consequence to seek to reclaim them, her male correspondents should return them; otherwise they can do as they please about it.

W. P. A.—If you have set your heart upon quitting city life and becoming a farmer you had better at least give "rural felicity" a trial, as that is the only way you can settle the question permanently.

G. H. L.—If the young lady can give a satisfactory explanation of her conduct you should of course forgive her. And she will doubtless satisfy you. No adolescent youth can withstand the fascinations of dimples and dimity.

A YOUNG LADY wishes to know if a girl should quarrel with her lover and return his letters and gifts, and he should refuse to accept them, what she should *then* do? Burn them up.

R. M. D.—Hamilcar, Hannibal, and all the rest of the Carthagenians, from Queen Dido to the last of the race, were white people.

A FATHER.—If your sons have not been accustomed to bodily labor they will not take kindly to farming, and "life in the West" will be distasteful to them.

MOTHER AND ANDREW.—The husband *should* occupy the head of the table, and take upon himself the principle burdens thereunto appertaining.

EMMA.—A girl whose lover keeps putting off the wedding day from month to month and year to year, had better break off the engagement.

JAMES.—You will find all the information that we can give concerning the Military Academy at West Point, in the LEDGER of March 14th, of the present year.

CONCERT.—Musical entertainments are harmless, and there can be no moral objection to the "concert business" if it is carried on honestly.

BUCHANAN.—You could not do better than to improve your present opportunity to get a good education. It will "pay" well.

GRACE.—[illegible] nothing. Let time bring the matter round.

A BALTIMORE GIRL, on behalf of a young friend, asks what that young friend should do, she being engaged to a man whom she once thought she loved but whom she is now conscious of not loving and whom she is certain she never can love. She ought at once to state the truth frankly and kindly to the gentleman, when he will probably release her from the engagement; but if he will not do so, she should notify him that she considers the engagement at an end. A girl should never marry a man whom she believes she never can love.

NOVICE.—We cannot give you any rules of action which will practically aid you in discharging the duties of groomsman for your friend. What would be proper at one wedding would be out of taste at another. You should ask some one who is intimate with the parties, or who at least belongs to the same rank in society with them, and who is versed in such matters, to tell you what would be in good taste on that particular occasion. Your dress, &c., should be a matter of consultation and arrangement with others who are to officiate, so the general effect may be harmonious.

A READER asks for "a name for the girl-baby." Abigail, Annabel, Adaline, Alice; Belle; Caroline, Catherine, Cecile; Edith, Emma, Eveline, Evangeline; Fanny, Flora, Florabel; Isadore, Isabel, Imogene; Mary, Matilda; Olivia, Ophelia; Susan, Sarah. These are all pretty, and if you will utter them respectively aloud with your little daughter's family name, sounding each combination in a clear and distinct voice, you will be able to select the combination which strikes your ear as the smoothest, the most euphonious and the easiest of utterance; and *that* will be the "best" name.

B. D. C. J.—Parents have a legal right to open letters addressed to their minor children. Parties can lawfully marry at any age over fourteen, if they can elude the vigilance of their opposing parents and guardians; but it would be a rash act for youths thus to marry. We could not give an opinion on the whipping of his daughter by a father without knowing *all* the particulars. On general principles, however, we should say that a man who would beat a daughter over twelve years of age is capable of becoming a great brute.

MRS. J. W. is anxious to correct her daughter's habit of constantly looking in the glass. A very common habit, we suspect; for people are very apt to fall in love with themselves. Indeed it is one of the most prevalent species of love. It would be like attempting to cure original sin, or any other universal weakness, to attempt the correction of a habit like this. It will come in due time, as ma' well knows. Perhaps too soon; for the cure often comes with sadness of heart.

CHRISTOPHER.—It is not probable that you can find the terms you mention in an English dictionary, as it is but of comparatively late years that they have come into use in our literature. "Punjaub" means five rivers; "Baboo" is a Hindoo title about equivalent to our Esquire; a "Begum" is a princess; a "Coolie" is a porter; a "Cutwal" is a magistrate; and a "Bungalow" is a cottage made of bamboo and mats, with a projecting thatched roof.

J. J.—Your case is an unfortunate one, and we hardly know what to say about it. Although your wife has been coaxed away from you, and kept away a year by her mother, she may still love you, and be capable of making you a happy home could outside evil influences be warded off. You would do well to hunt up your wife and have an interview with her, and then you can better judge what course to pursue thereafter.

FANNY has red hair, and cannot make it out, as her father and mother are both dark. We cannot make it out either. It may and will grow browner. Some ladies can make their hair grow gradually very dark by a very simple process. They take an atrapilatory, or black dye, and use it very weak for a month or two, deepening it imperceptibly, so that at the end of two years they have beautiful raven locks.

KENT.—We did not say that "a person can teach himself Latin, and that the necessary books would cost but a few dollars." What we said was this, namely: A person can acquire by himself a knowledge of the *elements of Latin*, and that the books necessary in doing *this* would cost but a few dollars. A thorough knowledge of the Latin language can only be acquired by an extended course of severe study.

CHARLES GARVEY wishes us to give him the name, residence and terms of a good teacher of penmanship; in other words, he wishes us to insert a gratuitous advertisement for some writing master. We shall not do it, Charles. We do not insert advertisements in the LEDGER for pay, and we certainly shall not do so for nothing.

AN ANXIOUS DAUGHTER.—If you have reasons for believing that your father is alive, put an advertisement in the papers, asking for information concerning him. You say you have been told that he went from New York to Cincinnati, and therefore you'd better advertise for him in the Cincinnati papers.

K.—We cannot answer your question definitely as you do not say in what State you are residing. On general principles, we should say that, if your statement can be legally substantiated, you can recover your household furniture, that your wife has no claim on you, and that you could get a divorce from her.

C. D., Louisville.—For your expressions of good will, which we feel certain are sincere, you have our hearty thanks; for your angry and abusive assault upon an esteemed contributor, you have our indignation; and for your threats of damaging consequences unless your virulent advice be heeded, you have our contempt.

INTRODUCTION.—It is impossible to lay down particular rules of conduct to be observed on the ceremony of introduction. A person who does not know enough to originate a remark upon such an occasion had better remain silent. Governors sometimes hold public levees, which any seemingly respectable person is at liberty to attend.

F. E. M.—You should balance the advantages and disadvantages of marrying, weigh well your duties to your little brothers and sisters, and then do what your maturest judgment tells you will be for the best. No stranger can decide such a question for you.

A. L. S., Boston.—It is true that a person who sends us the names of ten subscribers and $15 at the same time will receive an extra copy of the LEDGER for his trouble; but we do not take subscriptions from Boston or other places where there are news-dealers.

G. L. P.—It is not impossible for a young man who is a stranger in this city to get a situation here, although the task would be apt to be rather a difficult one. It makes but little difference in what city you learn the business you wish to pursue.

ROSALBA.—If a lady does not wish a man to repeat a visit, she is under no obligations to ask him to call again. If she wishes to keep on friendly terms with him, she should of course treat him in a friendly manner and ask him to repeat his call.

ALPHA.—Literary wares are disposed of in the same way that other productions are: he who has them for sale offers them to some dealer in the article and gets what he can for them. If no one will buy, of course he cannot sell them. *We* do not want any at any price.

CINCINNATI.—None of the advertised nostrums will cure a foul breath. Nothing will do that but careful diet and cleanly habits; or, if the difficulty is the result of disease, the subject

☞ A person in passing a conceited fellow, happened to strike his foot with a cane. "You had better knock my brains out, and finish me," said the dandy. "I was trying to do it," was the rejoinder.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

1856 is on his last legs; his existence cannot possibly be prolonged much longer; the winds of December already wail his requiem, striking the bare branches of the trees, those harp-strings of the woodlands, as if he were already dead and buried. Poor old fellow! It is strange how fast these years run through their career. The child of an hour grows superannuated in a twelve-month. How they sweep along, these years, in wild and weird procession, driving past like the flying scud in the tempest, or falling leaves before the gale, or foam on the waters, or witches on their broomsticks careering through the midnight sky to meet their evil master. This apparent speed in the flight of time increases as we grow older. A year is a vast period to the child. Duration of time is measured by events, and in our tender age, the simplest incidents are events. Further on upon life's journey, only wonderful incidents make their record on memory's tablet, and there are so few that we seem to be hurried onward at a frantic pace. The bark of youth glides almost imperceptibly between flowery shores, lingering long at grassy points and by attractive curves, while the whole landscape is bathed in a golden faery light. Anon, the current grows stronger and deeper—sterner scenes arise on either hand—the clouds mutter ominous thunder, and flashes illuminate the distant horizon. Sometimes, through the battle-storms of manhood, we emerge into a clearer atmosphere and more tranquil waters; but as the voyager grows gray, whether he ride upon turbulent waves, or is borne along by smoother waters, his course is swift as an arrow or a shooting star, to that great ocean from which no traveller returns. The pauses in the voyage in which we foot up our reckoning, are at the close of each year. They are the "waits" between the heats on the great race-track of existence; the "waits" between the acts in the great drama of life. The drop curtain of 1856 is nearly down—it will soon rise again on other scenes.

"Life's a brief candle—then play out the play!"

REMEMBER!

The present number completes Volume XI. of the PICTORIAL; and all whose subscriptions end at this time, will confer a particular favor upon us, by renewing at the *earliest moment*, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. We discontinue all subscriptions at the date to which payment has been made; therefore, to ensure an unbroken receipt of the paper, *immediate* renewal is necessary.

The forthcoming volume of our illustrated journal shall be *the best that has ever yet appeared from this establishment*. We have engaged some new and finished artists, who are added to our already large corps of designers, and several new and popular contributors to the literary department. Fresh spirit and new life will be imparted to our pages.—"Ballou's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," sent together to one address, for $4 per annum.

BINDING.

We are now prepared to bind up the past volume of "Ballou's Pictorial" in an elegant and uniform style of full gilt, adding an illumined title-page and index, the whole at a charge of one dollar. The value of the work thus preserved will be very great as a book of reference in years to come. We can supply any lost or torn numbers from the commencement of the work. We have also complete sets of the bound volumes in uniform style. The ten volumes, containing a vast fund of delightful reading and valuable information, with nearly *ten thousand* illustrations, are sold for $20.

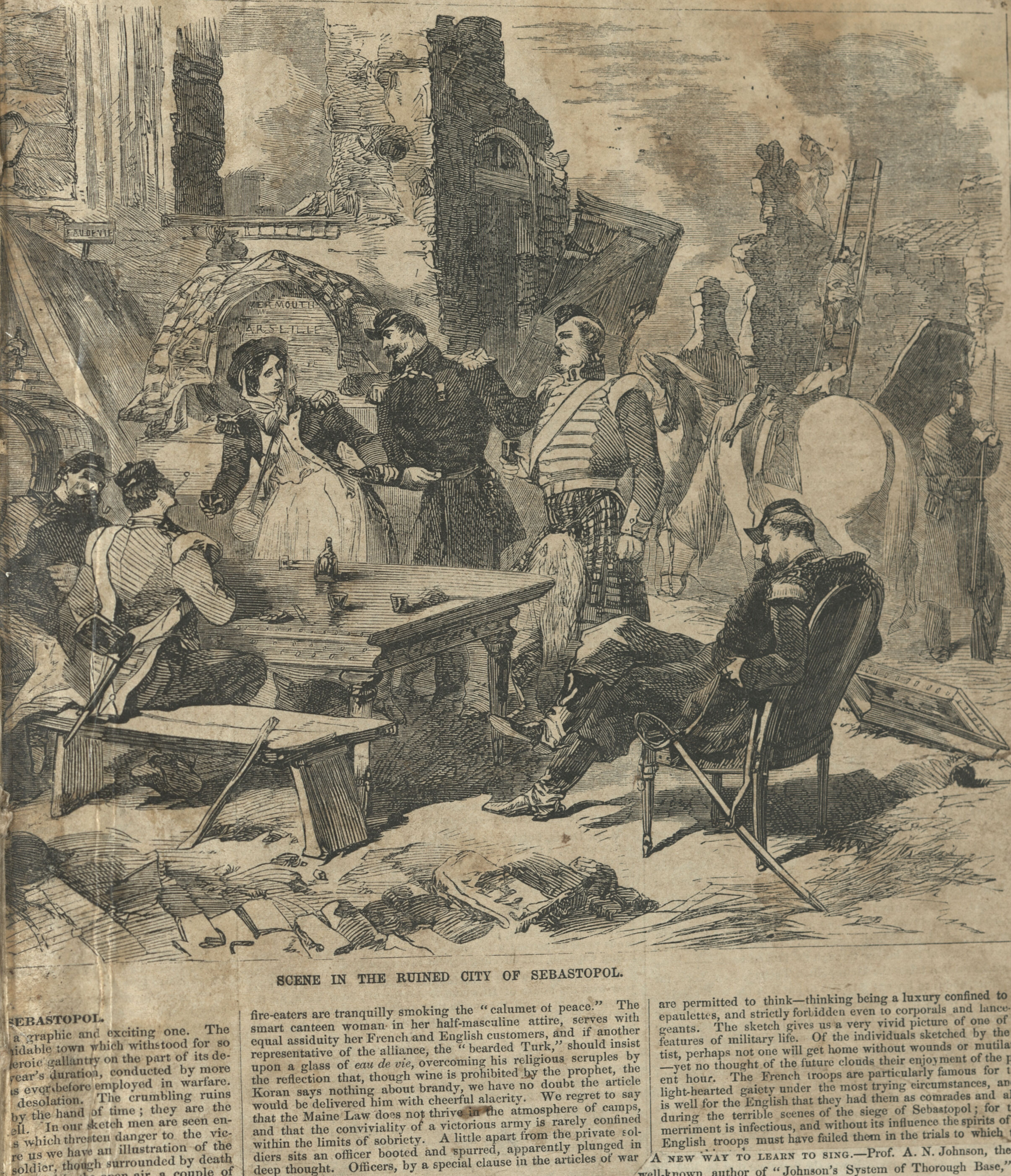
BALLOONING.—Where hasn't "Communipaw"—Pliny Miles—been? He once wrote a note to the Boston Post in the car of a balloon, in which he ascended from Cheltenham, dated "Sky high—two miles up."

AGRICULTURAL.—Mr. Augur, of Woodbridge, Ct., raised four bushels of California potatoes from a single tuber. He made 72 hills out of as many eyes. The yield *augurs* well for his plan.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. David E. Bently to Miss Alice Parker; by Rev. Mr Skinner, Mr. Seth W. Lewis to Miss Pamelia W. Cate; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Ingersoll Bowditch Endicott, of Salem, to Miss Ann Caroline Dennett; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. John G. Spear to Miss Sarah F. Chase; by Rev Dr. Cushman, Dr. Addison Davis, of Lynn, to Miss Emily L. Alden; by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Samuel B. Hodgkins to Miss Mary A. Hawkins; by Rev. Mr. Sampson, Mr. Ephraim Randall to Mrs. Emily Fletcher, both of Charlestown.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Rufus S. Doane to Miss Abby S. Stevens.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Sessions, Sewell F. Parcher, M. D., of East Boston, to Miss Mary E. Libby.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. William E Alley to Miss Lydia A. Henderson.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Mr. Edward Peirce to Miss M. Elizabeth Arrington.—At Danversport, by Rev Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Charles McIntire to Miss Sarah B. Jacobs.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr Prince, Mr. Elisha B. Annable to Miss Livonia H. Tiney.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Daniel L. Merrill to Miss Elizabeth L. Blatchford, of Rockport.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. George Niles to Miss Lydia M. Pulsifer, both of Georgetown.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. George W. Kingman, of Boston, to Miss Lizzie Bartlett.—At Granby, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Nelson O. Dibble to Miss Emily A. Wilcox.

DEATHS.



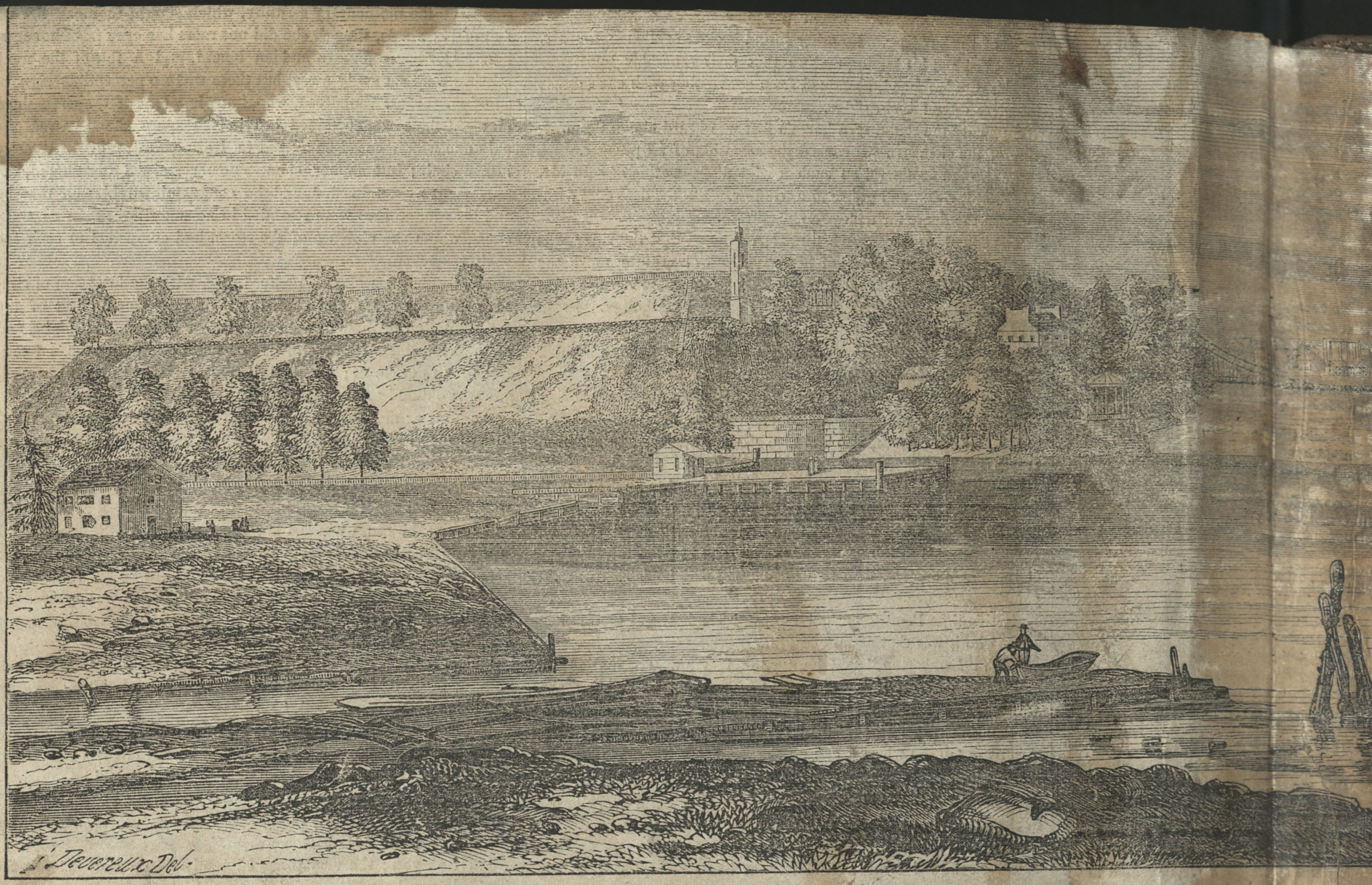
SCENE IN THE RUINED CITY OF SEBASTOPOL.

SEBASTOPOL.

a graphic and exciting one. The idable town which withstood for so eroic gallantry on the part of its deyear's duration, conducted by more s ever before employed in warfare. desolation. The crumbling ruins by the hand of time; they are the ell. In our sketch men are seen ens which threaten danger to the vicre us we have an illustration of the soldier, though surrounded by death spread in the open air, a couple of fire-eaters are tranquilly smoking the "calumet of peace." The smart canteen woman in her half-masculine attire, serves with equal assiduity her French and English customers, and if another representative of the alliance, the "bearded Turk," should insist upon a glass of *eau de vie*, overcoming his religious scruples by the reflection that, though wine is prohibited by the prophet, the Koran says nothing about brandy, we have no doubt the article would be delivered him with cheerful alacrity. We regret to say that the Maine Law does not thrive in the atmosphere of camps, and that the conviviality of a victorious army is rarely confined within the limits of sobriety. A little apart from the private soldiers sits an officer booted and spurred, apparently plunged in deep thought. Officers, by a special clause in the articles of war are permitted to think—thinking being a luxury confined to th epaulettes, and strictly forbidden even to corporals and lance-se geants. The sketch gives us a very vivid picture of one of th features of military life. Of the individuals sketched by the a tist, perhaps not one will get home without wounds or mutilati —yet no thought of the future clouds their enjoyment of the pr ent hour. The French troops are particularly famous for the light-hearted gaiety under the most trying circumstances, and is well for the English that they had them as comrades and alli during the terrible scenes of the siege of Sebastopol; for the merriment is infectious, and without its influence the spirits of t English troops must have failed them in the trials to which th

A NEW WAY TO LEARN TO SING.—Prof. A. N. Johnson, the well-known author of "Johnson's System of Thorough Base," has perfected a system for instruction in vocal music, by which the learner is taught and enabled to remember the exact position of the vocal organs necessary to produce any given singing tone, thereby rendering it certain that every tone will be pure, mellow and perfect tune. It is called the physiological system of vocal music. This valuable work is published by Murray Young & Co., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

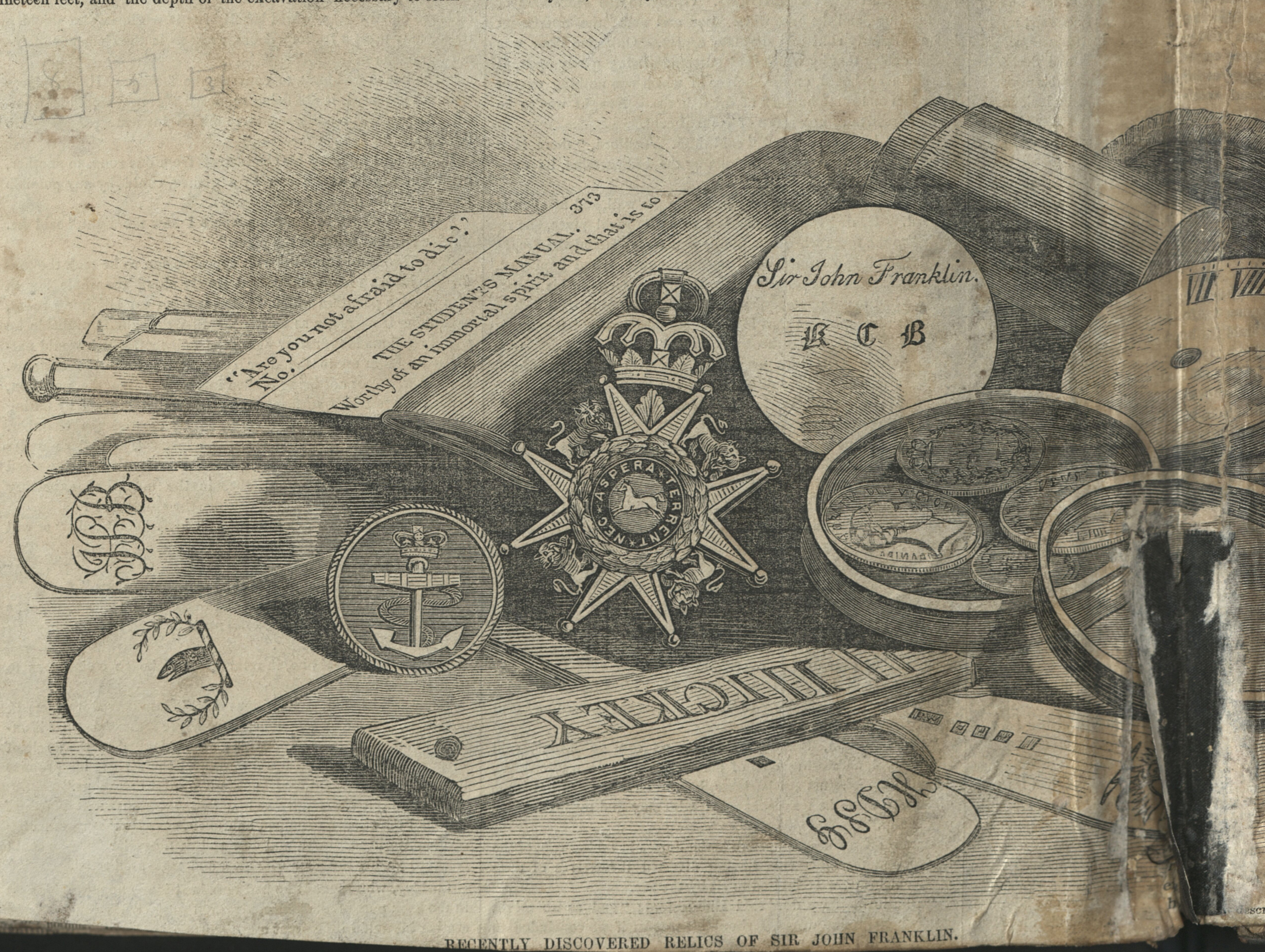
END OF VOLUME IX


Devereux Del.

GENERAL VIEW OF FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, PHILADELPHIA.

stones; it is 1248 feet long, being part founded upon rock, which is bare at low tide, and the remainder being sunk through mud to rock, in some places to the depth of thirty feet below high tide. This dam was erected in 1819, and has successfully withstood seven freshets, in two instances having as much as ten and a half feet of water flowing over it. The water backed up by the dam is conducted into a forebay on the back and east side of the mill buildings, the whole of which forebay, as well as the site upon which the mill buildings stand, was excavated from the solid rock. The length of this race or forebay is four hundred and nineteen feet, and the depth of the excavation necessary to form it was sixty feet. The forebay is ninety feet wide, and six feet deep below the top of the dam, which allows a passage of the water to the mill buildings, on its west side, to the wheels, which discharge the water into the river below. The mill building is of stone, two hundred and thirty-eight feet long and fifty-six feet wide, divided into twelve apartments, four of which contain eight double acting forcing pumps. These wheel pumps are each calculated to raise into the reservoir about one and a half million gallons of water per twenty-four hours. The water in the reservoirs, when they are full, is one hundred and two feet above low tide in the Schuylkill, and fifty-six feet above the highest land in the city.

The reservoirs are built of stone, and contai
lons. During 1850, the supply of water to
districts averaged for the year, 4,785,338 alo
the months of June and July, however, it
per day, furnished to 27,550 water tenants.
648 water hydrants for use in case of fire, a
tricts 272 more. The amount of water
$138,874 42. The water works at Fairmou
1st, 1832, and from the commencement to
including the cost of erection, the yearly a
and extension of iron pipes yearly, they hav


"Are you not afraid to die?"
No.
THE STUDENT'S MANUAL. 373
Worthy of an immortal spirit, and that is to
Sir John Franklin.
K C B
NEC ASPERA TERRENT
HICKEY

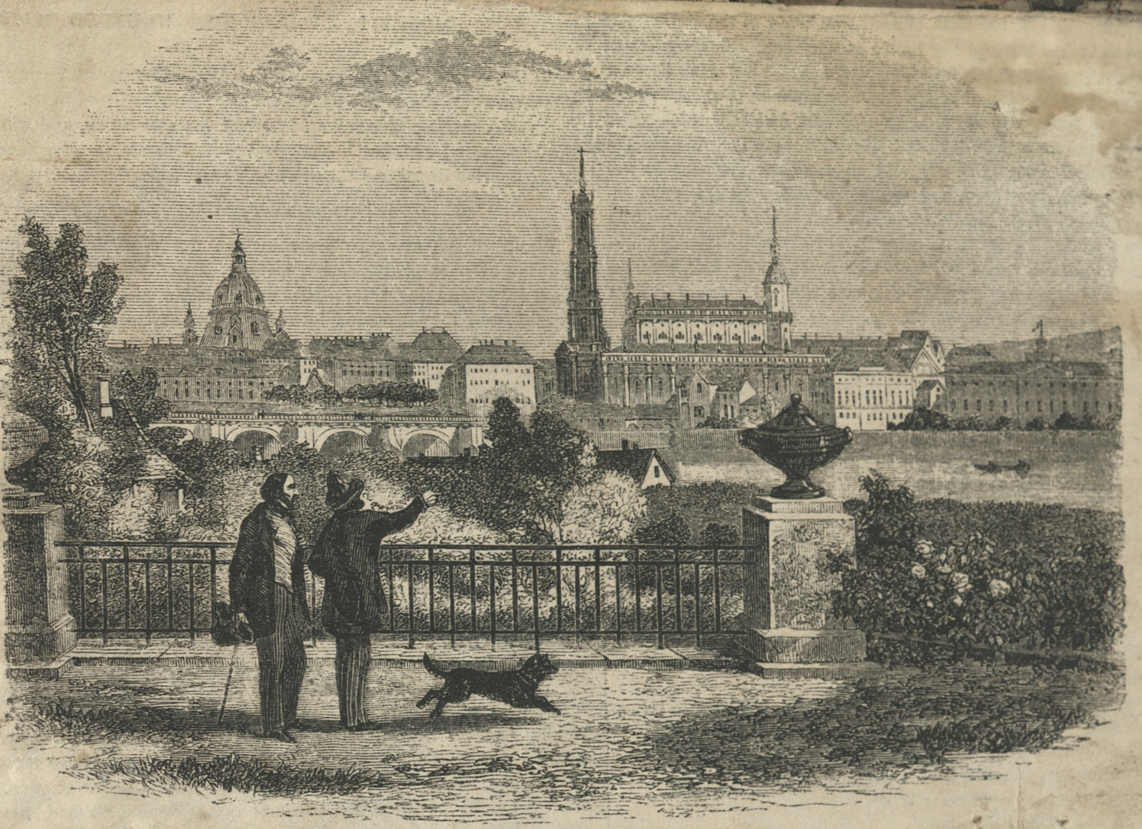
RECENTLY DISCOVERED RELICS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

of stone, and contain 22,031,976 ale gal-
supply of water to the city and lower
e year, 4,785,338 ale gallons daily. For
l July, however, it was 6,247,209 gallons
,550 water tenants. In the city there are
use in case of fire, and in the lower dis-
amount of water rents for 1851, was
er works at Fairmount were started July
commencement to December 31st, 1850,
rection, the yearly additions to the works
pes yearly, they have cost $1,615,169 82.

VII VIII IX X

escription, see page 365.]

NEW WASHINGTON MONUMENT, IN UNION PARK, NEW YORK

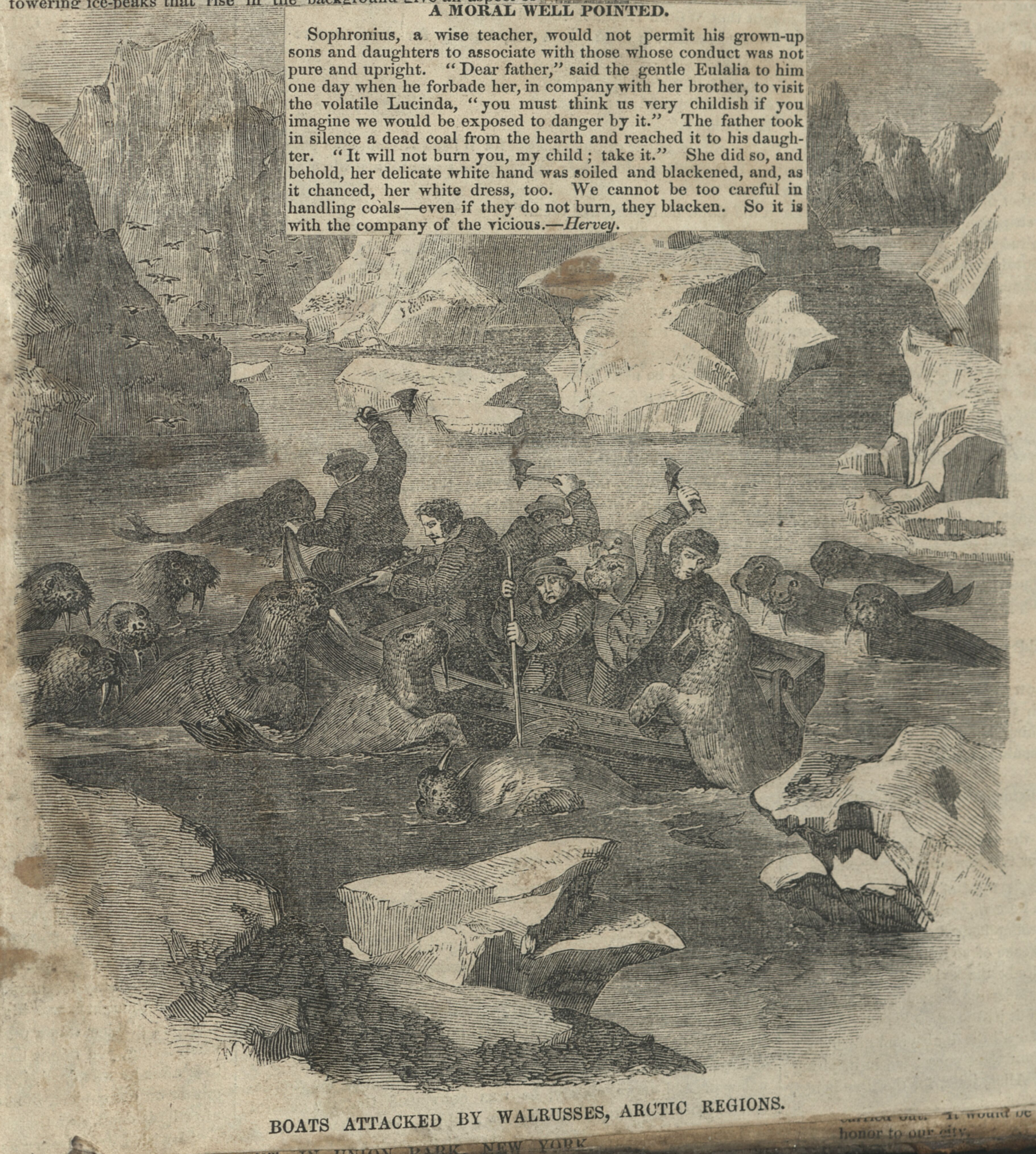


VIEW OF DRESDEN.

The engraving on this page represents a boat's crew in the Arctic regions attacked by walrusses. These animals are not naturally ferocious, and rather fly from man than seek to assail him. When sporting in a floe, they post a faithful sentinel upon an iceberg, to warn them of the approach of danger. But when hard pressed, they become angry, and are then formidable antagonists. In our picture, only one of these marine monsters has received his *coup de grace* from a boarding pike in the hands of a stalwart mariner. The other sailors are defending themselves with tomahawks, while an officer amidships is preparing to discharge his carbine point-blank at the head of the most formidable of the group. The towering ice-peaks that rise in the background give an aspect of savage grandeur and sublimity to the exciting scene. The female walrusses exhibit a remarkable affection for their young, and often brave death in defending them. When they wish to avenge themselves on boats, or to defend themselves, they fling their young behind, and swim stoutly for the boat. The walrusses yield an ivory harder, more compact and whiter than that of the elephant, excellent oil, while their flesh is much esteemed. Although their numbers have suffered considerable diminution, they are more plenty on the western coast of Spitzbergen than in Baffin's Bay, Behring's Strait, or any other part of the Arctic seas, except, perhaps, the Isle of Bears. These marine monsters are larger than an ox, and sometimes make a formidable encounter.

A MORAL WELL POINTED.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not permit his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine we would be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." She did so, and behold, her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress, too. We cannot be too careful in handling coals—even if they do not burn, they blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.—*Hervey*.



BOATS ATTACKED BY WALRUSSES, ARCTIC REGIONS.

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carried out. It would be an honor to our city.

☞Some of the ladies of New-York are adop ing the profession of dentistry.

Boston Boy.—There is no "preparation" which will reduce the size of your nose, except a razor or other edge-tool. Why do you wish to reduce the size of your nose? Are you not aware that a large nose is an indication of great energy of character? and that large-nosed people are generally the most successful of the race? Napoleon doted on a large nose. With him it was a certain passport to favor, so far at least as to give its possessor a fair trial and a chance to confirm the good impression made by his nasal advocate.

Young Lover, Louisville.—It would be perfectly proper for you to send the young lady the **Ledger** and other periodicals. The department of prosody, in any good grammar, will give you such information as you wish in regard to versification and syllabication. As for "*learning* to be a poet," that cannot be done. Do you not remember the old Latin proverb *poeta nascitur, non fit?*—"a poet is *born*, not *made*."

Frank P. says, "In the issue of the **Ledger** of August 28th, the author of the story 'A Rival's Revenge' uses the word '*unaneled*,' and as it is not to be found in 'Webster's Unabridged,' will you be kind enough to explain its meaning?" It means unshrived, not having received extreme unction. The word is in our copy of "Webster's Unabridged."

Mary Jane B.—We regret that we are compelled, by the system to which we invariably adhere, to deny your request. We do not insert notices of marriage, or death, nor do we publish verses written on such occasions, for the gratification of the friends of the married parties in the one case, or of the surviving relatives of the dead in the other.

A. W. D.—Your article on "The Slanderer" contains some good ideas, but is too extravagant. It is a common fault of young writers to overshoot the mark and use superlatives freely when it would be better to dispense with adjectives altogether. You must look to your orthography, if you intend to pursue the avocation of a writer for the press.

Ethe, Saco.—We do not publish the addresses of any parties whatever. If you wish to address any respectable New York firm, you can do so without knowing their street and number. A letter directed to them, at the city of New York, would be as certain to reach its destination as though the exact number of the street were on it.

Patentee.—You could get a patent for an invention, while yet a minor, as no inquiry is made as to an inventor's age. You could also sell the rights under such patent, if people would buy them of you, which they probably would not, as you could repudiate your bargains at any time, and purchasers would have no security against your doing so.

Ellis.—A boy of your age should not attempt to engage the affections of a girl still younger than yourself, without the consent of your and her parents or guardians, especially as you would have no means of supporting either her or yourself in case of illness or misfortune of any kind.

Carrie Blanche.—The requesting of contributions to an album is a privileged business. A lady can without impropriety request the most casual acquaintance to inscribe something in her album; and oftentimes total strangers are applied to, especially celebrated people, for such favors.

Walter.—Do not give up all hope of winning the young lady's hand. As her heart is already yours, your chances of success are as ten to one, notwithstanding the mother's opposition. Conciliate the old lady.

Emma.—For a little girl of only twelve years, you write remarkably well, but your productions are not sufficiently good to warrant us in holding out to you any hope that you could dispose of them..

Enquirer, Harrisburg.—You can enlist as a marine or seaman in the United States Navy at any time. Inquire at the Navy Yard, in Philadelphia, and you can learn where and how to gain your object.

John Walker.—The name of the American Consul at Panama is Amos B. Corwine. It is barely possible that he could give you some information concerning your missing brother.

T. J.—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., is not a clergyman, but his father (Sylvanus Cobb, Senior,) is, and hence probably your mistake. Your answer to the problem is right.

Henry Rivers.—Every good grammar has rules and instructions for punctuation.

A Constant Reader.—The young lady may have been unable "to make up her mind" hitherto on so important a question as that of marriage, and hence her coldness whenever you press her on that point, and her cheerfulness and cordiality when you do not refer to the subject. You should abstain from pressing her to give you an answer, for a while, so that she may have an opportunity to reflect upon the subject at her leisure. If you exhibit no further anxiety on the subject she may herself begin to feel anxious about it.

Many Subscribers ask, "Suppose, on being introduced to a gentleman, that he should say, 'I am happy to make your acquaintance,' or 'It gives me much pleasure to make your acquaintance,' or make any similar remark, would, 'I am obliged to you,' or 'Thank you, sir,' be a proper reply for the lady to make?" Yes. Any courteous recognition of the gentleman's friendly and complimentary remark would be proper.

James C., Jr.—The story of "The Pioneer Patriot" was "founded on fact." Thomas Paine was not a *soldier* of the Revolution, but a writer, of those times, in favor of political liberty. His pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," was a powerful weapon in the hands of the patriots. He became weak and contemptible when he ran off into infidelity, and kindred vagaries. "Fanny Fern" is a *nom de plume.*

Mabel.—It is not customary for young ladies to thank their beaux for taking them on excursions or to places of amusement, or for any similar attentions. It is supposed that the lady confers a favor on the gentleman by accompanying him, not that he confers one upon her by inviting her to go and paying the expenses.

Samaritan.—It strikes us that the young lady who proved to be so good a nurse during your illness, though not rich or handsome, would make you a better wife than she who avoided you while you needed care and sympathy, and drove you nearly distracted by strumming on the piano, however rich and beautiful she may be.

L. G. G.—In the **Ledger** of March 14th, 1857, you will find a communication from the then Secretary of War, in which full information is given as to entrance of cadets into the Military Academy at West Point. You can get that number of us, or order it through any newsdealer.

East Haverhill wants to know what is the greatest possible number of hills of corn that can be planted on a square acre, the hills to occupy only a mathematical point, and no two hills to be within three and a half feet of each other. Let our arithmeticians "cipher" it out.

Minnie.—Your acquaintances probably like you better than you imagine. You should take it for granted that you are liked as well as anybody, until you see proof to the contrary. Moping and sulking are bad habits to get into.

C. A.—As long as your lover (or your pretended lover perhaps we should say) pays such particular and loving attention to another, you should have nothing to do with him.

Daniel E. W.—We do not wish to contract for the tale which you intend to write, nor can we give you any information in regard to the treatment of the subject.

N. G. L.—You can send the money to pay for the daguerreotype in the same letter in which you request the young lady to let you have it.

G., Jackson.—You should go in the best society of the vicinity in which you live, if you can gain admission thereto. Who compose that society, we of course cannot tell.

Hattie.—When a gentleman asks and receives permission of a young lady to correspond with her, it is of course his business to commence the correspondence.

Tennessean asks of the editor of the **Ledger**, "Would you, if requested, send your autograph to a friend?" To which we answer, No.

D. B.—You will find a description of the trial of Warren Hastings, the notorious Governor-General of India, in Macaulay's miscellaneous writings.

Annie.—You are very foolish to put such an unfriendly interpretation upon your aunt's conduct. We do not wish to engage any new contributors.

Humphrey.—We know of no weekly or monthly publication devoted to the science of chemistry, or which discusses mainly questions or matters appertaining to that science.

L. L. O.—We do not insert advertisements in the **Ledger** at any price or under any circumstances.

Helen M. H.—Your verses are very pretty, but we have no room for them.

Delicate Attentions.—In love, a pressure of more eloquent than all the high-flown language of Juliet.

J. K.—Our only basis of belief in the statement that Xerxes wept, on seeing his army of half a million of men manœuvering before him, to think that not one of them would be alive a hundred years from that time, are the declarations of historians, which are as open to your examination as to ours. We do not consider it a matter of much consequence whether he wept or not on that occasion, and for that reason, or on any other occasion, or for any other reason.

Apprentice.—Clerks in this city seldom board with their employers. You had better stay in the country until your character becomes more mature. It is very different here from what it is in the country so far as friendship and sociability between employer and employed are concerned. A leading merchant here often feels no interest in his clerks, and never asks them to his house.

Stanbury.—There are some thirty public libraries (or perhaps some of them should be called libraries of public institutions) in this city, containing altogether not far from three hundred and fifty thousand volumes. The Astor Library is the largest. You could attend there daily during the public hours, and use the books without charge.

Regal.—Your party managed to get up an amount of misunderstanding and disarrangement such as a tolerably large army should be ashamed to blunder into on a week's march. As no one seemed to intend any slight towards anybody, those who got offended should be left to cool off and repent at their leisure.

Irving.—Your deafness and the accompanying phenomena are too serious to be treated by any one except a skillful physician, who should make himself familiar with the facts which led to your affliction, and all the symptoms of the case. By tampering with quack medicines, your infirmity may soon be rendered incurable.

Abracadabra.—We cannot turn the **Ledger** into a nautical dictionary. All the terms you mention can be found in any complete dictionary of the English language, and it would be an improving exercise for you to look them out and study them thoroughly.

Ivanhoe.—Do not despair as long as you have the young lady's love. Her mother will yield after a while. Be the best boy you can, keep cool, and treat the old lady with the utmost courtesy, and you will come out right at last.

Charles B.—There are various remedies for removing hair from ladies' upper lips, and for checking its growth low on the forehead, or otherwise superfluously, but we have no faith in any of these depilatories.

Canadian.—The circulation of the **Ledger** in Upper and Lower Canada reaches many thousands of copies weekly. We cannot insert your advertisement, as we exclude advertisements of every kind from our columns.

B. B. B.—You should bear your disappointment more cheerfully. The girls will never cease teazing you so long as you mope and sulk over the unexpected desertion of the young lady.

Harper D. S.—We do not understand your question. Correspondents should read their communications over with care before mailing them, and see that they are intelligibly written.

Emma.—The "breaking out" on your face is probably owing to a bad condition of your blood. Consult your family physician about it.

Baltimorean.—The Atlantic Telegraph cable is eleven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, which is very near the same as the diameter of a dime.

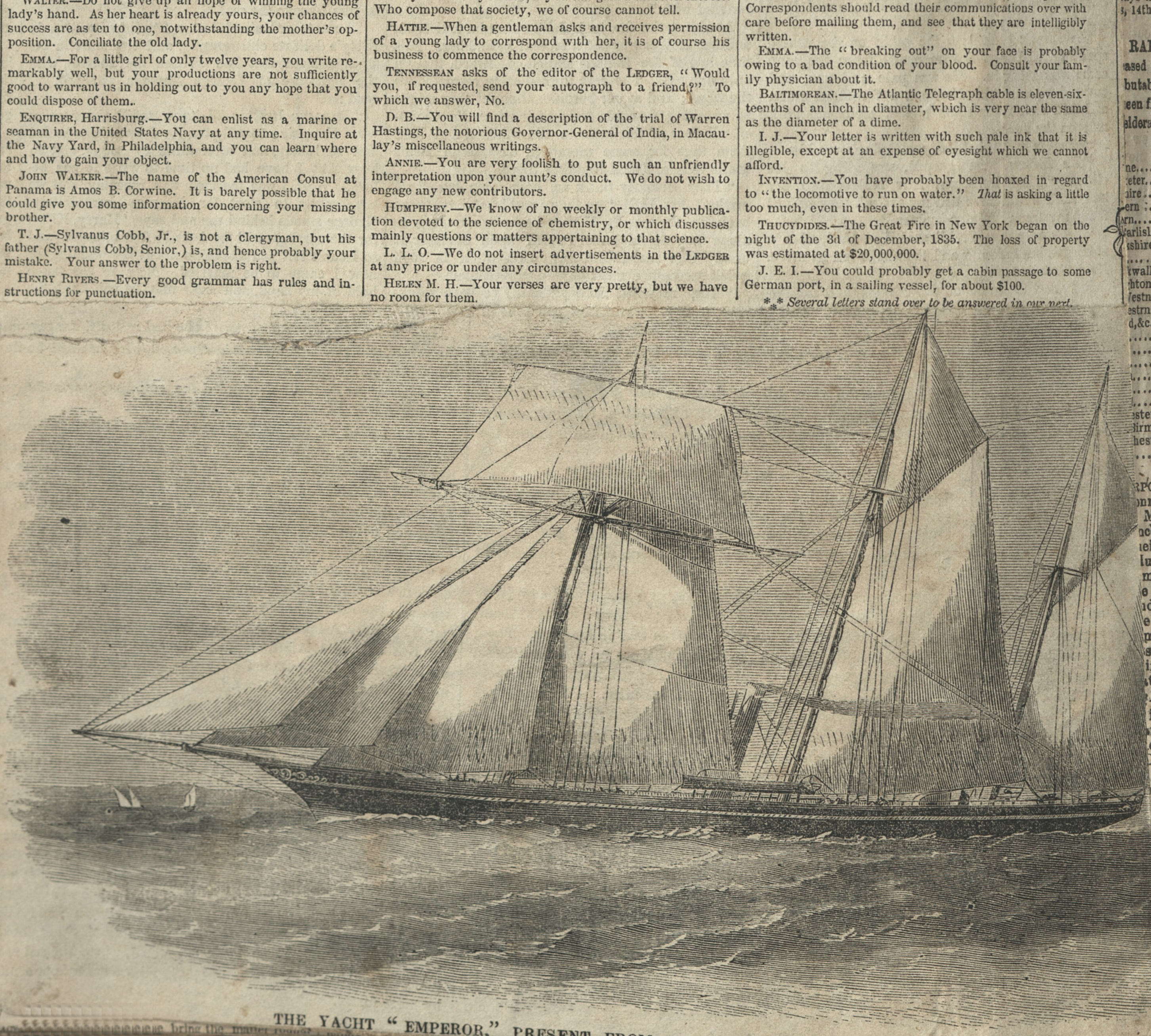
I. J.—Your letter is written with such pale ink that it is illegible, except at an expense of eyesight which we cannot afford.

Invention.—You have probably been hoaxed in regard to "the locomotive to run on water." *That* is asking a little too much, even in these times.

Thucydides.—The Great Fire in New York began on the night of the 3d of December, 1835. The loss of property was estimated at $20,000,000.

J. E. I.—You could probably get a cabin passage to some German port, in a sailing vessel, for about $100.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*



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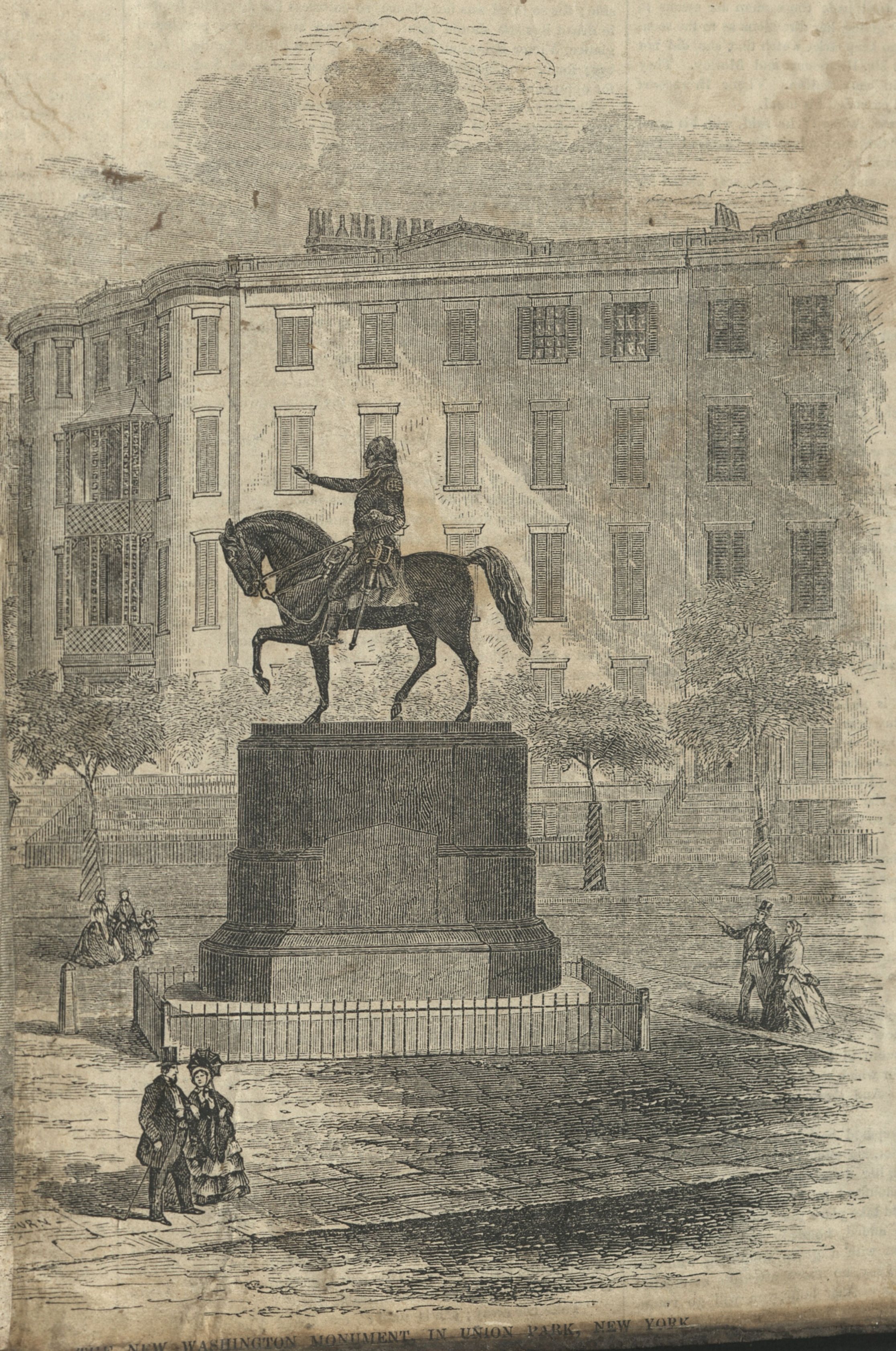
BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XI., No. 9.—WHOLE No. 269.



THE NEW WASHINGTON MONUMENT, IN UNION PARK, NEW YORK.

William B. Astor, Augustus Belmont, John Bridge, Isaac Bell, Jr., James Brown, Edward K. Collins, William Chamberlain, Richard F. Carman, Henry A. Coit, William W. De Forest, Benjamin H. Field, Hamilton Fish, Seth Grosvenor, Jasper Grosvenor, Boonen Graves, Moses H. Grinnell, Samuel S. Howland, Wilson G. Hunt, John Q. Jones, Shepard Knapp, James G. King, Jacob Little, Charles M. Leupp, Edward B. Little, Peter Lorillard, James Lenox, Andrew Mount, Samuel S. Mitchill, David S. Miller, Robert B. Minturn, Charles H. Marshall, William C. Rhinelander, Robert O. Williams, Nelson Robinson, Gerard Stuyvesant, Cornelius Smith. Uriah J. Smith, Jonathan Sturges, Moses Taylor, Robert L. Taylor, William Wetmore, William Whitewright, Jr., Augustus H. Ward, John D. Wolfe, William E. Wilmerding. The ceremony of inaugurating this statue was an imposing one, and took place in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens, including a large proportion of ladies. The military made a splendid appearance, and the oration by the Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., was worthy of the occasion and the man. He closed by dedicating the statue in the following eloquent phrases:—"And now, fellow citizens—not of this State—exult as we may at other times, and exult more we who were born on its imperial soil, in that designation—it is not equal to this occasion—citizens of the Union (cheers), hear me and bear witness, that in the name and by the authority of those who have erected this statue, I give it, before God and our country, to the people of the United States! From St. Croix to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, it is theirs! And you, people of New York, individually and collectively, and not by any delegation of the trust, but as a democracy, shall be its guardians. God save the Republic!" The example thus set by our sister city will, we trust, soon be followed by our own. A proposition is on foot to raise by the subscription of small sums, through an appeal to the patriotism of the citizens at large, an amount sufficient to procure a colossal equestrian statue of Washington in bronze, and to erect the same on the highest eminence in Boston Common, a peculiarly advantageous site, than which no better can be chosen. We feel very confident that this project will be successfully carried out. It would be an honor to our city.

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